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May 26, 1945

THE NEW YORKER

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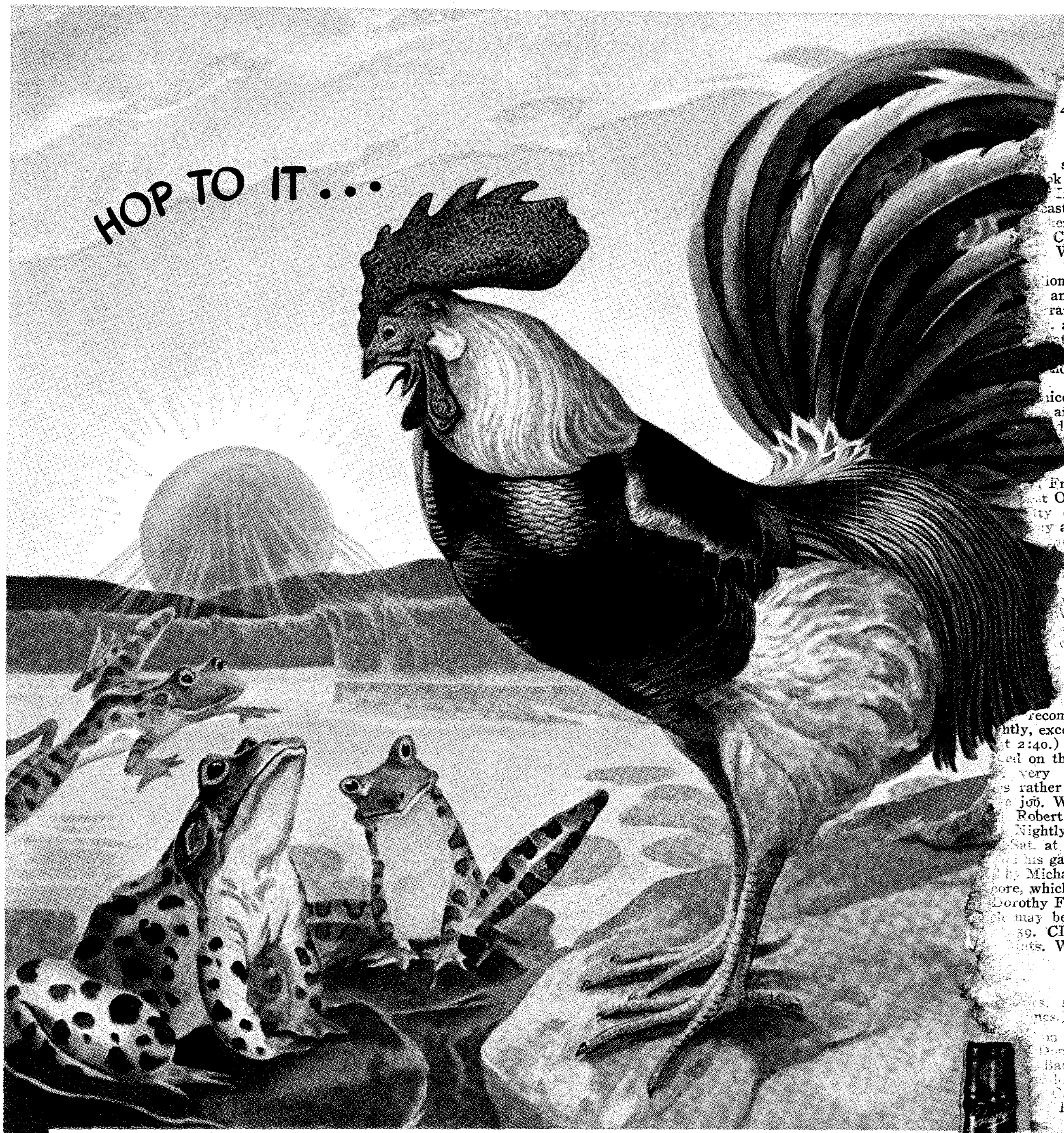

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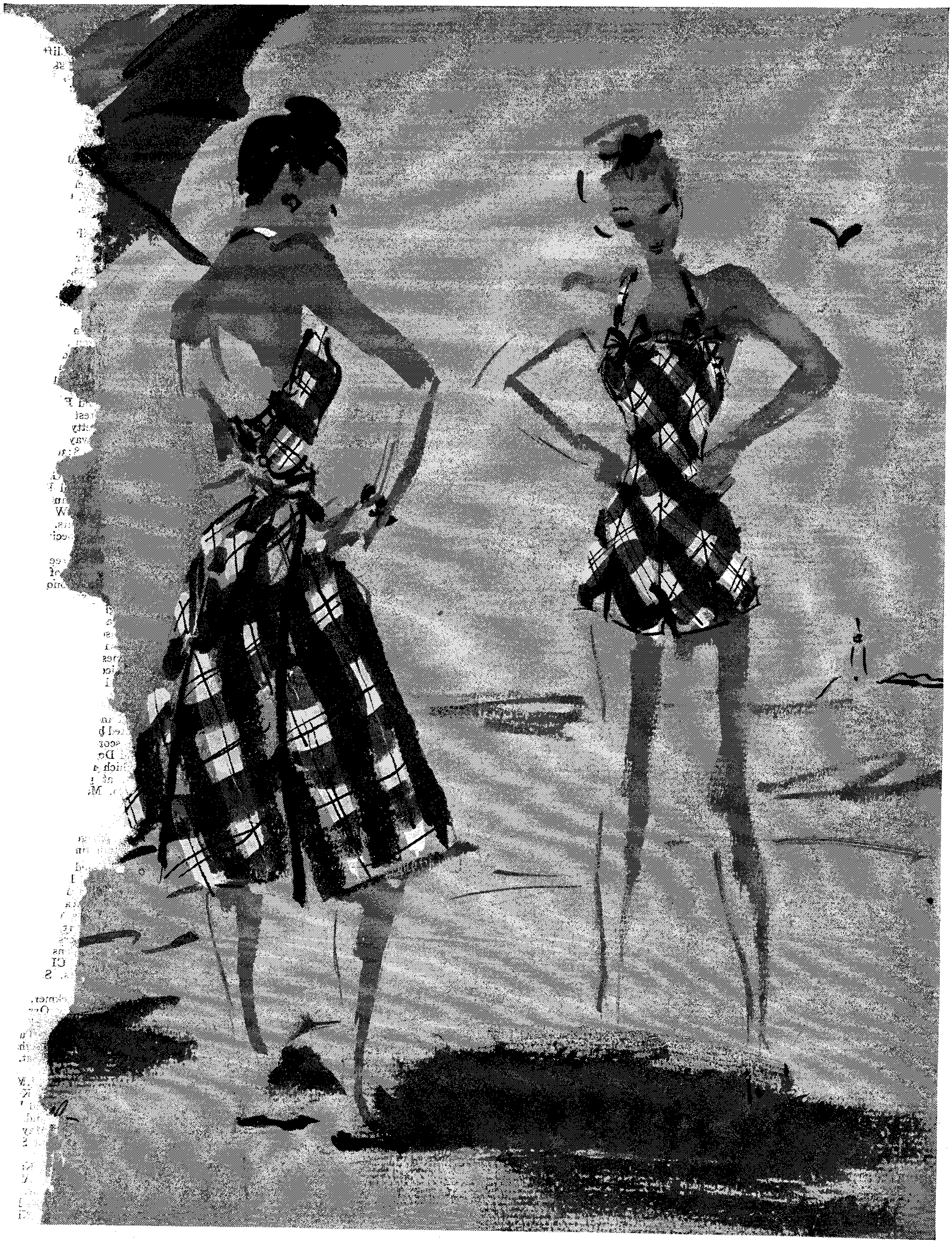

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(Next week, as indicated below, there will be some juggling of matinée schedules because of Memorial Day. There may be further changes at the last minute, so, to be on the safe side, you'd do well to check with the newspapers. . . . E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms is in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., May 27, at 8:40; tickets can be obtained by buying War Bonds at Arnold Constable.)

The Barretts of Wimpole Street—Katharine Cornell and Brian Aherne in a revival of the 1931 hit. Directed by Guthrie McClintic and produced by Miss Cornell. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

A Bell for Adano—Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel about the A.M.G. in Italy. Fredric March's restrained performance makes up for whatever defects there may be in the script. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dark of the Moon—An American folk legend about a witch boy and a mortal girl turns out very agreeably in the hands of an excellent cast, including Carol Stone and Richard Hart. With some fine old songs. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy about a girl and a soldier that is a good deal like a lot of others but still quite pleasant. Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Lenore Lonergan, and Howard Smith are in the cast. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40; special Mat. Wed., May 30, at 2:40.)

Foolish Notion—A lot of people try to imagine what it would be like if a dead hero came back, including Philip Barry, the author. Nobody seems to get very far with the idea, with the possible exception of Tallulah Bankhead. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs., except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30. Special performances Wed. Aft., May 30, at 2:30, and, for the Actors' Fund, Sun. Eve., May 27, at 8:30.)

The Glass Menagerie—A tremendously touching story about a mother who tries to bully her whole family into happiness. Beautifully played by a cast consisting of Laurette Taylor, Eddie Dowling, Julie Haydon, and Anthony Ross. Winner of the Drama Critics' Award. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-3565. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—About a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give magnificent performances. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Hasty Heart—A rather contrived play about how a beautiful nurse and some sympathetic comrades humanize a dying soldier. Anne Burr and Richard Basehart have the leading rôles. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's moving and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel of a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians and Oscar Homolka head a cast which also includes Joan Tetzel and Adrienne Gessner. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the fortunate producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a competent cast headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mat. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Kiss Them for Me—Richard Widmark, Dennis King, Jr., and Richard Davis in an adaptation of "Shore Leave," that seems to lack a little something of the quality of the original. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is now in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Othello—A brief return engagement of the Margaret Webster production. With Paul Robeson, Uta Hagen, and José Ferrer. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

The Overtons—A familiar piece about one of those marriages that are always threatening to break up but somehow never do. With Arlene Francis, Glenda Farrell, Jack Whiting, and Walter N. Greaza. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—A light, expert job by John van Druten about a girl who entertains a sergeant on his weekend pass. Betty Field, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie are the whole cast, and they're all fine. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Blue Holiday—Ethel Waters and Josh White heading an all-Negro vaudeville revue, with songs by Duke Ellington and Al Moritz and dances staged by Katherine Dunham. Directed by Moe Hack and produced by Irvin Shapiro and Doris Cole. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30.)

Foxhole in the Parlor—A play by Elsa Shelley, with a cast including Montgomery Clif Russell Hardie. Directed by John Hag produced by Harry Bloomfield. (Booth, CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8: Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show handicapped by a rather routine boo exactly memorable music. Agnes de M lets, however, are superb, and the c by Celeste Holm and Joan McCrac markably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Sat. at 2:30.)

Carousel—This musical version of "Li other triumph for Richard Rodgers Hammerstein II. Agnes de Mille ar dances, Jo Mielziner designed the sets, ben Mamoulian is the director. A Thea production. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. a 2:30.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen in a about nothing very much. Guy Bolton Davis wrote the book, and the cast inclu Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbe Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, exce at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Laffing Room Only!—Betty Garrett and F use do their best to redeem this lates Johnson frolic, but it is still pretty tasteless stuff. (Winter Garden, B'way 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:3 Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Rodgers, that may well be the pleasan tertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W 4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mat except May 31, and Sat. at 2:30; spec Wed., May 30, at 2:30.)

On the Town—A carefree show about th and their girls that may remind you like "The Garrick Gaieties." With So and Nancy Walker. Heartily (Adelphi, 54, E. CI 6-5097. Nig at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. a

Song of Norway—An operetta b Grieg, whose music has b adapted. The book is sometime but the show is otherwise a nic Petina, Lawrence Brooks, an (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-24 Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. a

Up in Central Park—Boss Twee music and handsomely presen Sigmund Romberg wrote the sco satisfactory, and Herbert and D responsible for the book, whic laborious. (Century, 7 Ave. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Sat. at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute cha better verify the dates and curtain

Memphis Bound—A musical comedy ba Pinafore," with lyrics and score by and Clay Warnick, book by Albe Sally Benson, and an all-Negro cast Robinson, Avon Long, and Thel Anton Dolin staged the ballet, Ro Eva Jessye directed, and the produ Wildberg and Vinton Freedley. May 24. (Broadway, B'way at 53 Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. Sun. at 2:30.)

Round Trip—June Walker, Sidney Blackme Phyllis Brooks, in a comedy by Mary O Reginald Denham. Mr. Denham direct Clifford Hayman is the producer. Opens May 29. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Ni except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sa 2:40.)

Hollywood Pinafore—The original score of "H. Pinafore," with a new book by George S. K man and a cast headed by Victor Moore and liam Gaxton. Directed by Mr. Kaufman and duced by Max Gordon. Opens Thurs., Ma (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except at 8:20. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Concert Varieties—A variety show featuring K rine Dunham, Rosario and Antonio, A Ammons and Pete Johnson, Deems Taylor, many others. Produced by Billy Rose. Opens June 1. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. N ly at 8:30. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:30.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by So Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave.

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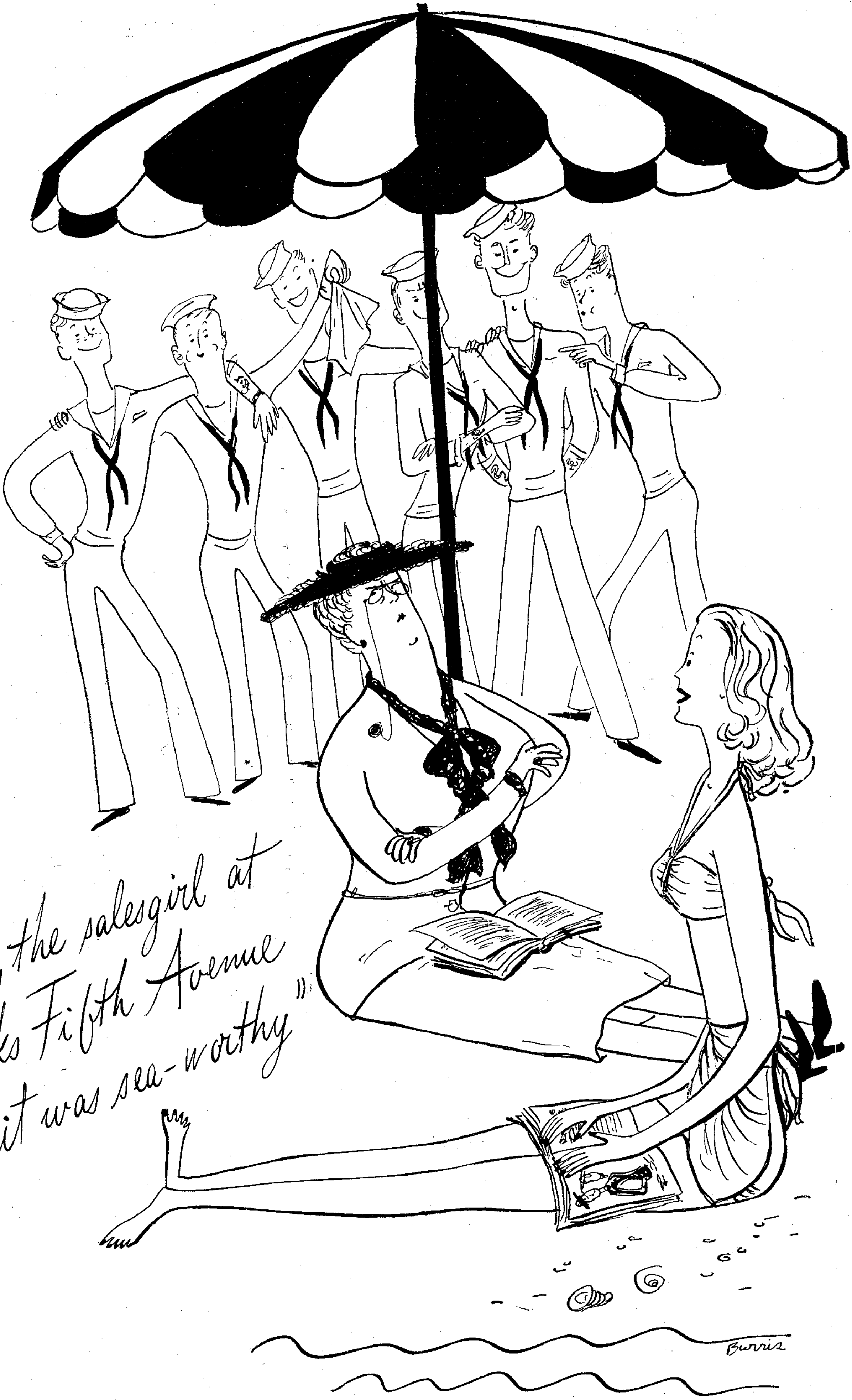


"Well, the salesgirl at Saks Fifth Avenue said it was sea-worthy"

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, beginning Wed., May 30, at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(Some places where you will find dance music, and/or other entertainment, *once more until 3 or 4* A.M., except in the hotels, which are closing between midnight and 1 A.M. Several of them are closed entirely or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings. Fifty-second Street, at the moment, is apt to be pot luck, for entertainers seem to come and go on ten minutes' notice.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in this cool, subterranean cavern.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—In the Bowman Room, Ray Benson's orchestra and a small show until Thurs., May 31, when the Roof (dark a long, long time) will open with Henry Busse's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—The practically impeccable Jimmy Savo and his frenzied pantomiming. Also, Beatrice Kraft, the dancer, and Phil Moore's band.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Josh White and a song about a meat ball, Imogene Coca and comedy about almost anything. Besides that, jazz piano by Cliff Jackson, and Edmond Hall's lively orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—A home away from home for many of our most professional night owls. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band provide the incidental music. Tea dancing Sat. and Sun.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—In this gilded palace, a peaceful dinner and sedate romping to the music of Eddie Davis's and Gil Murray's orchestras.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor, sound effects, and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Wally Boag, the ingenious balloon man, some dancers, a magician, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Hildegarde, zooming across the Persian Room again in that power-dive fashion of hers, with Bob Grant's orchestra for background. Mark Monte's orchestra, which plays for tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge, is also around the Persian Room later on.

St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Just about as pleasant as nighttime on a roof can be. Paul Sparr's orchestra for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by the lush dance music of London's Roy Fox and his orchestra, plus Clemente's marimba band. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Not as old as Groton, but it gets most of its graduates into Yale just the same. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band are on hand at night; Roy George's band plays for tea dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Starlight Roof has a magician and some acrobats (you know the Waldorf); Nat Brandwynne's orchestra, which alternates at supper with Mischa Borr's. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**blue angel,** 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): Eddie Mayehoff and his merry monologues, Mildred Bailey and her sultry songs, all helped out by the music of the Herman Chittison trio. On Sun., May *27*, the Delta Rhythm Boys return. . . . **ruban bleu,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): pleasant songs by Monica Boyar and the Deep River Boys, pleasant music by Cedric Wallace's trio, pleasant piano by Garland Wilson, José Melis, and Julius Monk. . . . **spivy's roof,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Carter and Bowie dispensing their special brand of piano duets, and now and then Spivy herself, singing about her special brand of world-weariness.

Miscellaneous—At the **coq rouge,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing in a highly decorative setting. . . . **1-2-3 club,** 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk; no dancing. . . . **casino russe,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **versailles,** 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Jane Pickens and a collection of delectable show girls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra. . . . **el chico,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): semi-Spanish, with some strolling singers and a fine rumba band. . . . **400 club,** 1 E. 43 (MU 2-3423): Benny Goodman's orchestra, which now includes Red Norvo, Teddy Wilson, and Slam Stewart, bouncing around in rather odd surroundings. . . . **copacabana,** 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060): Xavier Cugat's band and a typical Copacabana floor show, headed by Georgie Price; Joel Herron's orchestra upstairs in the Cabana Room. . . . **astor roof,** B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): large and cool, with Sammy Kaye's orchestra. . . . **essex house,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Stan Keller's orchestra. . . . **lincoln,** 8 Ave. at 44 (CI 6-4500): Erskine Hawkins' orchestra. . . . **madison,** 15 E. 58 (VO 5-5000): Bob Knight's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Sonny Dunham's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Glen Gray's orchestra. . . . **roosevelt,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Eddie Stone's and Walter Perner's orchestras.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's,** 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Muggsy Spanier, Miff Mole, Pee Wee Russell, and their helpmeets scorching the midnight air. . . . **village vanguard,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it now has Art Hodes' trio, with Max Kaminsky as trumpet and Fred Moore as drummer; and Don Frye as solo pianist; dancing. . . . **onyx,** 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): Hot Lips Page with a new band, and Stuff Smith's trio. . . . **downbeat,** 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Sidney Catlett and his new band, Al Casey and his new trio, and Billie Holiday; dancing. . . . **jimmy ryan's,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): a hot trio, in which you will find Danny Alvin and Hank Duncan; dancing. . . . **three deuces,** 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): Dizzy Gillespie, Don Byas, and Erroll Garner in a band of their own.

ART

(*Unless otherwise noted, galleries will be closed* on Memorial Day, May 30.)

American Academy, B'way at 155—Painting and sculpture by new members, among whom are Edward Hopper and Frank W. Benson. Tues. through Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 30.

Arnold Blanch—Introducing a wholly new style, in the artist's first show here in four years: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Daily 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Sara Berman-Beach—Recent oils: Artist Associates, 138 W. 15. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Thurs., May 31.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The development of the water color in America, with emphasis on the work of Winslow Homer. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 17.

Arthur G. Dove—The artist's work from 1922 to the present: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through June 22.

Engravings—Prints from Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, among whose participants are Marc Chagall and Ian Hugo: Willard, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 2.

Max Ernst—Sculpture, in his first real try at this medium; and some paintings: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 4.

European—Utrillo and Vlaminck: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Wed., May 30.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—The pictures and other art treasures which have been in safekeeping since the beginning of the war are now back in the Museum. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Oronzo Gasparo—Pseudo-naïve paintings with firm and intricate patterns: Levitt, 16 W. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Groups—At the **riverside museum,** 310 Riverside Dr., at 103: oils, water colors, and sculpture by members of the Artists League of America, an outgrowth of the United American Artists, C.I.O. Daily 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., May 27. . . . **durlacher,** 11 E. 57: old and modern paintings and drawings. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through July 31. . . . **downtown,** 43 E. 51: new painting and sculpture by John Marin, Bernard Karfiol, William Zorach, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 2. . . . **salmagundi club,** 47 5 Ave., at 12: the seventy-fifth anniversary show. Weekdays 12:30 to 6 P.M. (also Tues. through Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 2:30 to 6 P.M.; through Tues., May 29. . . . **rehn,** 683 5 Ave., at 54: Edward Hopper, Reginald Marsh, and many others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 2. . . . **passedoit,** 121 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by B.J.O. Nordfeldt, José de Creeft, and others of this group. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **brandt,** 15 E. 57: Hedda Sterne, John Graham, David Hill, and Theodoros Stamos. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Tues., May 29. . . . **international print society,** 38 W. 57: a spring show of American painting and sculpture, with Adolph Dehn, Hugo Robus, and others. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26. . . . **milch,** 108 W. 57: Americans of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 15. . . . **macbeth,** 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by contemporary American artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 29. . . . **buchholz,** 32 E. 57: a large show, French and German for the most part, of modern water colors, drawings, and sculpture. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 2. . . . **67 gallery,** 67 E. 57: fourteen painters, centered about Hans Arp, in whose general style the gallery sees signs of a new "ism." Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 30. . . . **american british art center,** 44 W. 56: paintings from the Art Workshop of Local 91, I.L.G.W.U. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Hantman—Boldly-massed farm and fishing scenes: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Weekdays 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 2.

Earl Kerkam—Heads and nudes; also, paintings, between pseudo-naïve and Persian, by Tusnelda: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Boris Lovet-Lorski—Sculpture—heads, figures, whimsical animals: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 16.

Guy Maccoy and Bernard Steffen—Gouaches, water colors, and serigraphs: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 2.

Luis Martínez-Pedro—Drawings, concerned mainly with West Indian myths, by the Cuban artist: Perls, 32 E. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Nine galleries of Greek art, newly arranged to show the development of Greek civilization. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A retrospective show of Georges Rouault. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 3.

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 24 E. 54—A Kandinsky memorial show, containing over two hundred of his paintings. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; *through June 3.*

Alice Rahon Paalen—Oils, gouaches, drawings, etchings: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through June 9.

Photography—Prints by Paul Strand, from his early abstractions and candid photographs to his recent series on Vermont: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through June 10.

Edmund Quincy—French and American city scenes: Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through Mon., May 28.

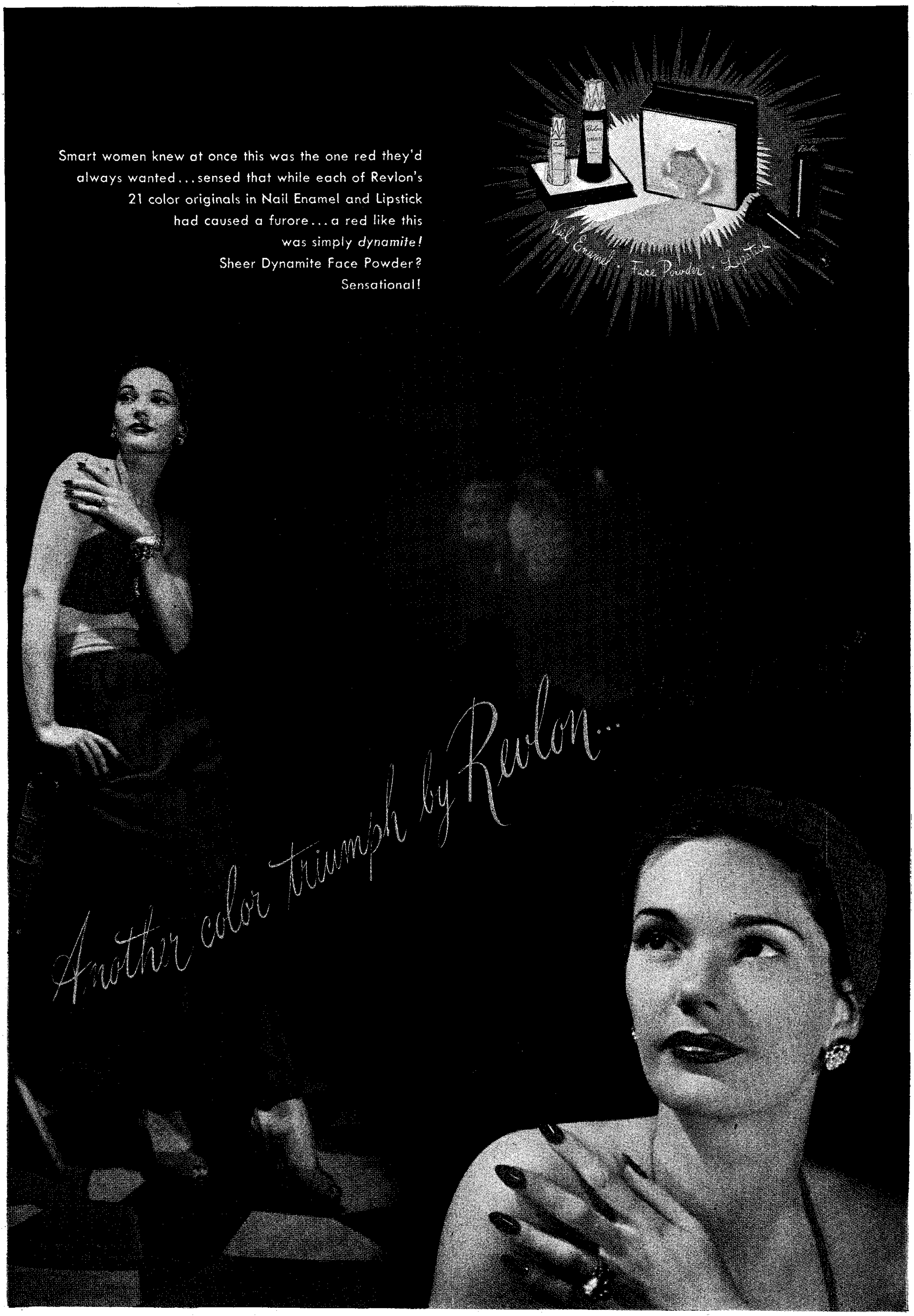
Doris Rosenthal—Paintings of Guatemala: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Josef Scharl—Recent oils, gouaches, and drawings: Nierendorf, 53 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Yves Tanguy—Sixteen new paintings: Matisse, 41 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 2.

Arthur Zaidenberg—Satirical paintings: A.C.A., 63 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., May 26.

Note—The semi-annual outdoor art exhibit in Washington Square will open on Fri., May 25, and



Smart women knew at once this was the one red they'd always wanted...sensed that while each of Revlon's 21 color originals in Nail Enamel and Lipstick had caused a furore...a red like this was simply *dynamite!* Sheer Dynamite Face Powder? Sensational!

Nail Enamel · Face Powder · Lipstick
Another color triumph by Revlon...

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MAY 24, THROUGH SATURDAY, JUNE 2.

continue daily through Sun., June 10, from 11 A.M. until dark.

MUSIC

San Carlo Opera Company—"Carmen," Thurs. Eve., May 24. . . . "Rigoletto," Fri. Eve., May 25. . . . "La Traviata," Sat. Aft., May 26. . . . "Aïda," Sat. Eve., May 26. . . . "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," Sun. Aft., May 27. . . . "Il Trovatore," Sun. Eve., May 27. (Center Theatre, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Eves. at 8:20. Afts. at 2:30.)

Russian Grand Opera Company—"The Quiet Don," by Ivan Dzerzhinsky. Sun. through Tues., May 27-29, at 8:15 P.M. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460.)

Salmaggi Opera Company—"Aïda," Sat., June 2, at 8:45 P.M. (Ebbets Field. MA 4-7030.)

French Concert—Robert Casadesus, piano; Zino Francescatti, violin; Martial Singher, baritone; and the Guilet String Quartet; in a program for the benefit of American Relief for France. Fri., May 25, at 9 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

SPORTS

Red Cross Benefit—Joe McCarthy, Byron Nelson, Alice Marble, and other sports celebrities, as well as stage and screen stars, in a three-hour variety show. Fri., May 25, at 8 P.M. (Waldorf-Astoria. For tickets, call BR 9-2104.)

Baseball—At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Chicago, Thurs. through Sat., May 24-26, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. St. Louis, Sun., May 27 (doubleheader), at 2:05 P.M., and Mon. and Tues., May 28-29, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Detroit, Wed., May 30 (doubleheader), at 1:30 P.M., and Thurs., May 31, at 2:30 P.M.; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. and Sat., June 1-2, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden—Rocky Graziano vs. Al Davis, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., May 25; Tami Mauriello vs. Steve Dudas, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., June 1. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

Crew—Columbia vs. M.I.T., Harlem River, Sat., June 2, at 6 P.M.

Trotting—Weekdays, beginning Fri., May 25, at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., at 8:40 P.M. (A special train leaves Penn Station at 7:03 P.M.)

Racing—Weekdays at Jamaica, at 1:30 P.M., through Sat., June 2. (Paumonok Handicap, May 24; Excelsior and Jamaica Handicaps, May 26; Wood Memorial, May 30; Grey Lag Handicap, June 2.) Frequent trains leave Penn Station Mon. through Fri. between 11:25 A.M. and 1:20 P.M.; Sat. between 10:45 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.; and Memorial Day between 10:40 A.M. and 1:30 P.M.

Yachting—Championship regattas on the Sound: Echo Bay Y.C., New Rochelle, N.Y., Sun., May 27; American Y.C., Rye, N.Y., Wed., May 30; at about 2 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Wartime Exhibitions—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the Germans and Japanese; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R.C.A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Thurs., May 31. . . . **NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY**, Central Pk. W. at 76: military miscellany—firearms, swords, flags, even diaries—dating from the French and Indian wars through the first World War. Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tues. through Fri., including Memorial Day, 1 to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Costumes—At the **METROPOLITAN MUSEUM**, 5 Ave. at 82: a large exhibition of imperial robes from the Manchu court of China; also, fabrics by modern designers, inspired by art objects in the Museum. Weekdays, including Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through June 10. . . . **COSTUME INSTITUTE**, 18 E. 50: hats and headdresses of the seventeenth century to the early twentieth century, in the museum which has recently been made a branch of the Metropolitan. Weekdays, except Memorial Day, 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through June 30.

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36—Inscriptions, texts, and illuminated manuscripts, from 2600 B.C. to the fifteenth century. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Tues., May 29.

Auctions—At the **PARKE-BERNET GALLERIES**, 30 E. 57—French eighteenth-century furniture, and objects of art, owned by the late Vernon C. Brown: Thurs., May 24, at 2 P.M. . . . English eighteenth-century furniture and decorations owned by the late Mrs. Middleton S. Burrill: Fri., May 25, at 2 P.M. . . . French and American nineteenth-century paintings, and art of the Renaissance, collected by an educational institution and others: Thurs., May 31, at 8 P.M. . . . English and French furniture and decorations owned by Mrs. Arthur Garrels and others: Thurs. and Fri., May 31-June 1, at 2 P.M.

Note—"The Fighting Lady," a 103-foot model of an aircraft carrier, is on view in the Sunken Plaza of Rockefeller Center. Purchasers of War Bonds, at the Plaza, may go on board.

ON THE AIR

State Department—Archibald MacLeish, James C. Dunn, and John Foster Dulles, in a discussion of our international policy; broadcast from San Francisco, Sat., May 26, at 7 P.M., WEAF.

Music—Philharmonic-Symphony, Bruno Walter conducting, Sun., May 27, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Rochester Symphony Orchestra, Howard Hanson conducting, Sat., May 26, at 3 P.M., WEAF. . . . Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Sat., May 26 and June 2, at 5 P.M., WJZ. . . . San Carlo Opera Company: "Il Trovatore," Sun., May 27, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . Gordon String Quartet, Sun., May 27, at 6:05 P.M., WQXR.

Sports—Boxing: Rocky Graziano vs. Al Davis, Fri., May 25; Tami Mauriello vs. Steve Dudas, Fri., June 1; at 10 P.M., WOR.

News Commentators—Cecil Brown, Mon., Wed., and Fri., at 8 P.M., WOR. . . . Janet Flanner (from Paris), Tues. at 4:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . George Hicks (from Europe), Sun. at 1:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Quincy Howe, nightly, except Thurs. and Sun., at 6 P.M., WABC. . . . Frank Kingdon, Tues. through Sat. at 10:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Max Lerner, Sun. at 7:45 P.M., WOR. . . . Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Sun. at 7:30 P.M., WMCA. . . . Edward R. Murrow (from London), Sun. at 1:45 P.M., WABC. . . . Paul Schubert, Mon. through Fri. at 6 P.M., WOR. . . . Cesar Saerchinger, Sun. at 11:15 P.M., WEAF. . . . Lisa Sergio, Mon. through Fri. at 7 P.M., WQXR. . . . William L. Shirer, Sun. at 5:45 P.M, WABC. . . . Johannes Steel, Mon. through Fri. at 7:45 P.M., WHN. . . . Leland Stowe, Sat. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Raymond Swing, Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . Dorothy Thompson (from Europe), Sun. at 9:45 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

Colonel Blimp—Roger Livesey in a very effective biography of a professional British soldier. (Gotham, B'way at 47; Thurs., May 24.)

The Corn Is Green—Screen version of the Emlyn Williams success, with Bette Davis instead of Ethel Barrymore. If you can believe that Miss Davis's interest in her handsome young miner is quite platonic you can believe practically anything. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Double Indemnity—How to chisel an insurance company. Good strong murder tale, with Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 24.)

Guest in the House—A very sensible adaptation of the Broadway play about an erratic girl who almost breaks up a happy family. With Anne Baxter and Ralph Bellamy. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Olympia, B'way at 107; through Mon., May 28. . . . Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Tues., May 29. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., May 30.)

Meet Me in St. Louis—Judy Garland singing and making love in an intelligent and fetching adaptation of Sally Benson's stories. With Margaret O'Brien, Leon Ames, and Mary Astor. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., May 26-28.)

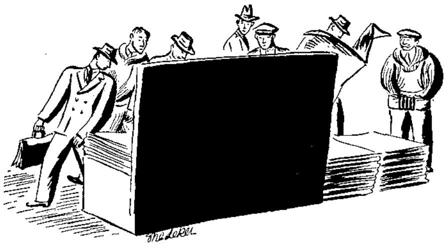
Murder, My Sweet—Excellent screen version of Raymond Chandler's mystery story called "Farewell, My Lovely." Dick Powell, who gets slugged, shot, or poisoned practically every other minute, makes a fine, durable detective. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., May 25-27.)

None But the Lonely Heart—Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald grope with good effect through a film of London slum life that calls for considerable groping. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., May 25-31.)

The Silver Fleet—A taut British melodrama about a shipbuilder's courage during the Nazi invasion of Holland. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., May 24.)

The Three Caballeros—Walt Disney's attempt to mate live actresses with Donald Duck and Joe Carioca may be in dubious taste and is certainly not up to his previous masterpieces. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 24. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., May 26-28. . . . Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., May 29-30. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Wed. and Thurs., May 30-31.)

The Unseen—Three ladies get their pretty necks broken in this first-rate adaptation of a mystery novel by Ethel Lina White. With Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, Herbert Marshall, and a remarkable child actor called Richard Lyon. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Fri., May 25.)



REVIVALS

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer (1938)—Tommy Kelly and May Robson as Tom and Aunt Polly. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., May 29-30.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. Victor McLaglen. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., May 25.)

Lady in the Dark (1944)—Ginger Rogers, as a magazine editor, is psychoanalyzed in Technicolor. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 24.)

Laura (1944)—Clifton Webb, Gene Tierney, and Dana Andrews pretty deeply involved in murder. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Thurs., May 24.)

The Mayor's Dilemma (1940)—French life during the first World War. Now called "The Hostages." (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Thurs., May 24.)

Naughty Marietta (1935)—The Victor Herbert operetta, with Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Thurs., May 24. . . . Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Sat., May 26. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., May 26-28.)

Pépé le Moko (1941)—The French version of life in the Kasbah. With Jean Gabin. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; starting Wed., May 30.)

The Prisoner of Zenda (1937)—Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Tues. and Wed., May 29-30.)

They Were Five (1938)—About a lottery and a country inn. In French, with Jean Gabin. (55th Street Playhouse, 154 W. 55; through Tues., May 29.)

Thunder Rock (1944)—The dreams of a disillusioned journalist in a Lake Michigan lighthouse. With Michael Redgrave and Barbara Mullen. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sun. through Tues., May 27-29.)

To Be or Not To Be (1942)—Ernst Lubitsch, with the help of Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, takes the Gestapo apart. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., May 28-29.)

True to Life (1943)—A comedy about love and radio. With Mary Martin, Franchot Tone, and Dick Powell. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., May 24.)

Wilson (1944)—Darryl Zanuck's life of Woodrow Wilson. With Alexander Knox. (World, 153 W. 49; Fri. through Thurs., May 25-31.)

Winterset (1936)—Margo and Burgess Meredith in an adaptation of the Maxwell Anderson play. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., June 1.)

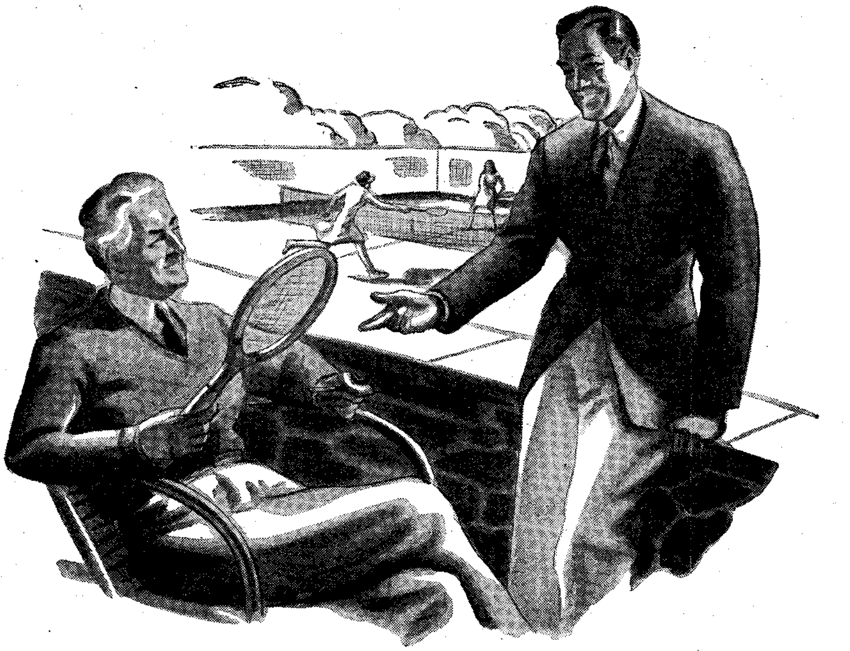
Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing old films on the following schedule. Unless otherwise noted, showings will be weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:20, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M.—**THURS., MAY 24:** "Chess Fever" (1925); and "Mother" (1926), Russian films. . . . **FRI. THROUGH SUN., MAY 25-27:** "The Italian Straw Hat" (1927), directed by René Clair. . . . **MON. THROUGH THURS., MAY 28-31:** "Professional Patient" (1917), with Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew; and "The Strong Man" (1926), with Harry Langdon. . . . **FROM FRI., JUNE 1:** "Hands Up" (1926), with Raymond Griffith; and "Two Tars" (1928), with Laurel and Hardy.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

Apartments for Service Men—New York residents who can sublet their apartments for long or short periods are urged to make them available to service men and their families. Arrangements can be made through the Officers' Service Committee, Hotel Commodore, Lexington at 42 (MU 5-8000), and the New York City Vacancy Listing (preference given to service men), 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310).

Volunteer Work—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the **CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE**, 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310): men and women to work as much time as they can spare as sorters or canvassers for the United National Clothing Collection; men and women to work an hour or so

THE A&F GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD



Collarless jacket!

For wear around the club or cooling off between sets, the collarless jacket is practical and with a new, smart effect in the unbroken line from the shoulder to the bottom.

It looks well with duck or flannel shorts or trousers. For tennis supplies, equipment or accessories, "The Greatest Sporting Goods Store in the World" is headquarters for men and women players.

ALL-WOOL FLANNEL JACKET $32.50
Collarless. Rayon lined. Well tailored. Tan or blue.

Nylon, waterproof golf jacket. Keeps out wind and wet. Featherweight. Forest green in color with full zipper front. $16.00

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a week for the wastepaper drive, acting as liaison agents between tenants and managers of apartment buildings and hotels. . . . **RED CROSS**, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a forty-six-hour training course and then work one day a week as dietitians' aides in hospitals; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES**, 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050): women to work three to five hours a day, several days a week, preparing refreshments for service men's clubs; women who can pass a driver's test and then, after completing a course in mechanics and first aid, work two sessions a week, day or evening, in the Motor Transport Service, driving for the Armed Forces and government agencies. (For Motor Transport work, apply at 17 E. 67. RE 7-3700.) . . **UNITED HOSPITAL FUND**, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least six hours a week, during the day, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and diet kitchens, or as receptionists from 7 to 8:45 A.M.; men to work at least one evening a week as orderlies in wards. . . . **AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS**, 817 Madison, at 68 (RE 7-0100): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as drivers for the Motor Corps; women to work at least one full day each week as receptionists in veterans' rehabilitation centers.

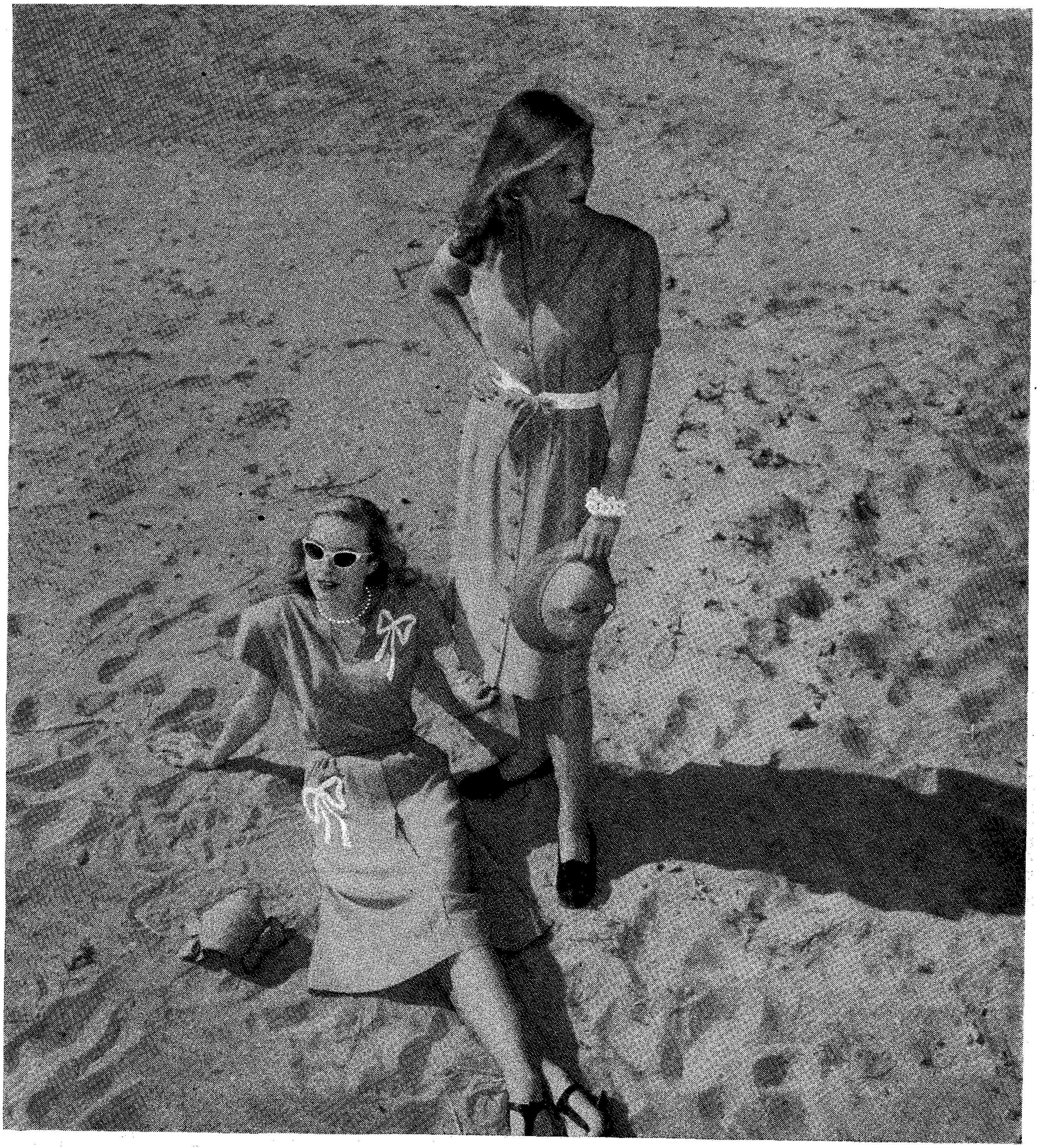
NOTE—The War Manpower Commission is recruiting volunteers for the U.S. Crop Corps, to harvest fruit and vegetable crops and to work in canneries during the summer. Applications can be made at the Farm Section of the U.S. Employment Service, 44 E. 23 (AL 4-8500).

SEVENTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign is on, and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050), and the C.D.V.O., 1 E. 44 (MU 2-4310), are recruiting volunteers who can work one or two afternoons or evenings a week canvassing or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (still very important) and food cans should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments, among other things. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The United National Clothing Collection wants to accumulate, during May, a hundred and fifty million pounds of practical clothing, shoes, bedding, and linens for destitute families overseas. Drivers of laundry trucks will pick up contributions on their regular routes, or, for the location of the nearest depot, call CI 5-7350. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church, New York 7 (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for games, playing cards, radios, records, floor lamps, and small furniture. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 20 Warren St. (RE 2-8881); and the A.W.V.S., 16 E. 66 (RE 4-6050). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . Good books of all kinds are wanted for men in the Merchant Marine. If you have any to give, mail them to the American Merchant Marine Library, 45 Broadway, New York 6, or, for information about collections, call BO 9-0220. . . . Bibles, in English and foreign languages, are needed for service men and for people in liberated countries. They can be taken or sent to any A.W.V.S. office; for the address of the nearest one, call RE 4-6050.



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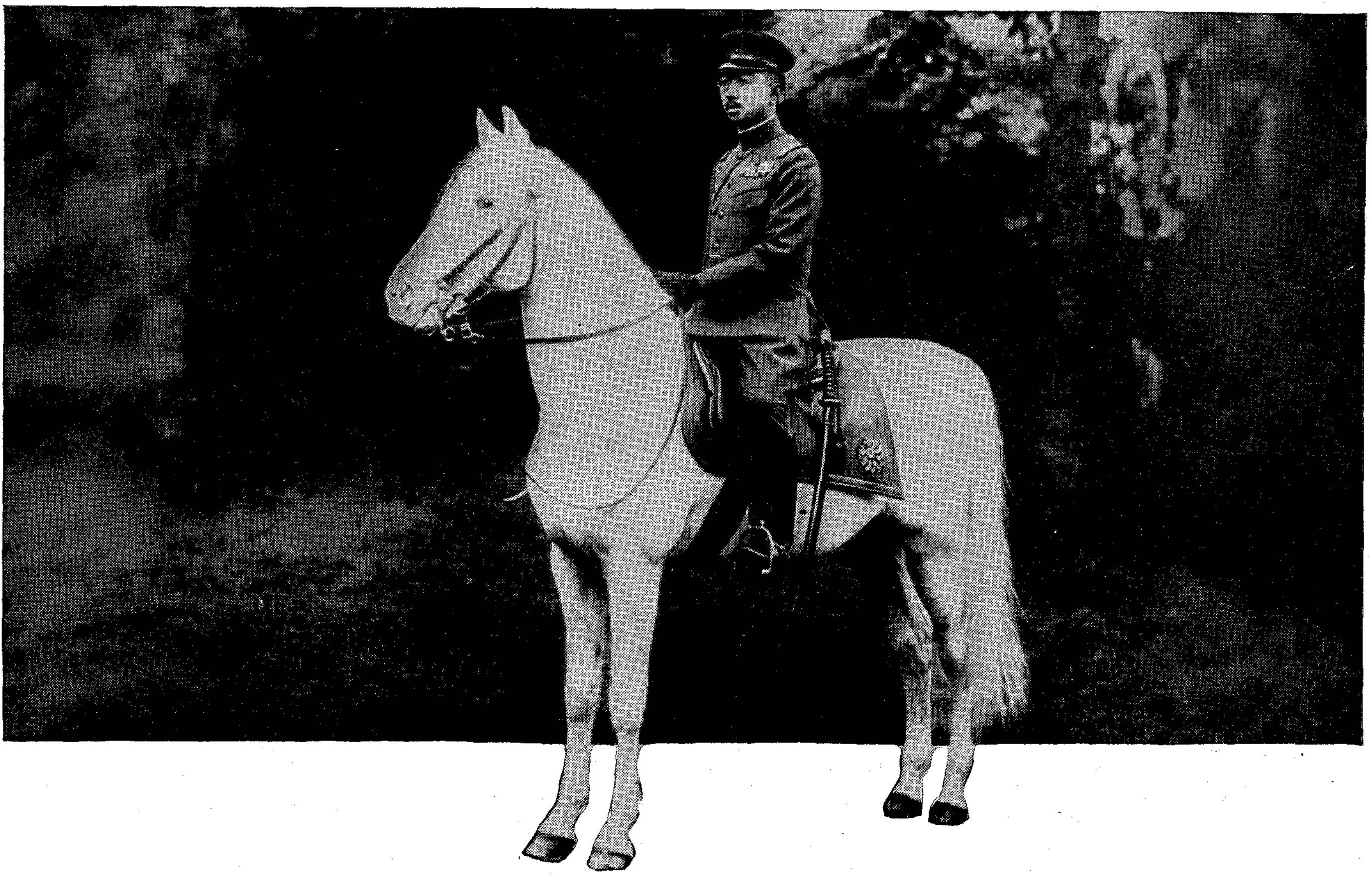


LET'S GET THE ADMIRAL HIS HORSE!

Official U.S. Navy Photo

Admiral Halsey has his eye on a fine white horse called Shirayuki.

Some time ago, at a press conference, he expressed the hope that one day soon he could ride it.

The chap *now* in Shirayuki's saddle is Japan's Emperor—Hirohito.

He is the ruler of as arrogant, treacherous, and vicious a bunch of would-be despots as this earth has ever seen.

The kind of arrogance shown by Tojo—who was going to dictate peace from the White House . . . remember?

Well, it's high time we finished this whole business. High time we got the Emperor off his high horse, and gave Admiral Halsey his ride.

The best way for us at home to have a hand in this clean-up is to support the 7th War Loan.

It's the biggest loan yet. It's two loans in one. Last year, by this time, you had been asked twice to buy extra bonds.

Your personal quota is big—bigger than ever before. So big you may feel you can't afford it.

But we *can* afford it—if American sons, brothers, husbands can cheerfully afford to die.

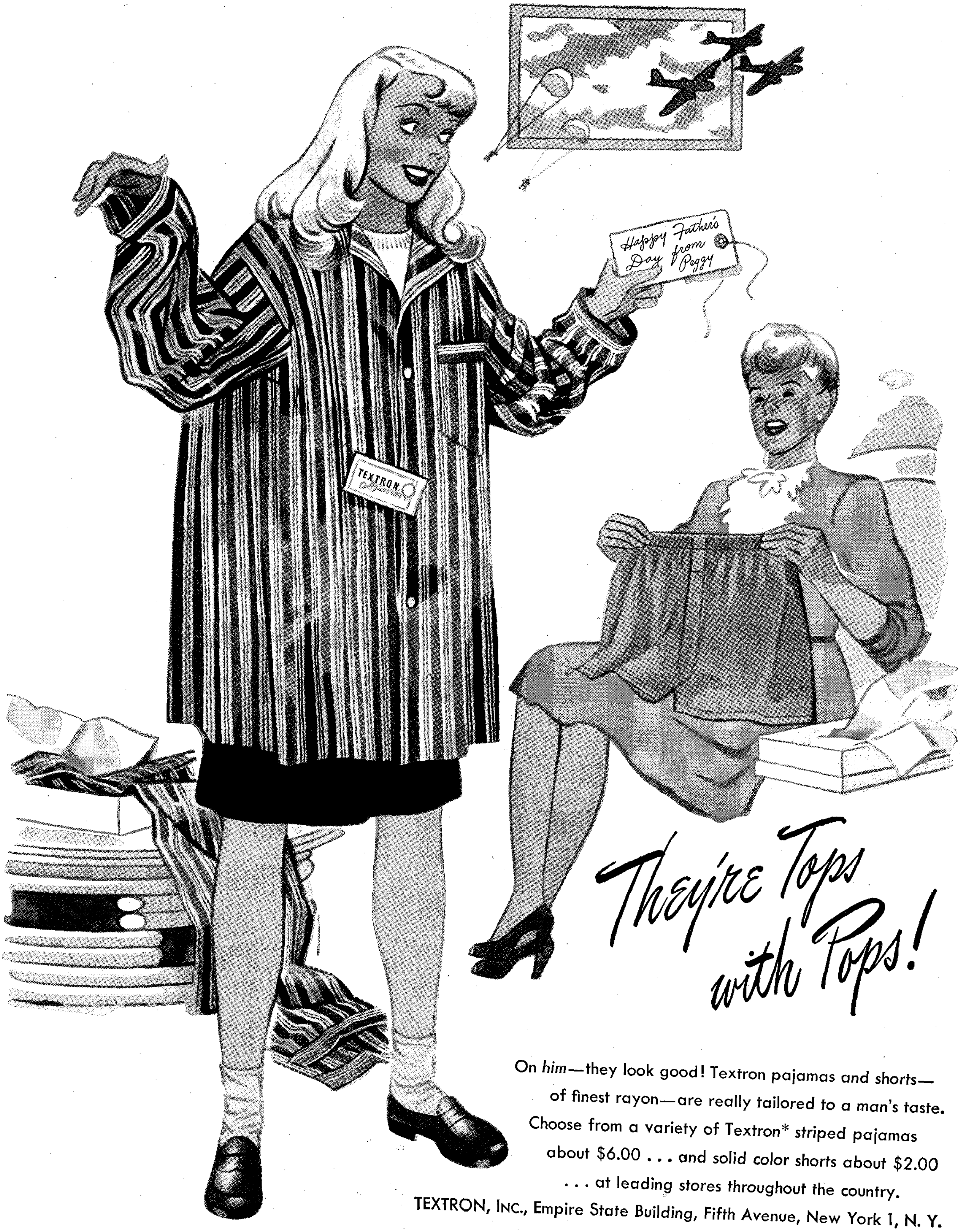
FIND YOUR QUOTA . . . AND MAKE IT!

IF YOUR AVERAGE WAGE PER MONTH IS:	YOUR PERSONAL WAR BOND QUOTA IS: (CASH VALUE)	MATURITY VALUE OF 7TH WAR LOAN BONDS BOUGHT
$250	$187.50	$250
225-250	150.00	200
210-225	131.25	175
200-210	112.50	150
180-200	93.75	125
140-180	75.00	100
100-140	37.50	50
Under $100	18.75	25

ALL OUT FOR THE MIGHTY 7th WAR LOAN

This is an official U.S. Treasury advertisement—prepared under the auspices of Treasury Department and War Advertising Council

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★


Happy Father's Day from Peggy
TEXTRON
They're Tops with Pops!

On *him*—they look good! Textron pajamas and shorts—of finest rayon—are really tailored to a man's taste. Choose from a variety of Textron* striped pajamas about $6.00 . . . and solid color shorts about $2.00 . . . at leading stores throughout the country.

TEXTRON, INC., Empire State Building, Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

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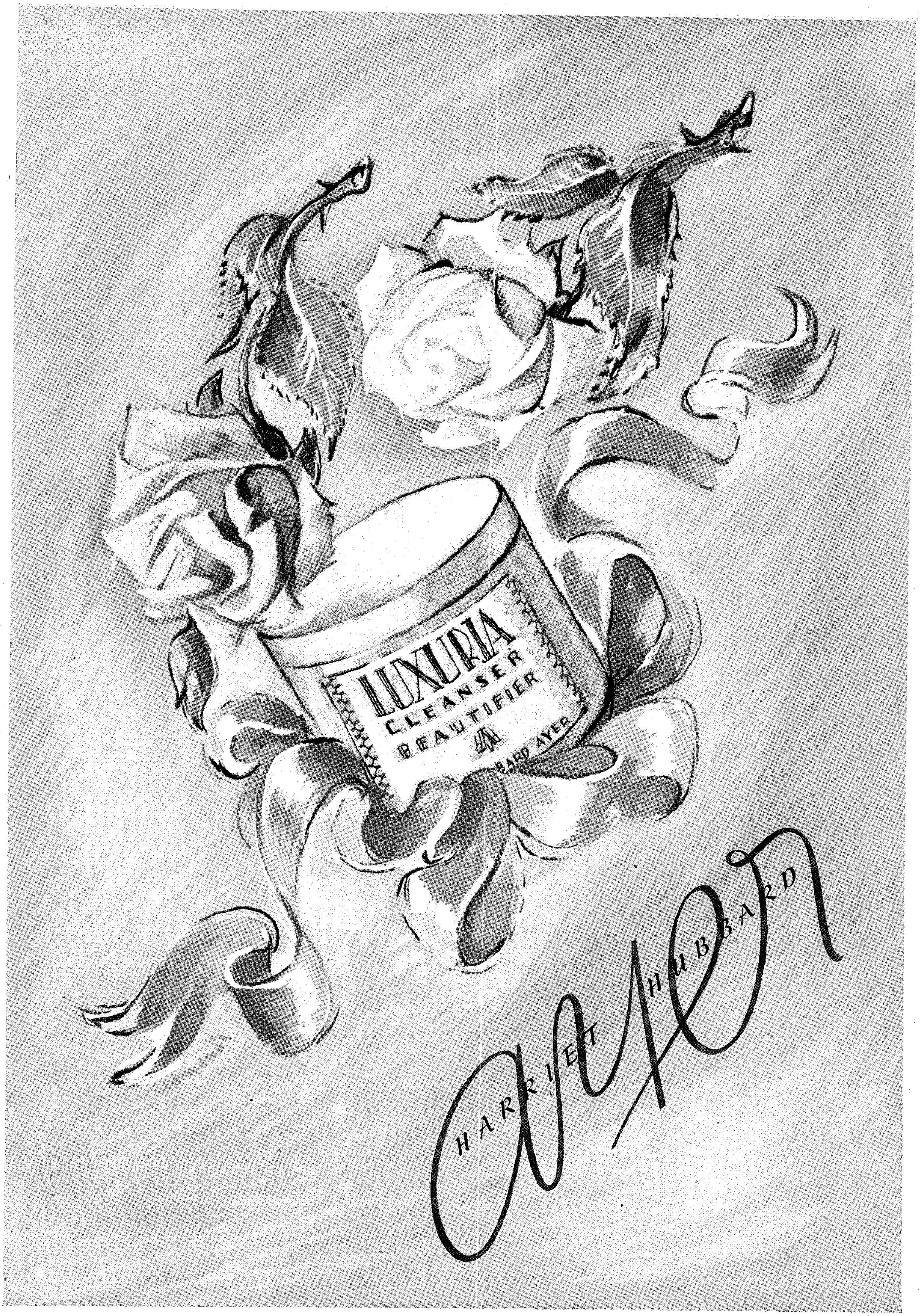
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Which one is the heiress?

One is a working girl, the other a debutante. Yet, from the way they are dressed, it is almost impossible to tell which is which. For today, fashionable apparel is available at prices that *millions* of women can afford.

A major force in democratizing women's fashions has been the increasingly widespread use of rayon. Today more than half of women's dresses are made of rayon.

The reasons are easily understood. Rayon, being a man-made fiber, is the subject of constant improvement and development through scientific research. As its price has dropped from $4.75 a pound to 55¢ a pound, its qualities and uses have advanced at a corresponding rate. It has become the customary fiber for an ever-widening range of fabric textures.

Rayon's influence has made women's ready-to-wear a 3 billion dollar industry, in which an estimated half-million people earn their living. This has had social as well as economic effects. To dress smartly is no longer the special privilege of a wealthy few. It is a hunger that any woman of average means can now satisfy.

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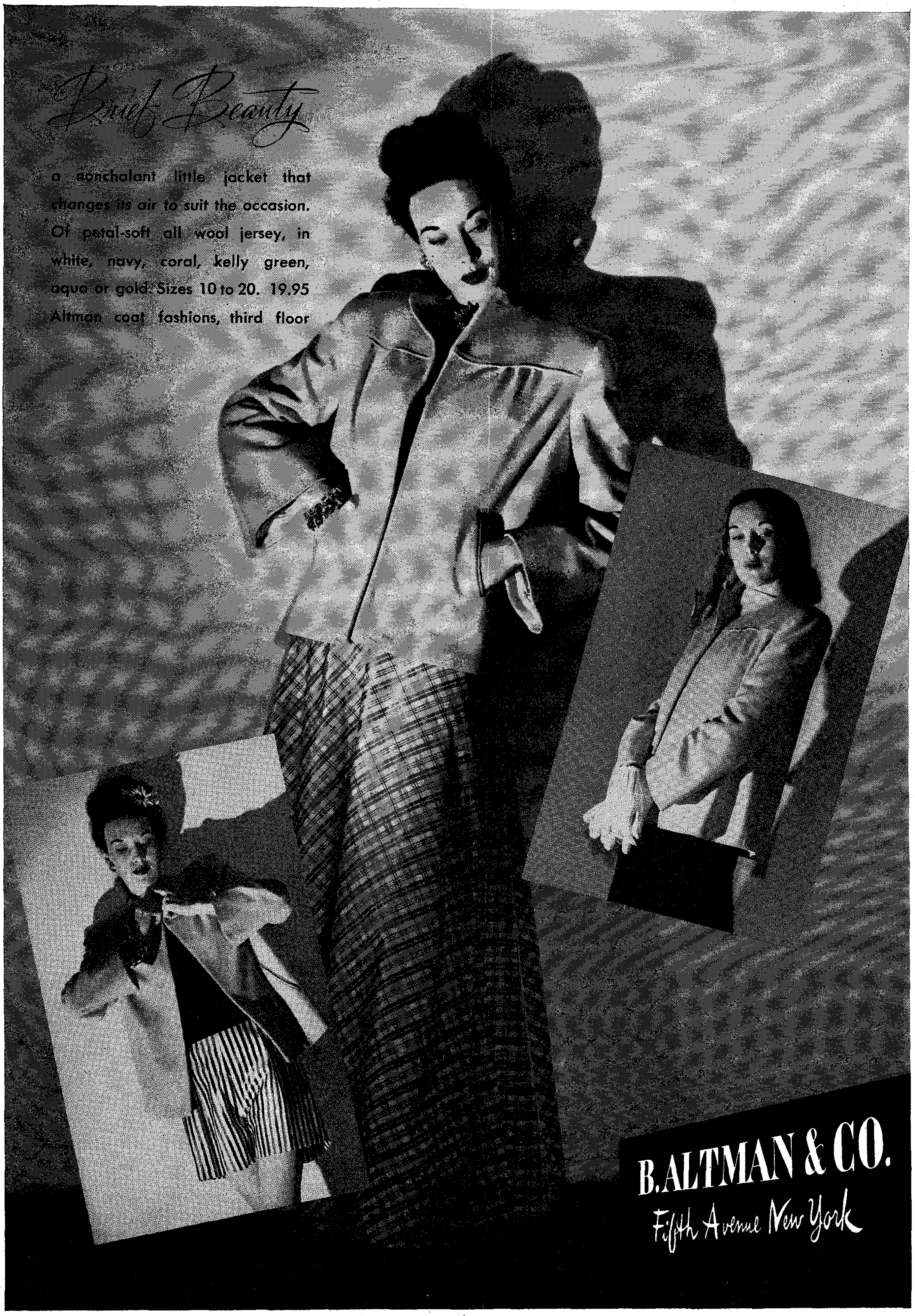


Brief Beauty

a nonchalant little jacket that changes its air to suit the occasion. Of petal-soft all wool jersey, in white, navy, coral, kelly green, aqua or gold. Sizes 10 to 20. 19.95
Altman coat fashions, third floor

B. ALTMAN & CO.
Fifth Avenue New York

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have just received a wire from a woman in San Francisco who has been quietly observing the adjustment of the Act of Chapultepec to the Dumbarton Oaks plan. "It is remarkable," her wire reads, "how these elder statesmen have retained their textual vigor."

WE have been wondering how the argument is coming along between the Fifth Avenue Coach Company and the union. It will decide the fate of the double-decker buses. As we understand the question, the Company wants to operate double-deckers using only one man instead of two, and the union is holding out on them. However, the Company has made a counter move and has offered the union a retirement plan, in return for which the union would agree to one-man operation of two-deck buses. The union says the plan isn't attractive enough.

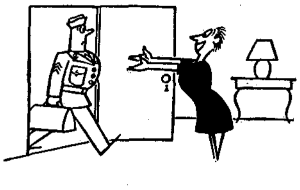
This strikes us as a queer sort of deadlock. Incidentally, it affects our own retirement plans, because we had intended to retire to the top of a bus when our work is done. The public is too fatalistic about such issues. The people want two-deck buses, and the Company (we feel sure) is quite capable of providing them. Far from lying down and letting the Company pull a long, low, single-deck bus on us, we intend to campaign for the lofty duplex job. Furthermore, we want the buses equipped with escalators. Why should we have to trot clear over to Penn Station, or up to Bloomingdale's, to ride on an escalator? The Fifth Avenue Coach Company ought to be ashamed, making a tired old gentleman climb a long, steep flight of stairs at the end of the day.

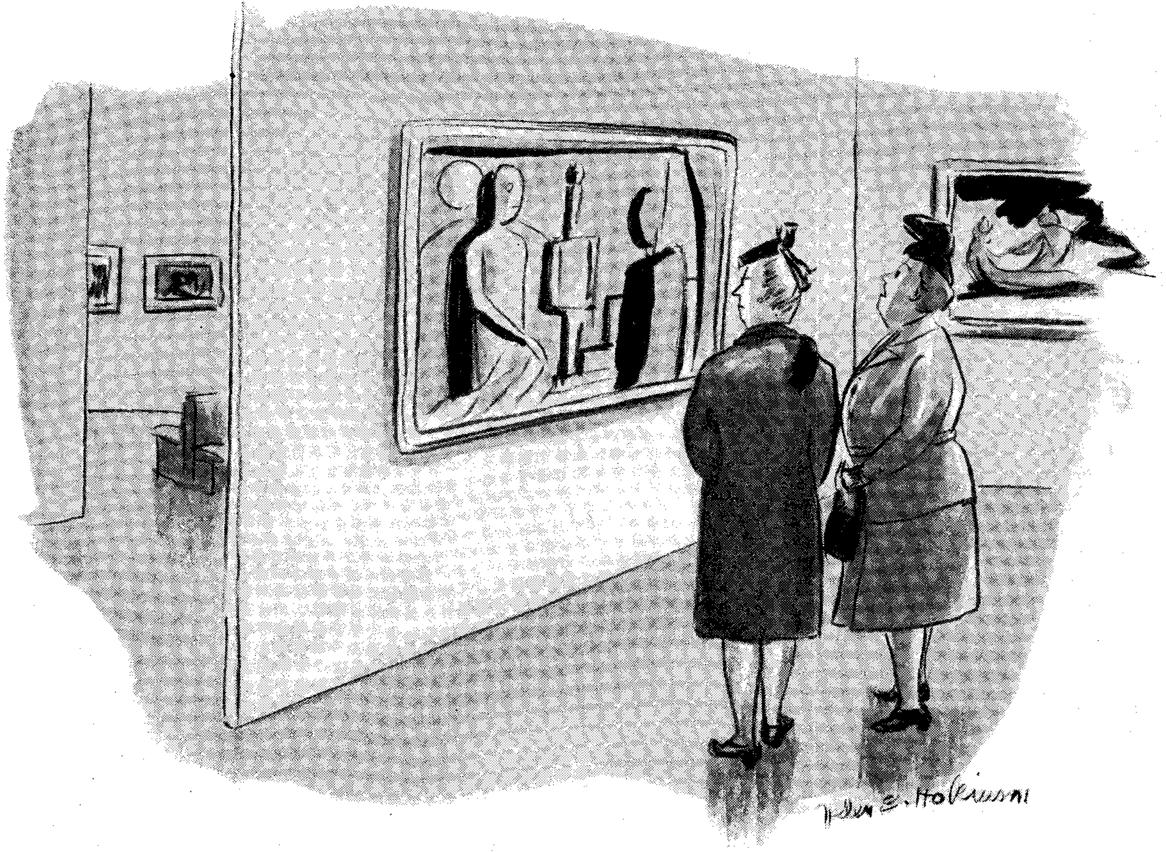
HUMAN beings are non-rational creatures. Here they have the biggest reëmployment problem in history and they are meeting it doggedly by trying to make a two-man bus into a one-man bus, in order that a few more individuals will be out of work. There will soon be a couple of million soldiers around looking for jobs, and some of them will certainly be young Irishmen of the right sort to mount to a bus top and cry, "Faaas, please!" Our advice to the Fifth Avenue Coach Company is to take these boys on. Come to think of it, we rather like the idea of a *three*-man bus. One man could drive and make cracks, another could collect fares and make cracks, and the third man could be the apologist for the Company, circulating among the passengers and begging their pardon.

ONE of our more pensive female readers says she is worried because she can't think of any minority to which she belongs, and if you don't belong to a minority, then you must be a member of the majority group—but there again, she says, she is worried, because it appears that there are now so many minorities that, collectively, they constitute a clear majority, which puts her, of course, in a minority but in a minority which has no minority standing. (If you're not getting this, go back and read it over, and we'll wait.) She is not sure that the new majority is aware of her minority rights or that it has the slightest respect for them. This has given her a persecution complex, which makes her nervous, hypersensitive, and prone to insist on fair treatment. Only last week, in a railway diner, she made quite a scene when the headwaiter didn't want to seat her at a table with a colored lady and tried to hurry her off to a corner with some other whites.

A YOUNG man whose first novel is coming out in the fall was asked by his publisher to write a jacket blurb for it. He settled down to the task quietly, but it wasn't long before he began to weave and sway. He found that the attempt to reconcile modesty and objectivity with hope and avarice was enough to unsettle a person's mind. At first we felt sympathetic about all this, but it seems to us, after thinking it over, that publishers should make a practice of compelling writers to compose their own promotional material. In the long run, nothing but good could come from wrenching writers from the exhilaration of creation into the sickening discipline of critical self-praise. It's not enough that an author know he's good; he ought to be able to give reasons.

A LONG-HAIRED woman, her tresses held up by paper clips, told us the other day that the hairpin and hairnet situation is now desperate. A snood is out of the question for her because her husband is made ill by snoods. If reconversion doesn't set in soon, she said, there will be no more long-haired women in the United States for the soldiers to come home to. Even grandmothers will have to cut off their hair, and the only soldiers who need bother about coming home will be those who want to come home to a short-haired, or snug-haired, woman. It is one of those curious economic riddles: in order to get hair for hairnets, you have to cut off women's hair, and if you do cut it off,





"I never know how far away to stand to make them look good."

• •

then the women don't need the nets. There are a great many circular dilemmas in life like that, and they are more numerous all the time.

Our Own Baedeker

THE pother about Irish neutrality, which has lately flared up all over again, is not much illuminated by the fact that there are a quarter of a million men from Eire serving in the British armed forces. That's something like one-twelfth the population of Eire, and more men, proportionately, than have gone to war from Canada. And while we're dealing in statistics, Ireland is about the size of the state of Maine and has a population of just over four and a quarter million; eighty-four per cent of the area and seventy per cent of the inhabitants are within the Irish Free State, or Eire; lakes and rivers account for one-thirtieth of the island's area; thirteen-fourteenths of Eire is Roman Catholic and two-thirds of Northern Ireland is Protestant; there are only five cities—Belfast, Dublin, Limerick, Londonderry, and Cork—which have more than forty thousand population; sixty-three per cent of all the Irish work on farms and only thirty-seven per cent live in settlements of more than two hundred population; and during the past thirty years only three people have actually kissed the Blarney Stone. The Irish use their monasteries as temporary quarters when they go on the wagon. "Will ye sail or travail?" is the right way to ask a person whether or not he wants a lift in your car. O'Connell Street, in Dublin, is one of the broadest streets in Europe, with four tram tracks on it; the O'Connell Street bridge over the Liffey is as broad as it is long.

Irish whiskey is not made out of potatoes. The Irish get enough potatoes without that. Irish whiskey is distilled from malt, barley, and other grains. Sir Walter Raleigh was the first to plant potatoes in Ireland, bringing them from what is now North Carolina back in the sixteenth century, and this had profound results. Because of this new foodstuff, the population increased manyfold. It reached eight million by 1841, at which time Ireland had half as many people as England. There are those who think Ireland's attitude toward England is colored to this day by the fact that its population was once comparatively so large. A hundred years ago a blight hit the potato crops, and for several years afterward the mortality stood at two hundred thousand a year. A mass emigration started which brought to the United States alone a million immigrants. Peat bogs cover one-seventh of the land area to a depth of nineteen feet. As everybody knows, peat is cut out in blocks, dried, and used for fuel; an average family will burn twenty-five tons a year. It's only about one-third as efficient as coal, but it's free. A favorite Irish method of losing money is backing patent methods of drying peat. The ethnic background of the Irish is obscure, and any guesses are likely to make them mad. Like every other race, they have been called one of the lost tribes of Israel; Kipling said they were Oriental by every test *he* knew. The conservative guess is that they are of mixed Teutonic, Celtic, and Mediterranean stock. Irish culture is Celtic, but the physical characteristics of the people are not invariably so; or if this is not true, will people please not write us any letters about it? By the seventh century, Ireland had a flourishing scholastic tradition, built up around the monasteries; no European court was complete without an Irish tutor. Then the Vikings came and drove everybody up into the hills. To this day, the fiercest insult that a country Irishman can use is "you Dane."

The Gaelic tongue has contributed to science the word "esker." An esker is a heap of gravel and Hershey bars left by a melting glacier. Captain Boycott, a land agent who was so unpopular that nobody would speak to him or do business with him, and Mayor Lynch, who strung up his own son for having committed a murder, are also commemorated in Webster. Not enough is generally known about a certain Irish lady of note, Grace O'Malley. Grace O'Malley was a strong-minded woman, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth who levied toll on all shipping that passed her summer place on the west coast. Elizabeth tried to appease her by offering to make her a countess, but Grace said she already considered herself Elizabeth's peer, title or no title. The Irish are supposed to have composed more melodies than any other group except the inhabitants of Tin Pan Alley. There are three thousand sacred wishing wells in Ireland right now. The wee folk have not been completely stamped out, and it is still customary to keep them from curdling fresh milk by putting a coffin nail near the crock.

Slogan

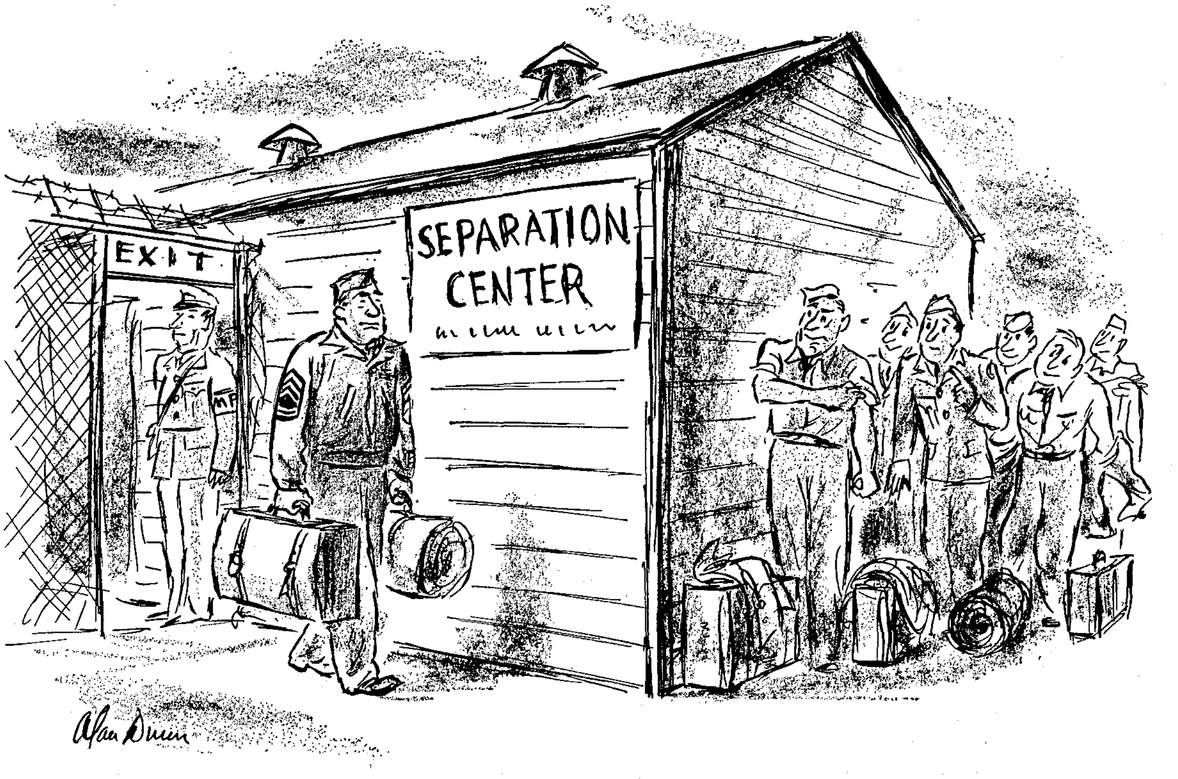
THE American troops pushing through the province of Zamboanga on the Philippine island of Mindanao were pleasantly surprised when they captured a building that turned out to be a cigarette factory and thereby greatly relieved a cigarette shortage which had been almost as acute as that back home. One of the soldiers took time out to write us about it. The cigarettes are named Commandos, and the front of the package bears a picture of Atlas supporting the world. The cigarettes themselves are rolled in newsprint, pages from school books, tax blanks, and so on. The back of the package exclaims, in flawless English, "GOSH! IT'S HERE! The Highest test of human endurance," and then continues, in calmer vein, "The mildest cigarette that gives you ultra consolation. In Patrol, in evacuation, or in bivouacs say COMMANDO CIGARETTES. Bullets kill but no—not with COMMANDO CIGARETTES. Every puff a bullet proof. Manufactured by ROSVALRES COMPANY, Zamboanga."

Antheil, 1945

WE have been pretty lavish lately with news of the *avant-garde* musical set, and now we will dwell briefly on the afterlife of an *avant-gardiste*, as typified by the adventures of George Antheil. Our mature readers will remember Antheil as the composer of "Ballet Mécanique," which was scored for ten player pianos, bells, sirens, an airplane propeller, and other unorthodox instruments and which, when it was first played in Paris, twenty-some years ago, threw the intellectuals into an uproar. Well, since the uproar has died down, Antheil has turned into such a conservative composer that he has been compared with Mozart and Brahms; further, he has worked as a composer of motion-picture music, he has written an advice-to-the-lovelorn column, and he has become an endocrine criminologist, which means that he studies the relation of crime to glandular disturbances in the criminal. When Jean Cocteau and Erik Satie, after hearing "Ballet Mécanique," hailed Antheil as a coming genius, they certainly weren't bargaining on all that.

Antheil is a small, intense, bright-eyed man who looks as if he might have come from Trenton. He did. At the age of fourteen, after eight years of study, he wrote for the piano his first composition, a piece of program music entitled "The Sinking of the Titanic." At nineteen he wrote his first symphony, in which he used elements of American jazz. The vanguard boys first heard of him in 1923, when an eerie something of his entitled "Mechanisms" was played in Paris. After "Ballet Mécanique" was performed, Antheil went to Paris, where he was practically epidemic. Ezra Pound and Jacques Benoist-Méchin both wrote little books about his genius. "It was a wild, wild period," Antheil told us the other day, shaking his head. "All that notoriety and premature recognition almost killed me. A young artist deserves to be spared becoming famous." Antheil is further disturbed by the fact that both Pound and Benoist-Méchin later became collaborationists. "I don't know whether it has anything to do with being *avant-garde* or not, but it does give you to think," he said.

Though Antheil continued to get together with the *avant-garde* now and then for lunch or a game of pool, he began to cool off in the late twenties. He stayed on in Europe until the mid-thirties, working as assistant director of the Berlin State Theatre (he was the first American ever to hold the job) and picking up kudos in various forms: a decoration from the French Société Académique, a life membership (honorary) in the Paris police force—that sort of thing. One of his first chores on returning to America was some scoring for "The Scoundrel," the Noel Coward movie which Hecht and MacArthur made over in our own Astoria. He then drifted out to Hollywood, where he soon found himself typed as a composer of music for Westerns. He accepted this peculiar fate placidly enough until he found that he was too dilapidated at night to write serious music. "As everybody knows," he told us, "Hollywood is a factory incapable of turning out art." He thereupon took up the literary life, writing for *Esquire* a series of articles on how to tell the girl friend by her glandular type. In this series he employed some random knowledge he had picked up years before in Berlin. He had roomed there with a young physician whose library included a good many books on the sub-



ject. The physician suddenly moved to another city, leaving his books, and Antheil froze onto them and eventually became something of an authority. Later he went to France and solidified his theoretical knowledge by working with the Paris police, thus winning the honorary life membership. The *Esquire* articles led logically to a column called "Boy Advises Girl," which is syndicated to some thirty papers. This isn't all Antheil does, by any means, but it's enough to give an idea.

Immoderate

IT'S late in the game for anecdotes about salutes, but maybe you'd like just one more, on the house. This one is about a Wac who was celebrating her promotion to a captaincy by entertaining her mother in New York. When they ventured out on a shopping tour the first morning, the daughter was saluted four times within three blocks. After the last salute, the mother said indulgently, "That's enough, now. I see how you do it, and you don't want to make yourself conspicuous."

DDT

AN amateur naturalist we know, who is currently skipper of a landing barge in the South Pacific, wrote us a letter a few weeks ago describing the effect of DDT, the deadly military insecticide sprayed from airplanes before invasions. "It kills every insect," he informed us. "The Lord knows what's going to happen if they start using it promiscuously in the States." Nobody is using the stuff promiscuously at the moment, but a few weeks ago the W.P.B. announced that it was planning to release small quantities of DDT for experimental use by civilians. Just in case you're thinking of doing a job on your plant lice or Japanese beetles with DDT, we've dug up some information on the subject that you'd do well to mull over. In the first place, DDT gets its name from its chemical composition, formally described as "2,2 Bis (P-Chlorophenyl) 1,1,1 Trichlorethane," which is, more familiarly, dichlorodiphenyl-trichlorethane. It was developed in Switzerland by researchers of a dye-manufacturing outfit, which discovered later on that its new insecticide was the same as a dye formula put together by a German scientist seventy years before. It was first used commercially by the Swiss in 1939 to combat the Colorado potato beetle. Presently the Swiss noted that it played hell with lice and used it to delouse refugees when they streamed across the French border. It is so persistent in its effect that it remains lethal to insects for months after an application, and since it won't dissolve in water it has to be removed with alcohol, oil, or other organic solvents. The Navy sprays it over South Pacific atolls to destroy mosquitoes and flies that might introduce malaria and typhus among the troops after they have landed. The Public Health Service has just issued a bulletin revealing that DDT in fairly large quantities has a toxic effect upon rabbits. Nobody knows exactly how much it takes to harm human beings. Unlike most insecticides, it works by both contact and ingestion; whether an insect merely crawls over a leaf sprayed with DDT or nibbles on the edge of it, he's a dead duck. All of which sounds fine. However, Edwin Teale, former president of the New York Entomological Society, who has been making DDT his major work for several years, doesn't sound fine.

"A spray as indiscriminate as DDT," Mr. Teale told us, "can upset the economy of nature as much as a revolution upsets social economy. Ninety per cent of all insects are good, and if they are killed, things go out of kilter right away. Just suppose that DDT is sprayed from airplanes over huge acreages. Your bumblebees will be eliminated. Once they're gone it means the end of your red clover, which they fertilize. Darwin once said that you could tell the number of old maids in a village by the size of the clover fields in its environs. He figured that old maids have cats, cats kill mice, mice destroy bumblebees. So fat fields of red clover mean lots of old maids. Now, suppose they introduce DDT in the South to kill the pink bollworm. Suddenly they're going to have a tremendous cotton crop. Prices will promptly go down, foreclosures will be made, and there'll be more Tobacco Roads than ever before. I remember early in the thirties when an attempt was made to wipe out the gypsy moth. The spray unfortunately also killed the monarch, or milkweed butterfly, which lays its eggs in the milkweed and thus kills it before it can spread all over. On the other hand, if milkweed is needed for kapok, then of course the monarch must be destroyed."

Slightly confused, we said goodbye to Mr. Teale and headed up to the Audubon Society to supplement our information with a few words from Richard Pough, the Society's ecologist. "We are," said Mr. Pough, "definitely alarmed over the possibilities of DDT. It might conceivably eliminate all insect-eating birds as well as shrews, moles, bats, and skunks. The insect eaters make up one-half the base that supports the whole natural economy. You may remember when they experimented with an arsenic spray not nearly as lethal as DDT at the Jockey Hollow National Monument at Morristown. They went over the acreage afterward and found no dead birds, but they didn't find many live birds either. They had moved out, to find insects. A spray like DDT makes people think of a continent arranged like a manicured garden, but you can't kick nature around that way. If DDT should ever be used widely and without care, we would have a country without fresh-water fish, serpents, frogs, and most of the birds we have now. Mind you, we don't object to its use to save lives now. What we're afraid of is what might happen when peace comes."

O.K. It's up to the gardeners.

Credential

BEATING the gun on the W.M.C.'s unfreezing of manpower, we made V-E Day confetti out of all but one of the maid-shortage anecdotes we had on hand. This is the one we saved out, and we will never again print another. A lady who had had a very satisfactory interview with a colored cook named Celia concluded with a mention of references. "References?" said Celia. "Yes'm." She thereupon rolled up her sleeve. Her name was tattooed on her forearm.

Flexible

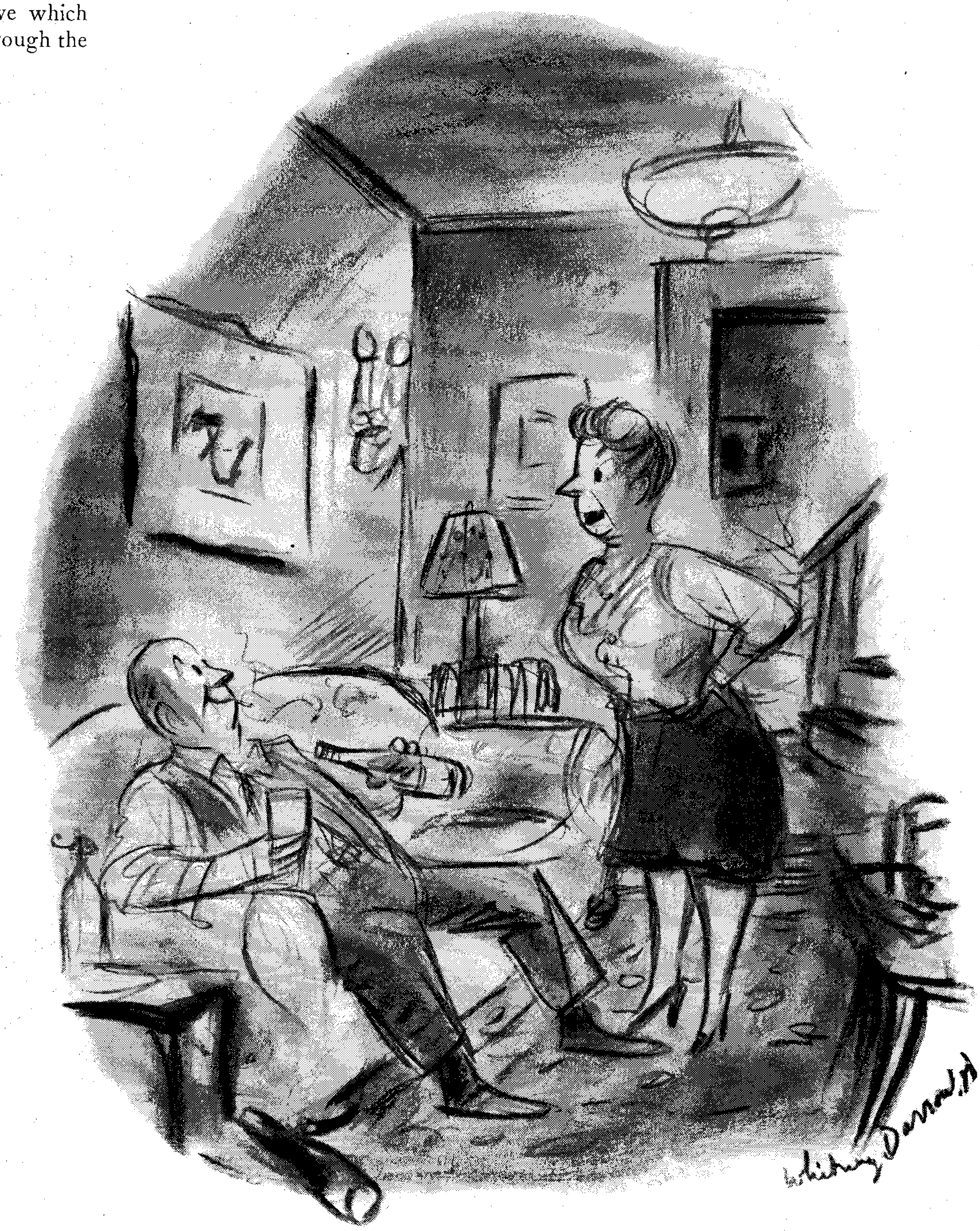
FERDINAND CARL AUGUST FREDERICK KRAMER is the architect of the week, by reason of the news that the British, Norwegian, and Russian governments are all interested in a product of his which is not strictly architectural at all; briefly, it is low-cost, knocked-down furniture which saves seventy-five per cent in shipping space and can be assembled by the householders themselves. Kramer's beds, tables, chairs, and cabinets are made of wood or plastic and are held together with wooden hinges and pegs. The inventor, who has an office on lower Park Avenue, is a tall, beetle-browed, pink-cheeked man in his early middle age. Possibly the most striking single fact in Kramer's brief biography is that his grandfather, a hatter of Frankfort on the Main, invented the Homburg; this he did especially for the Prince of Wales, later Edward VII of England.

In the first World War, Kramer was a sergeant in the German infantry and won the Iron Cross. "But I was no hero," he told us. "I hated war. It was always cold in the trenches. It was so cold that I invented a stove which didn't let all the heat escape through the pipe. I patented my invention after the war, and three million *Kramerofen* were sold, all over Europe." Kramer also designed Europe's first deep, square bathtub with a built-in seat. He has invented a lot of things, including an electrified tea wagon, yet to be put on the market, which contains a little refrigerator, a grill, a mixer, a toaster, all electrically operated, and a radio that will get police calls and short-wave programs. After the war, Kramer studied architecture at the Institute of Technology in Munich and was later appointed Housing Director of Frankfort. For five years he designed schools, libraries, and buildings in municipal housing projects; his designs included even the furniture, and, in homes, the toys in the nurseries. He and his wife came over here in 1938 to get away from the Nazis and they are now citizens.

Kramer's general theory of architecture is that architects should be more like birds. "How do birds build their nests?" Kramer asked us. "They make the inside and the outside one unit. The nest is functional. In a man's home, the chairs should be for comfortable sitting and the wardrobe should be for the tallest hat, the biggest overshoes, the largest ulster. I am the arch-enemy of interior decorators. They care nothing for overshoes. My new furniture is not only functional, it is flexible. It allows for change. My cabinets come in sections. You find you need more brandy in the house, or more toys, and you add a section. I was asked three years ago to design this furniture by a chain of department stores. In a few months it was in the houses of war workers. The cost is low because there is no assembly problem." As for the difficulty of working without metal hardware, Kramer points out that the Egyptians and Romans made good furniture without metal. The prospect of making furniture to send to Europe pleases him because it will help get the peasant's beard out of his soup; the trouble has always been too low a table, and Kramer's going to fix that once and for all.

Protocol

LAST week, on a bus in the District of Columbia, two little government girls who might have been stenographers were discussing the stupidity of some unnamed colleague. "After two years," one of them said scornfully, "you'd think she'd learn that the State Department *always* spells 'Almighty God' with capital letters."


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"If I were my third husband, I know I'd try to outshine the others."

WISE GUY

MOST of the people in the damn place were hacking away at their disgusting lunch, but I was still drinking Martinis and sitting alone in this thing that I guess could be called a booth, although it wasn't even the height of my shoulder. I had been there, I guess, about an hour, more or less, and I could see the people eating their lunch, and I could see out into the bar, where the people were two deep and making their purposeless noise. I said to myself I wish they'd shut up and go away, or at least sit down and be quiet. Their noise irritated me. They jabber-jabbered, babble-babbled away as if they had something to say, but none of them had anything to say. Those that came in together would blab-blab about what they were going to drink, and then, when they would order their drinks, they would have the same things they always had. Those that came in by themselves would light their silly cigarettes and bore the bartender with their phony politeness, just to prove to anybody at all that they knew the bartender. I hated them all. I had watched the first of them come in—those that came in together, and those who came in alone and were meeting somebody. I called the proprietor. "I'll bet you get goddam good and bored with these people, don't you, Frank?" I said.

"Well, yes an' no, Mr. Osgood," he said. He smiled and waved his menu and order pad.

"Oh, I know," I said. "They pay the freight. But seriously, don't you wish they were all in hell—me included?"

"Not *you*, Mr. Osgood. *You* know dat."

"I don't know anything of the kind," I said. "Since you're here, will you get me another drink, please?"

"Gladly, sir," he said.

I watched them all some more, and then of course when Frank himself brought me my drink, I had to go and spill it. "I bring you another right away, Mr. Osgood," he said. "That's all right."

"Of course it's all right," I said.

This time a waiter whom I did not know brought the drink, and I didn't spill this one. It didn't last very long and I didn't spill a drop. "You wish to order now, sir?" said the waiter.

"I do not wish to order now," I said. "I already told Frank I am waiting for a lady. How long have you *been* here?"

"Thank you, sir," said the waiter. He slapped the table with his napkin.

"When you get through with that imaginary crumb, will you bring me another drink, please?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter. He got the drink.

I STUDIED the terrible people, hacking away at their lunch, blab-blabbing, and I happened to look in the direction of the bar and saw Frank. He was grinning; I soon found out why. I looked away, trying to be as casual as possible but fixing my tie, the knot in my tie. I gave myself the proper time before looking again in Frank's direction, knowing that by this time he would be at my table. And he was. But he was not with the person whom I expected. He was with my kid.

"Hello, Father," he said. "I'm sorry I'm late, but I missed the train."

"Oh, you did?" I said. "Sit down." Then I remembered what I had completely forgotten. I was supposed to have lunch with him and take him and buy him a suit.

"I wouldn't of missed it, only I forgot the ad. I had to go back for it," he said.

"What ad? The suit ad?"

"Yes." He took a clipping out of the pocket of his plaid jacket.

"I know, I know," I said. "Do you want a coke or something? Did you have lunch?"

"No. Did you?"

"No," I said. "Do you want a coke? We're going to have to wait a while. I have an appointment with a lady that wants to buy a house. She ought to be here any minute."

"Oh. Then I will have a coke, please."

Frank had been standing there, listening to all this, and now he went to get the kid a coke.

I asked the kid: "How'd you happen to know I was here?"

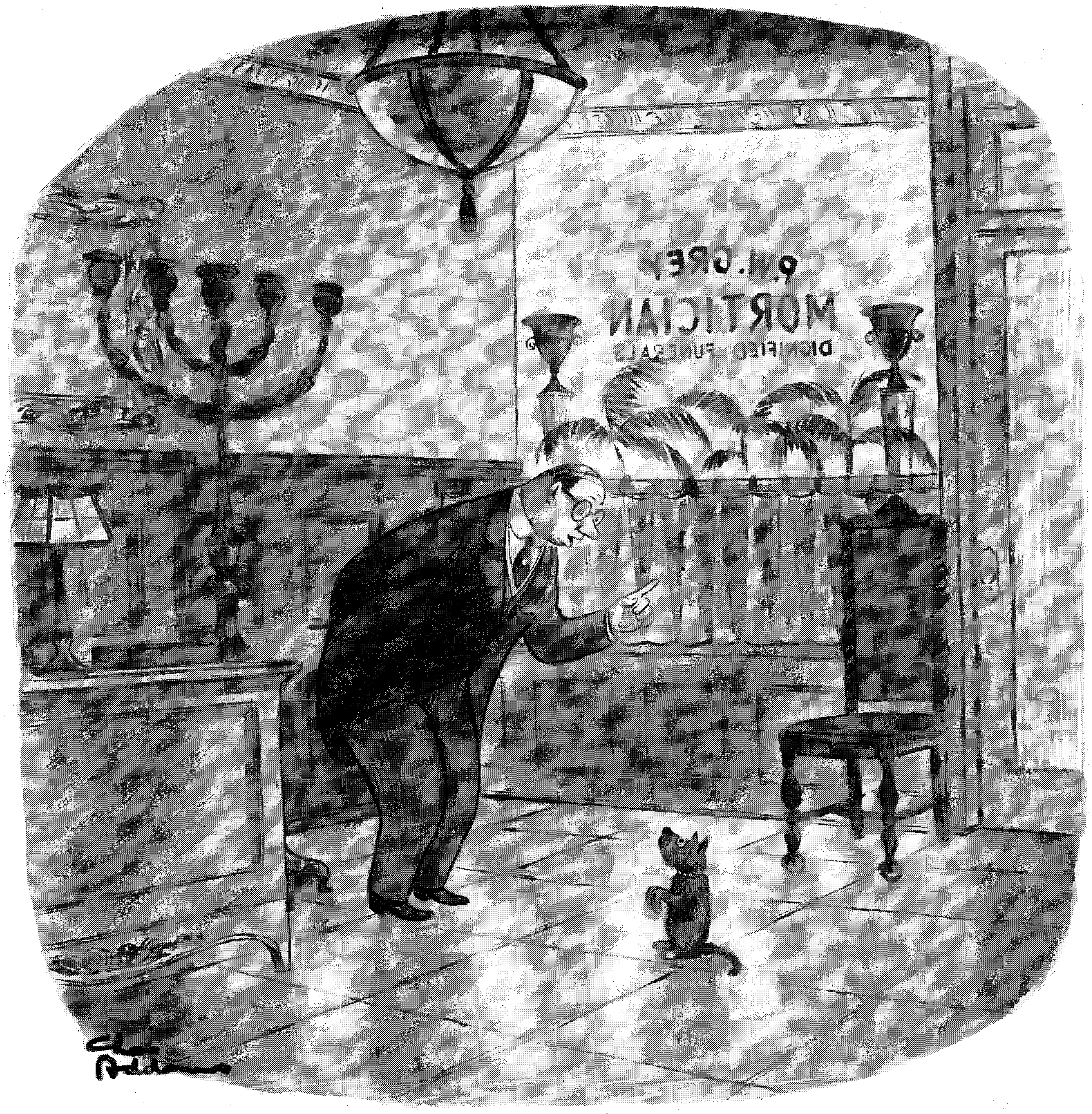
"I went to the office, and I saw Miss McDermott just as she was leaving, and she told me you were here."

That was strange. McDermott usually had more sense. But she was right. All I had told her was that if anybody called, to be sure and tell them where I was. I guess she included the kid, or she may have thought I meant no one else but the kid.

"She said you left the office an hour ago. I'm sorry I'm late, Father."

"Oh, that's all right," I said. I picked up the ad and read it. It advertised the Prep Special, giving the price and details of the adaptability of the suit—how you could wear the coat with any pair of slacks, or you could wear the pants with a sweater or windbreaker. The kid's heart had been set on that suit. "The only thing is, I don't think I'll be able to go with you," I said. "This lady I'm meeting wants to buy—I told you that. But she's bringing her car and I'm going to drive out with her and show her the house."

"Oh," said the kid.



"Now play dead."

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"I thought maybe something happened and you weren't coming in town, so that's why I made this appointment. You see?"

"Yes, sir," he said. He'd been getting out of the habit of saying "sir," so I was surprised. "Well then, I guess I better go."

"No, no, have your coke," I said.

"I don't want it," he said. "I wasn't thirsty, anyway."

I reached in my pocket. "Here, here's some dough. You're four dollars ahead on the deal. I'm sorry I can't go with you, but this is important."

The kid stood up and looked at the money, which I held out to him, and then at me, but he didn't look at me very long. "I'll tell Mother I didn't see you," he said. "She knows I missed the train." He started to leave.

"Now, wait a minute!" I said.

"Ah, never mind," he said. This time there was no stopping him. He was out of the place before I even got to my feet.

Well, he was the one that wanted the suit. I didn't. The little wise guy.

—JOHN O'HARA

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HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[From "The Robe," by Lloyd Douglas]

Her full lips were almost gay, as they surveyed the crowd.

LES DEMOISELLES

THEY lived in a beautiful old house on an ancient street called the Rue des Cordeliers, one of those streets in Senlis that just grew over a period of more than a thousand years, where the *art moderne* of the Tata shoe shop exposed its nakedness side by side with a fragment of a tower and wall built in the time of Augustus Caesar. It was a very narrow street. When you went to call on the old ladies, there was always trouble if you met another car. One or the other had to back to the nearest cross street. The cobblestones had been laid down in the time of Louis XV and one or two of the old houses were built in the half-timbered style of the Middle Ages, with statues of saints let into the wall. The eighteenth-century houses turned their plain backs to the street and their snowy, baroque façades faced the garden.

The old ladies' house was called the Hôtel Flamand, because it had been built by a Flemish cloth merchant in the sixteenth century. He was one of those who played the town what the French call a dirty Flemish trick. In the Middle Ages and during the Renaissance, Senlis had been the center of the linen industry for all of Europe. The Flemings came there as merchants and to learn the industry, and then they went back to the Low Countries, taking the industry with them. But the one who built the Hôtel Flamand had taste and must have had an un-Flemish liking for display.

In the blank wall facing the street there was a big and pretentious gateway, bearing handsome carved urns with stone flames, all of St. Lô stone, capping the pediments. The big, nail-studded doors, wide enough for a carriage to pass through, contained a small door, which would be opened, at the jangling of a distant bell, by an ancient and very fat and heavily mustachioed female dragon named Colette.

Inside, on the opposite side of a cobblestoned court, stood the house—a big and handsome house, with a stairway of ceremony and a round tower at one end which could be used for defense if, in times of disorder, the mob broke through the gate into the courtyard from the Rue des Cordeliers. The whole place had an air of being abandoned and forgotten. Unpruned wisteria covered part of the façade, and in one corner of the stable a door, standing ajar, revealed a worn barouche, no longer used, with the stuffing of the upholstery coming out here and there.

Once you were admitted through the small door, Colette, the bearded monster, led you up the *escalier d'honneur*, into the hall, and thence into the salon. Before closing you in, Colette would say that she would go immediately to announce the presence of the visitors to *les demoiselles*, and leave you to contemplation of the salon, a room filled to overflowing with a strange mixture of objects, from a most magnificent commode, executed in the grand style of the eighteenth century, through Empire mahogany, up to a couple of golden-oak chairs (circa 1910) upholstered in false needlepoint. In good French provincial fashion, the chairs were arranged in a circle with a round mahogany table in the center, beneath a magnificent eighteenth-century *lustre* of crystal flowers and raindrops.

Les demoiselles, as Colette called them, were three old maids—the Mesdemoiselles Peret. They came into our lives in the important rôle of *propriétaires*. My wife and I rented a house and a few acres of land from them for a period of sixteen years. Mademoiselle Lucie, the youngest, aged seventy-three, was a bluestocking; Mademoiselle Jeanne, the middle one, aged seventy-four, was the businesswoman who managed the accounts and looked after the large number of houses and farms which belonged to the three sisters; Mademoiselle Julie, the third and oldest, aged seventy-six, came to be known in our family as "*la Mystérieuse*," because for fourteen years of the sixteen covering the period of our relationship with *les demoiselles*, we never saw her or heard her name mentioned by her sisters.

THE business of renting the house required a series of formal visits and two months of negotiations between our lawyer, the lawyer of *les demoiselles*, and the local notary. Few peace conferences have entailed more diplomacy, more papers, more threats and false moves. Renting a house in the French provinces is no simple business, especially if there are a few acres of fertile land attached to it. To *les demoiselles* the house itself was important, but as nothing compared to the land. To the French outside Paris, land means something. During the second week of the negotiations, I discovered why from Mademoiselle Jeanne, the businesswoman.

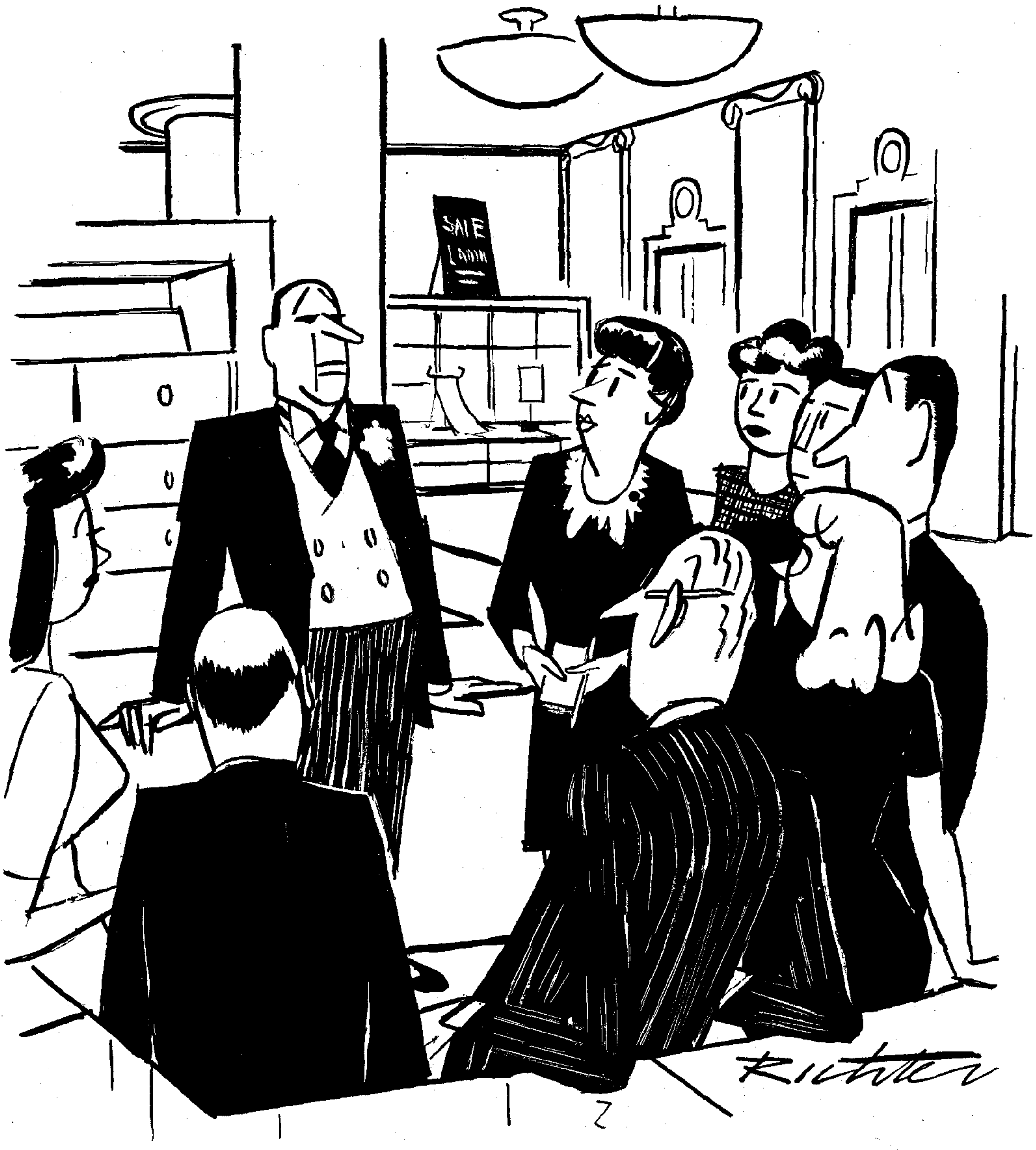
She had a distinguished and dignified appearance, enhanced by a pince-nez attached to a long black ribbon. Her manner was gentle, but beneath the gentleness steel lay hidden. She was a born manipulator, always using her lawyer and notary as stooges when she wanted to put over hard provisions in the contract about who was to pay for repairs to the roof or the cutting of the weeds along the roadway, and so on. In the end I paid for everything, being just what she thought I was, an easy-come, easy-go American who, when he wanted something, was willing to go to any lengths to have it. I wanted that particular house and no other in all France. It was small, but it was conveniently placed on the edge of the town, with a lovely view across communal gardens, marsh, and forest. But above all, it had water—a little, crystal-clear, trout-filled river called, charmingly, La Nonette, which flowed through the garden and against the very wall of the house. You could sit in the salon and cast through the tall French windows. The only thing in which you could entangle your line was a crystal chandelier.

In the beginning, I tried to buy the house. I offered twice what it was worth, three times, four times. The dollar exchange at that time was good and I could afford it. But the offers came to nothing and when I got nowhere, I pointed out in blunt American fashion that I was certainly making a better offer than any Frenchman would make and asked Mademoiselle Jeanne why she refused. Her answer was simple, logical, and sensible.

"I could," she said, playing with

the black ribbon attached to her pincenez, "accept ten times what it was worth, but what would I do with the money? It's no use buying stocks, or even government bonds, with the crooked radical government in power. [At that time the radical premier was Poincaré.] I don't want to put it in houses. Cannon balls can knock them down. Land is the only thing; you can't destroy land. And I can't buy land around here. There isn't a hectare for sale, because everybody thinks as I do."

I suggested her keeping the money in American dollars, but she treated this idea with disdain. "What makes you think the American dollar is sacred?" she asked. "It's no different from any other money."



"We are facing somewhat changed conditions, and I suggest that for the time being, at least, we might all work on the assumption that the customer may possibly be right."

• •

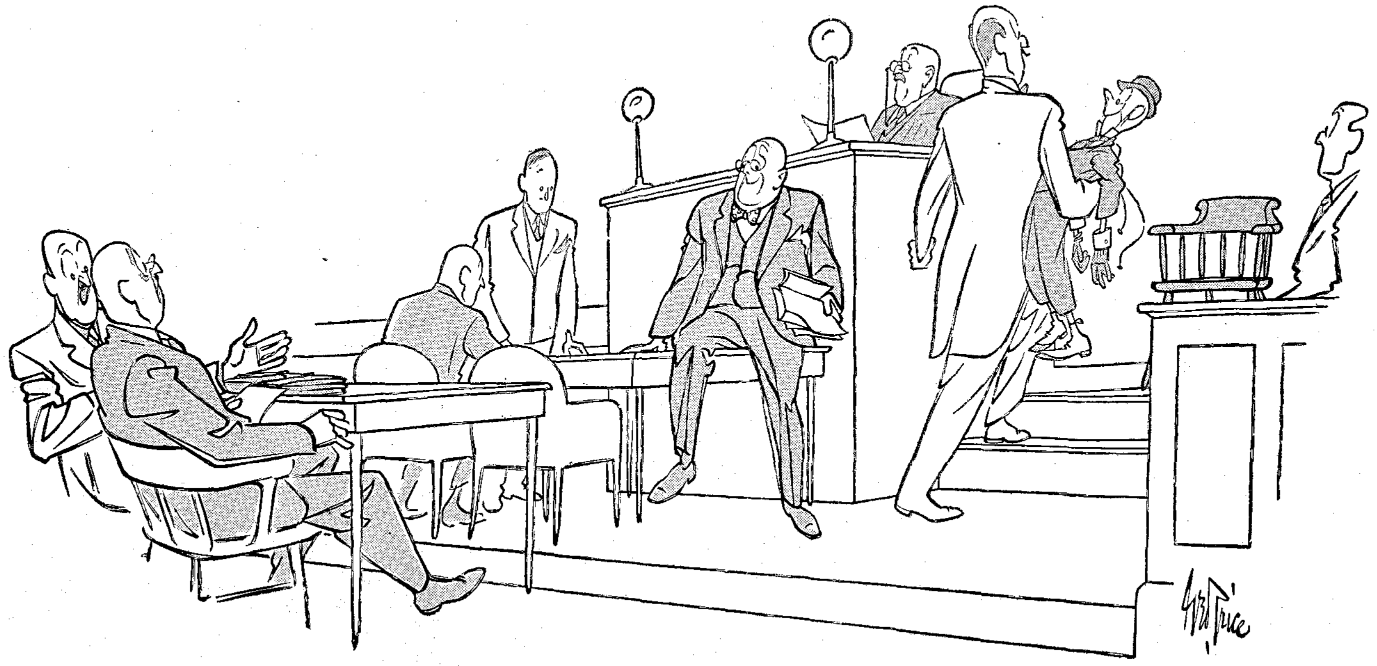
The house was known as the "*berceau de la famille Peret.*" Out of it, apparently, had sprung full-blown the entire Peret family, about the end of the eighteenth century. Mademoiselle Jeanne used this for bargaining purposes. Mademoiselle Lucie, the bluestocking, referred to the fact constantly in a sentimental and literary way with a sigh, "*Ah! Le berceau de la famille! Ce petit coin de paradis!*" I never fathomed why, if they felt thus about it, the *demoiselles* did not live there rather than in the huge, chilly, shabby Renaissance beauty of the Hôtel Flamand.

Bit by bit, over the sixteen years my wife and I lived in the Presbytère St. Etienne, I discovered the whole history of the house. Like everything else in Senlis, like the Rue des Cordeliers, like everything in the lives of *les demoiselles*, its story was rooted in history and the remote past. The house had been built toward the end of the eighteenth century to accommodate the priest of the Chapelle St. Etienne, which in our time was little more than a ruin standing at the end of the garden. The chapel was itself the last remnant of a Benedictine monastery destroyed during the Burgundian Wars. The priest, however, never occupied the house, for in 1789 the people of Senlis, like those of most of the rest of France, got fed up with the way things were going under Louis XVI and staged a revolution.

It was then that a simple blacksmith, Peret by name, emerged to become the dominant authority in Senlis. In the early days of the revolution he crowned a certain trollop Goddess of Reason at a festival and orgy in the ancient cathedral. Later, when the church properties were put up for auction, the blacksmith bought them all for fifteen francs. Overnight, he and his family became rich and important and bourgeois. Out of all the monasteries, abbeys, and houses, the blacksmith chose the Presbytère as his residence, and as the years passed, the new capitalist and landowner begot thirteen children.

That is how the Presbytère came to be known as *le berceau de la famille Peret*, and why it appeared that before the revolution the family had no existence whatever. Despite the virility of the blacksmith, the family had dwindled at last to *les demoiselles* and a few remote cousins who play a later part in this story.

Mademoiselle Jeanne, outside office hours, had no personality at all, but Mademoiselle Lucie had ways of asserting herself. She was a confirmed invalid who seldom went out, spent



"All we can do is sit tight for a minute and see what develops."

• •

most of her time on a chaise longue, and always received us in an elaborate peignoir covered with dusty lace and pale-blue ribbons. According to the Baron de Maricourt, the local Saint Simon, she had been attractive once and had had admirers. None of them had, however, measured up to her intellectual and literary standards and she had remained unmarried. (There were also, I was told later, difficulties about the marriage settlement.) These standards belonged to the 1880-90 period, and her favorite poet was Gérard de Nerval, a local product. It gave her great satisfaction that the cradle of *la famille Peret* was occupied by an *homme de lettres*, meaning myself.

It was Mademoiselle Lucie who revealed to me that none of the three *demoiselles* had ever ridden in an automobile and that Mademoiselle Jeanne had last been to Paris, which was only twenty-five miles away, ten years before, in 1919. All her references to travel were in terms of horse and buggy. "It is a very interesting countryside," she would say. "There is the drive to Chantilly. If you start early, you can go there, visit the château, and return the same day." Chantilly was eight miles distant. Invariably she would add a literary footnote: "It was on the road to Chantilly that the Abbé Prévost fell by the roadside and died during a snowstorm. You remember the good Abbé wrote 'Manon Lescaut.' "

In the fourth year of our tenancy, I took Mademoiselle Lucie for her first automobile ride. She proposed that we visit her relatives at Nanteuil-le-Haudoin, twelve miles away. "Do you think we can make it there and back the same day?" she asked anxiously. "I am in delicate health and have not spent a night away from home for fifty years."

I assured her that we could make it, and after lunch we set out to visit the cousins. There was also a rival family of cousins. Between them existed a great feud, since one or the other, or both, were the only possible heirs of the rich old *demoiselles*. Each of the families had a daughter about eighteen and each girl spent six months of each year *en visite* in the great, cold, gloomy house in the Rue des Cordeliers. No penance could have been much worse for a young girl, but their families regarded the visits as good speculations, so for alternate six months each of the girls lived with *les demoiselles* and the ferocious Colette, doing housework, reading to the old women, never seeing anyone else, and going to bed at nine o'clock every night—in the hope of inheriting the properties which the original Peret had bought for fifteen francs in the year 1789.

The occasion of Cousin Lucie's visit was a great triumph for the Nanteuil-le-Haudoin relatives over the relatives who lived in St. Quentin, and half the town was invited for a monstrous *goûter* to meet Cousin Lucie and her *homme-de-lettres* tenant. The town photographer, a man who used a tripod and a black cloth, was called in to record the momentous occasion with a group photograph, with the *homme-de-lettres* tenant of *les demoiselles* seated on Mademoiselle Lucie's right.

Some of the triumph felt by the Nanteuil-le-Haudoin cousins was punctured by Mademoiselle Lucie's queenly announcement on departing that she had honored them with a visit not because of any favoritism but because Nanteuil was only twenty kilometres away, while St. Quentin was ninety kilometres. She had not, she said, cared to make the longer trip, as this was her first voyage in an automobile and she had not been sure that she wouldn't be sick.

During the conversation on the ride home, Mademoiselle Lucie told me that she and her sisters had been contemplating the installation of a bathroom in the Hôtel Flamand for over thirty years, but that they had never been able to make up their minds about the location.

MEANWHILE, the life of Mademoiselle Julie, the eldest sister, remained as mysterious as ever. We never saw her at the Rue des Cordeliers and she never accompanied Mademoiselle Jeanne and Mademoiselle Lucie on the state visits made punctiliously twice a year to the *berceau de la famille*

Peret. She was never seen in the streets, although it was reported that on occasion she had been observed at about daybreak at the Marché St. Pierre, accompanied by the fat and bearded Colette.

I did, however, succeed in prying a great deal of the history of *les demoiselles* from the Baron de Maricourt. This spidery little man, of no particular sex, had written a book called "En Flânant dans Senlis." He was witty, malicious, and gossipy, and, like Mademoiselle Lucie, was *souffrante* most of the time. The periods of indisposition he spent in bed fully dressed, receiving visitors. Through literary interests shared with Mademoiselle Lucie, he had kept an entrée to the Hôtel de Flamand, shared only by ourselves and the wretched girl cousins during their periods of internment as prospective heiresses.

The Baron told me that *les demoiselles* might have married but for the avariciousness of their father, who appears to have resembled Père Goriot. The girls all had suitors, but when it came to the point of a marriage contract, Père Peret was so mean in the matter of the *dot* and inserted so many provisions that he discouraged all the suitors who had hoped for a good thing. The matches had all fallen through at the last moment. When his wife died, so the Baron told me, Père Peret was an old man and so avaricious that he would buy his daughters no new clothing until they had worn out the dingy black clothes left by their deceased mother. On occasion, according to the Baron, the old man had been seen in the streets wearing his dead wife's skirts and bonnets to save the wear and tear on his own clothes. He always wore them about the house and garden. They were of heavy black stuff and very durable.

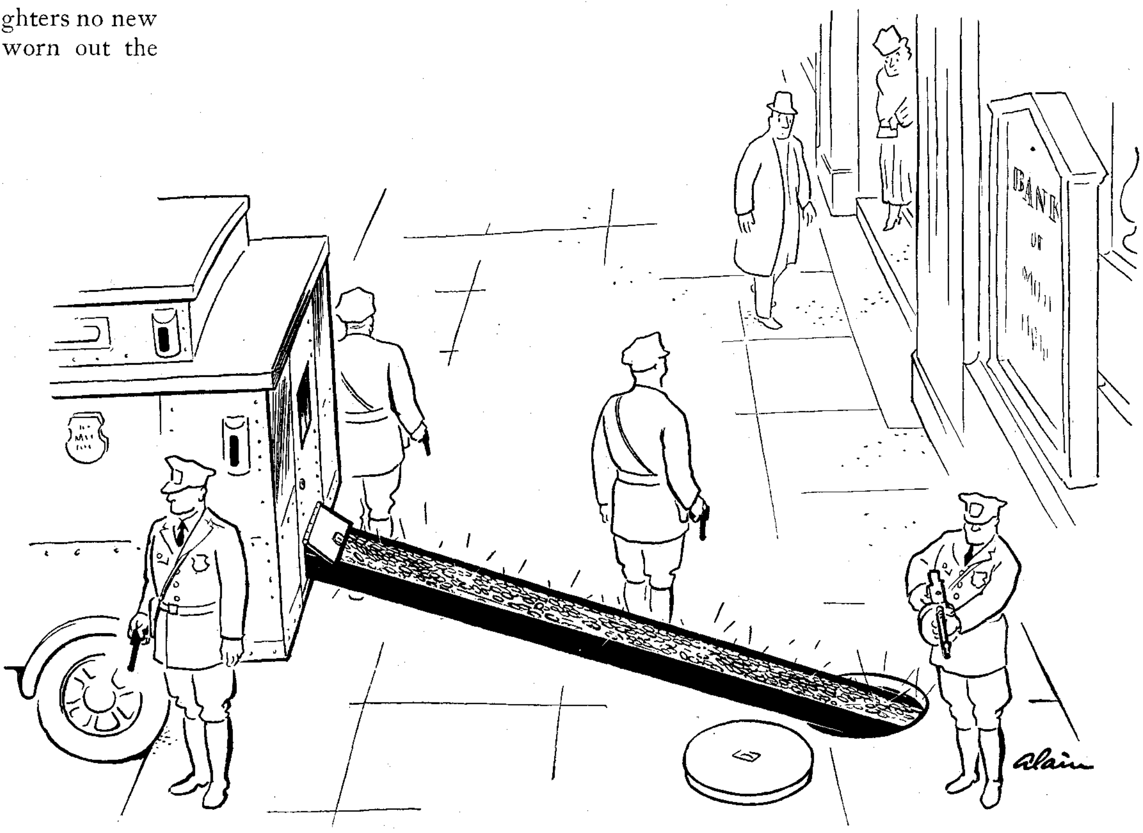
The Baron, like all gossips, was somewhat unreliable, but he did give me the clue to the mystery of why Mademoiselle Julie was never seen. She had, he said, misbehaved as a young woman. She had had a liaison with a stalwart farmhand and there was even a rumor that she had had a baby. From that time on, she had been kept in seclusion. She had been unable to marry her lover, since, unfortunately, he had been killed in the War of 1870, something more than a half century before we became aware of her existence.

Naturally, this romantic story heightened my interest in Mademoiselle Julie, but I made no progress whatever either in seeing her or communicating with her until her two sisters were dead and out of the way.

MADEMOISELLE JEANNE died of an attack of acute indigestion, as befitted the businesswoman of the family, while I was in America on a trip. Mademoiselle Lucie, on one of her rare sorties to Mass, literally slipped on a banana peel, in the Place Henri Quatre, and broke her hip. She never left her bed from then on until she died.

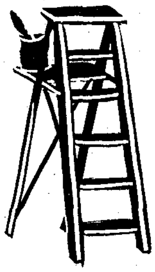
I attended the funeral of Mademoiselle Lucie together with a large group of aged citizens of the town, who made up a procession a hundred yards long which marched through the gray, beautiful old streets across the cobblestones to the ancient cathedral. We had sent big bouquets of flowers from the *berceau de la famille Peret,* appropriately labelled, and the ceremony, in the high gray space of the Gothic cathedral, with the coffin buried beneath late-summer flowers, and the high soprano voices of the choirboys echoing from the dim, lofty recesses of the church, achieved a rare and moving beauty.

That day I had my first glimpse of Mademoiselle Julie, who, as the sole surviving sister, walked at the head of the procession. It was an unsatisfactory glimpse, since the erring sister was so buried in crape (possibly inherited from her mother) that she was simply a squat, moving catafalque, with neither face nor figure. Only one incident marred the occasion. The Nanteuil-le-Haudoin cousins had a puncture on the way to the services and arrived too late to take their place at the head of the procession of mourners. Their car drew up as the procession was halfway to the cathedral and, leaving the husband, who was not a blood relative and therefore had no reason to expect an inheritance, the mother and daughter picked up their long black skirts and scuttled over the cobblestones, bypassing the non-family mourners, to get to the head of the procession. The place was disputed by the St. Quentin family, which had arrived on time, and they won out on this occasion, because they were already in possession of the spot directly behind Mademoiselle Julie, now the sole heiress of her two sisters. After a few arguments, muttered fiercely through thick, black crape, the



Nanteuil family was forced into second place.

LESS than two weeks later, Marguerite, our cook, answering a ring at the garden gate, returned with astonishing news. Mademoiselle Julie had come to pay us a call. I went to the gate and found her accompanied by the fat and bearded Colette, who held an umbrella over her head. She was a small, stout old lady with a rather merry face lined with wrinkles. Behind her stood the station omnibus, driven by Alcide and drawn by his old white horse, Flodrop. Mademoiselle Julie apologized for the hour of her call, one in the afternoon, but, she explained, she had to come between trains, when Alcide had an hour or two off. Colette, still holding the umbrella over Mademoiselle Julie's head, accompanied her into the house and then joined Marguerite in the kitchen.



During the call, I began to understand many things about Mademoiselle Julie and her long-enforced seclusion. I decided that the liaison with the farmhand back in 1870 wasn't the only reason she had been kept hidden. Mademoiselle Julie was clearly a throwback to the blacksmith who had feathered his nest with church property in 1789. She had a coarse humor and a vitality the other sisters lacked. She never bored you by talking about business, like Mademoiselle Jeanne, nor did she make affected, precious conversation, like Mademoiselle Lucie. Mademoiselle Julie was pure peasant. Our conversation was about the weather, the prospects of the potato crop, and whether the cold nights would hurt the fruit—all this sprinkled with politics and denunciations of the Popular Front.

After about half an hour, a remarkable thumping and banging came from the direction of the kitchen, which adjoined the library, where we were sitting. The *berceau de la famille Peret* was a small house, and despite the thickness of the ancient walls, sounds were audible through them. I was puzzled by the noise until Mademoiselle Julie said, "That's Colette. She begins to bang about like that if I stay too long. I have to make three more calls before Alcide meets the two-forty-five train." At that, she rose and said, "I hope you'll come to see me soon and give me some advice about the garden. I mean to plow it up and put it into potatoes."

Colette was summoned from the kitchen and escorted Mademoiselle Julie into Alcide's omnibus. I stood in the gateway, watching them drive off, the ancient Alcide slapping the old, flea-bitten white horse with the reins. There was significance in the fact that Mademoiselle Julie left cards, which her sisters had never done. She must have ordered them the day after Mademoiselle Lucie's funeral and set out to call on us the day they arrived from the printer, for it required ten days at least to do any printing job in Senlis.

WITHIN a day or two, it became clear that Mademoiselle Julie was breaking out with a vengeance. For five successive days she hired Alcide and the omnibus to make the rounds, calling upon all the people she had not seen for more than sixty years. She cut down the shrubbery and trees in the big garden and planted potatoes. "All that good land going to waste!" she said. "For fifty years I've wanted to grow potatoes there, but my sisters would never let me."

She had the ragged wisteria pruned and set Colette and whatever unfortunate cousin was interned at the moment to weeding the big courtyard and putting it in order. She was seen regularly at the market, not at daybreak but at ten o'clock, when everybody who was anybody did her marketing. She subscribed to *Le Temps*, which represented her shade of political opinion, and at last she installed a bathroom. She was eighty-nine years old at the time. The subservience of the wretched cousins continued. Under the will of the avaricious Père Peret, all the property went successively to the surviving sisters or sister, a great and shocking disappointment to both the Nanteuil and the St. Quentin relatives when the will of Mademoiselle Jeanne, the first to die, was read. So now Mademoiselle Julie's power over the cousins was tripled. One of them—the one from the St. Quentin family—married, and this apparently gave the Nanteuil cousin a great advantage, for she said, "As for me, I shall never marry as long as *chère Cousine* Julie is alive." But the St. Quentin bride checkmated her by abandoning her husband for six months of each year to care for *chère Cousine* Julie. The "caring" amounted to being housemaid and drudge, and old Julie could have got on very well without either girl, but the old woman had a long score to settle and apparently she was taking it out on her greedy distant relatives.

When I last saw her, Mademoiselle Julie was ninety-two. She was still planting potatoes in the garden and going strong when Hitler chased me out. In 1943 I learned through the underground that Mademoiselle Julie had died a few months before, at the age of ninety-six. In the German breakthrough of 1940, her most imposing houses had been knocked about by shells and pillaged, but her land was indestructible and could not be carted away, and the *berceau de la famille Peret* was somehow spared. I was especially pleased to hear that, before her death, Mademoiselle Julie had back on her hands a house and a few acres of land on which a foolish American had spent about twenty thousand dollars in improvements. As for the wretched nieces, I do not know which one inherited the property. Both deserved it.

—LOUIS BROMFIELD

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GENRE, AFTER PEACE

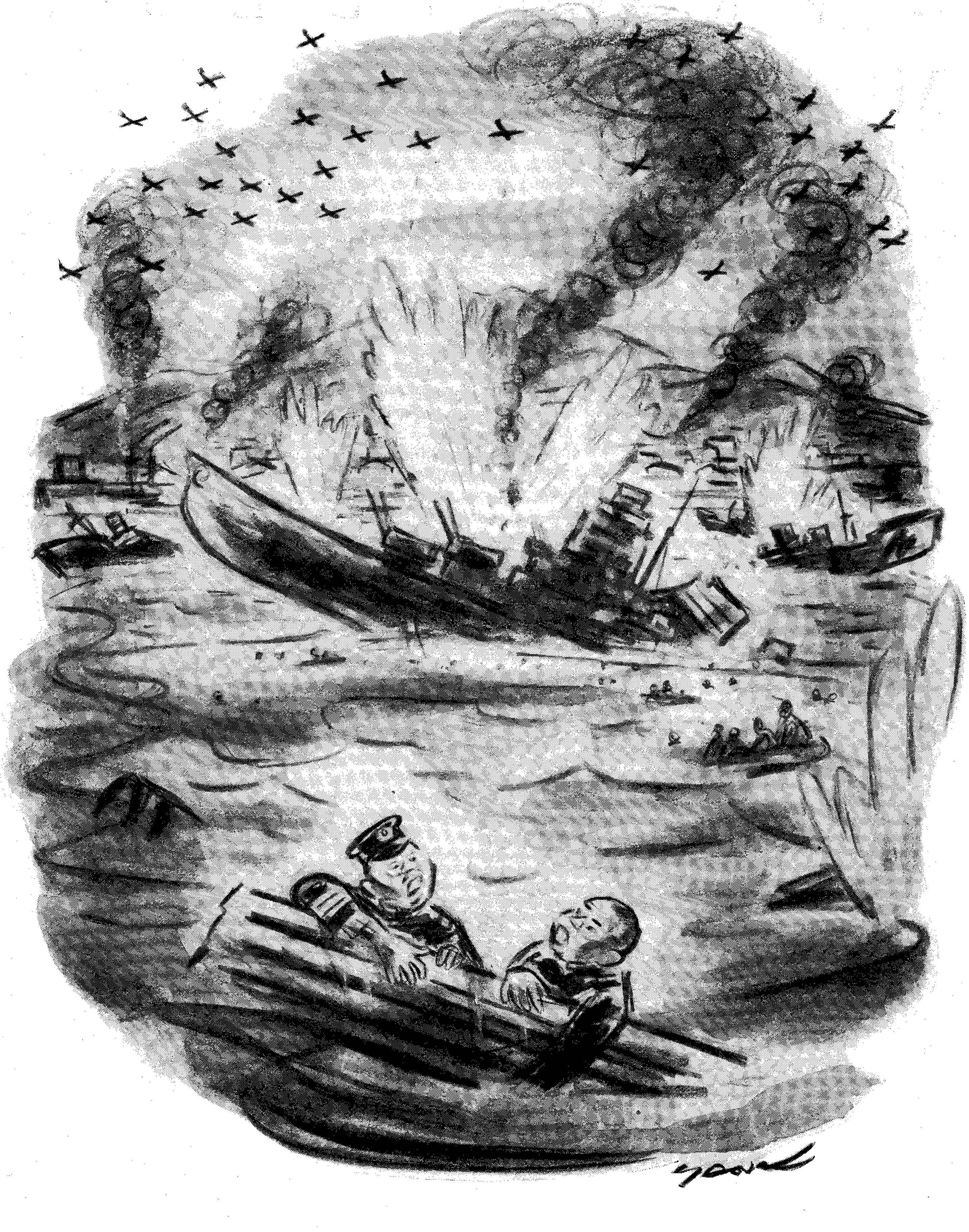
The calm aspidistra stands on a child's red chair
Beneath the steady Dutch-blue clock; how strange that
No one lies slaughtered or famished or gutted there.

The curtains ruffle, and the pictures on the oddly solid wall
Behave with a lost decade's décor; stillness settles on the eyes
That marvel and the unbelieving ears still alert to battle call.

You say, "This is an ultimate . . ." I speak in mildest reprimand
Of aftermaths and lost behests, but the cat crosses the floor
Like a rapt saint knowing the quiet end we dare not understand.

The aspidistra holds firm upon the child's red chair,
The clock marches gently in its Dutch-blue coat, nothing shudders
Or screams, and it seems no one intends to make us perish here.

—DAVID CORNEL DEJONG



"Imagine! Right in the middle of our Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere!"

PROFILES

QUEST FOR MOLLIE—I

MOLLIE is a part of the history of La Piste Forestière, and La Piste Forestière is perhaps the most important part of the history of Mollie. La Piste Forestière, or the Foresters' Track, is a dirt road that connects Cap Serrat, on the northern coast of western Tunisia, with Sedjenane, a town twenty miles inland. The country it runs through is covered with small hills, and almost all the hills are coated with a ten-foot growth of tall bushes and short trees, so close together that once you leave the road you can't see fifty feet in front of you. From the top of any hill you can see the top of another hill, but, because of the growth, you can't tell whether there are men on it. This made the country hard to fight in. The hillsides that have no trees are bright with wild flowers in the spring, and two years ago, when some other war correspondents and I travelled back and forth along the Foresters' Track in jeeps, we sometimes used to measure our slow progress by reference to the almost geometrical patterns of color on such slopes. There was, for example, the hill with a rough yellow triangle of buttercups against a reddish-purple background of other blooms; it indicated that you were five miles from the road's junction with the main highway at Sedjenane. With luck you might reach the junction in two hours, but this was extremely unlikely, for the road was just wide enough for one truck—not for a truck and a jeep or even for a truck and a motorcycle. Only a man on foot or on a horse could progress along the margin of the road when there was a vehicle on it, and the horse would often have to scramble by with two feet off the road, like the sidehill bear of eastern Tennessee. When a jeep met a convoy, it sometimes had to back up for hundreds of yards to where there was room to get off the road and wait. Then, when all the heavy vehicles had passed, the jeep would resume its journey, perhaps to meet another convoy before it had recovered the lost yardage. Even when you got in behind trucks going your way, they were packed so closely together that they advanced at a crawl, so you did too. Bits of the war were threaded along the Foresters' Track like beads on a string, and the opportunity to become familiar with them was forced upon you. Mollie, for me, was the gaudiest bead.

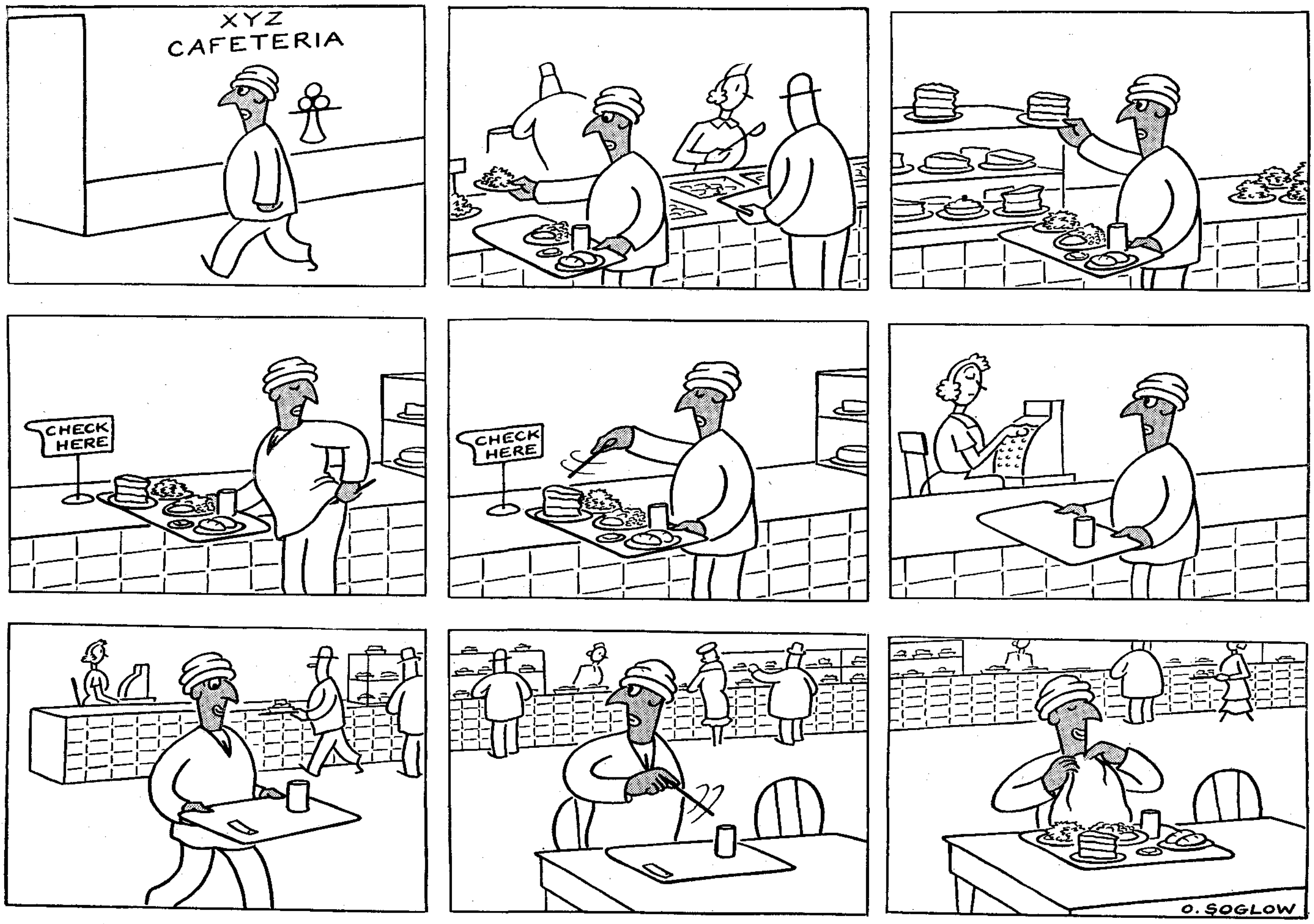
The reason the Foresters' Track is such a miserable excuse for a road is that in normal times there is little need for it. There is a lighthouse at Cap Serrat and a forest warden's house about halfway between that and Sedjenane. The few Berbers in the district, who live in brush shelters in the bush, have no vehicles or need of a road. But in late April and early May of 1943, La Piste Forestière was an important military thoroughfare. The Allied armies, facing east, lay in a great arc with their right flank at Sousse, on the Gulf of Tunis, and this little road was the only supply line for twenty miles of front; that is, the extreme left flank of the Allied line. The actual front line ran parallel to the road and only a few hundred yards east of it during the first days of the offensive that was to end the Allies' North African campaign, but because of the hills and the brush, people on the road couldn't see the fighting. However, American artillery placed just west of the road—it would have been an engineering feat to get it any considerable distance into the brush—constantly fired over our heads as our jeeps piddled along. The gunners hoped that some of their shells were falling on the Germans and Italians who were trying to halt our infantry's advance with fire from hidden mortars and machine guns. The Luftwaffe in Africa had predeceased the enemy ground forces; the budget of planes allotted it for the African adventure was exhausted, I suppose, and the German High Command sent no more. This was lucky for us, because one good strafing, at any hour, would have jammed the road with burned-out vehicles and Allied dead. By repeating the strafing once a day, the Germans could have kept the road permanently out of commission. The potential danger from the air did not worry us for long, however. You soon become accustomed to immunity, even when you cannot understand the reason for it.

Trucks left ammunition along the side of the road to be carried up to the fighting lines on the backs of requisitioned mules and horses and little Arab donkeys, a strangely assorted herd conducted by an equally scratch lot of soldiers. The Washington army had decided years before that the war was now one-hundred-per-cent mechanized, so the field army, quite a different organization, had to improvise its animal transport as it went along. The wounded were carried down to the road by stretcher bearers. Ambulances, moving with the same disheartening slowness as everything else, picked up the casualties and took them out to a clearing station near the yellow-triangle hill I have mentioned, where some of the viable ones were patched up for the further slow haul out. Cruder surgical units, strung out along the road, took such cases as they were equipped to handle. These units were always right by the side of the road, since in that claustrophobe's nightmare of a country there was no other place for them to be. The advanced units were French and had women nurses with them. A French doctor I knew used to say that it helped the men bear pain if nurses were looking at them. "Since we have so little anesthesia," he said, "we rely upon vanity." Sometimes I would sit in my jeep and watch that doctor work. He had broken down a few saplings and bushes by the side of the road to clear a space for his ambulance, and next to the ambulance he had set up a camp stool and a folding table with some instruments on it. Once a traffic jam stopped my jeep near his post when he had a tanned giant perched on the camp stool, a second lieutenant in the Corps Franc d'Afrique. The man's breasts were hanging off his chest in a kind of bloody ruff. "A bit of courage now, my son, will save you a great deal of trouble later on," the doctor said as he prepared to do something or other. I assumed, perhaps pessimistically, that he was going to hack off the bits of flesh as you would trim the ragged edges of an ill-cut page. "Go easy, Doctor," the young man said. "I'm such a softie." Then the traffic started to move, so I don't know what the doctor did to him.

The Corps Franc d'Afrique was a unit that had a short and glorious history. Soon after the Allied landings in North Africa, in October, 1942, the Corps Franc organized itself, literally, out of the elements the Darlanists in control of the North African government distrusted too much to incorporate into the regular French Army—Jews, anti-Nazis from concentration camps, de Gaullists, and other Allied sympathizers. A French general named Joseph de Goislard de Montsabert, who had helped plan the landings, had been thrown out by his collaborationist superiors, who, even after Darlan's agreement to play ball with the forces of democracy, had remained his superiors. De Montsabert, because he had a red face and snowy hair, was known to his troops as Strawberry in Cream. There had been, among the French in North Africa, a number of other professional officers and many reservists who, like the General, were apparently left out of the war because they were suspected of favoring de Gaulle or merely of being hostile to Germany. The Darlan regime had refused to mobilize the Jews because it clung to the Vichy thesis that they were not full citizens, and it did not want them to establish a claim to future consideration, and it was holding thousands of Spanish and German refugees and French Communists in concentration camps.

De Montsabert and a few of his officer friends, talking on the street in Algiers one rainy November day of that year, decided to start a "Free Corps" of men who wanted to fight but whom the government would not allow to. They took over a room in a schoolhouse on the Rue Mogador as headquarters and advertised in the *Echo d'Alger* for volunteers. The ad appeared once and then the Darlanist censorship, which was still operating under the Americans, like every other element of Vichy rule, suppressed it. But scores of volunteers had already appeared at the schoolhouse and de Montsabert sent them out with pieces of schoolroom chalk to write "Join the Corps Franc" on walls all over the city. Hundreds of new volunteers came in. General Giraud, who had arrived in Africa to command all the French but had subsequently accepted a rôle secondary to Darlan's, heard of the movement and interceded for it. Giraud, whatever his limitations, considered it natural that anybody in his right mind should want to fight the Germans. Darlan and his Fascist friends began to think of the Corps Franc as a means of getting undesirables out of the way, so the government recognized it but at the same time refused it any equipment. The Corps began life with a miscellany of matériel begged from the British and Americans. Its men wore British battle dress and French insignia of rank, lived on American C rations, and carried any sort of weapons they could lay their hands on. The most characteristic feature of their appearance was a long beard, but even this was not universal, because some of the soldiers were too young to grow one. After the Corps Franc's arrival in Tunisia, it added to its heterogeneous equipment a great deal more stuff it captured from the enemy. The Corps went into the line in February of 1943, in the zone north of Sedjenane, and it remained there into the spring.

Late April in Tunisia is like late June in New York, and heat and dust were



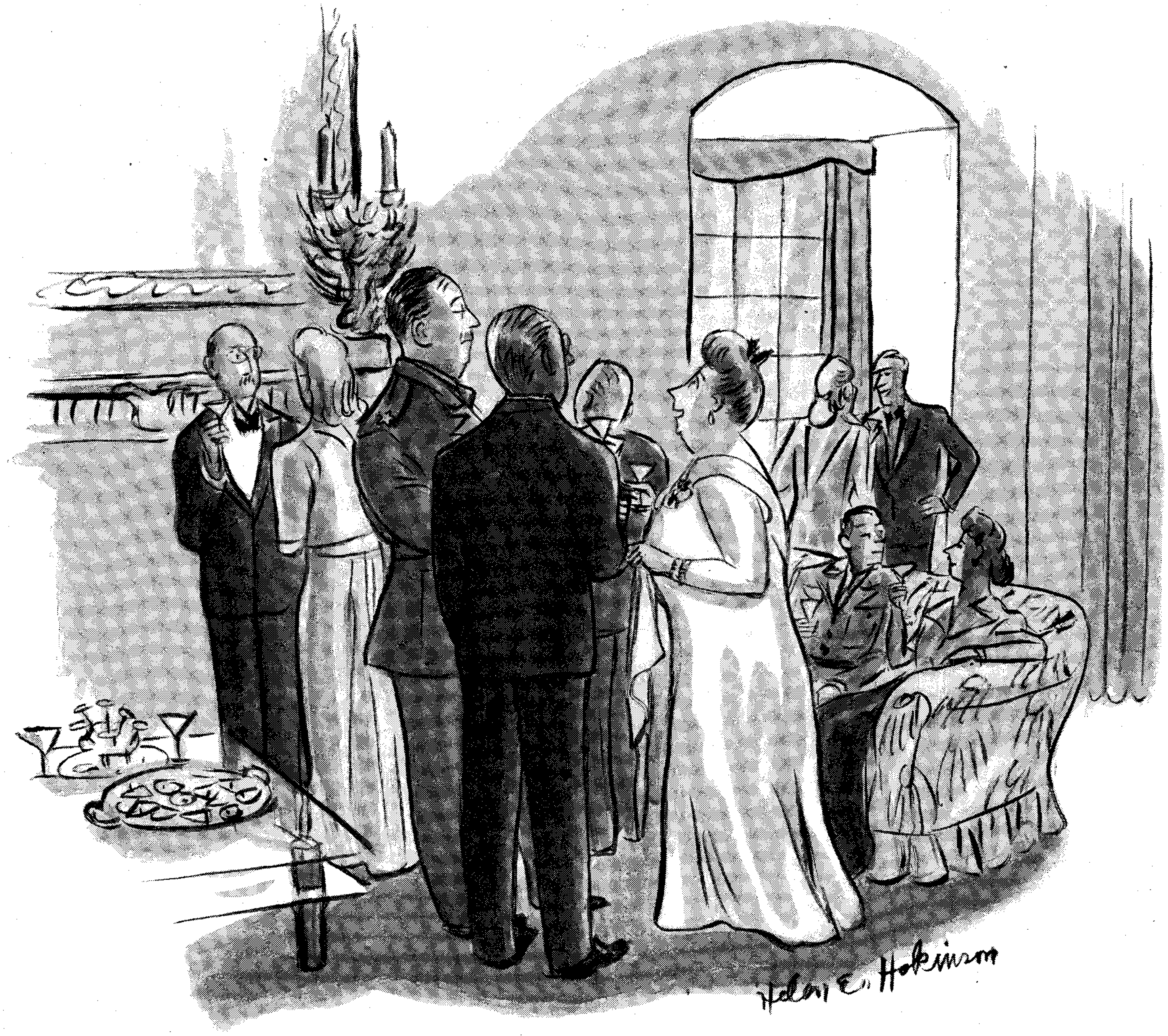
great nuisances to our men when they were attacking. In February and March, however, coastal Tunisia is drenched with a cold and constant downpour. The Foresters' Track was two feet deep in water when the Corps Franc began to fight along it. There were two battalions to start with—about twelve hundred men—to cover a sector twenty miles long. A third and fourth battalion had been added by the time the Americans began their offensive. The Corps, in the beginning, had only two ambulances, converted farm trucks owned by a Belgian colonist in Morocco. The Belgian and his son had driven the trucks across North Africa to join the Corps. But the trucks were unable to negotiate the flooded Track, so the men of the Corps carried their wounded out to Sedjenane on their shoulders. I once asked my doctor friend why they had not used mules. "The mules rolled over in the water and crushed the wounded men," he said. "We know. We tried it with wounded prisoners."

Now that the great attack was on, there were other troops along the Track with the Corps—the Sixtieth Infantry of the American Ninth Division, part of the American Ninth Division's artillery, an American tank-destroyer battalion, some Moroccan units, and some American motor-truck and medical outfits. The medics and the artillery made the French feel pampered and their morale got very high. One hot morning, I passed a lean, elderly soldier of the Corps Franc who was burying two of his comrades. He looked about sixty—there was no age limit in the Corps—and had a long, drooping mustache of a faded biscuit color. He had finished one grave and was sitting down to rest and cool off before beginning the other. The two dead men lay with their feet to the road. Blueflies had settled on their faces. I told my jeep driver to stop and asked the gravedigger what men these were. "One stiff was an Arab from Biskra," the old soldier said, "and the other a Spaniard, a nihilist from Oran." I asked him how his work was going. He wiped the sweat from his forehead and said happily, "Monsieur, like on roller skates."

A quarter of the men in the Corps Franc were Jews. A Jewish lieutenant named Rosenberg was its posthumous hero by the time I arrived in the Foresters' Track country. He had commanded a detachment of twenty men covering the retreat of his battalion during a German counterattack in early March. This was a sequel to the counterattack against the Americans at Kasserine Pass in late February, and both assaults were prototypes, on a small scale, of the counter-offensive the Germans were to launch in Belgium at the end of 1944—the last flurry of the hooked and dying fish. Rosenberg, holding one of the innumerable little hills with his men, had decided that it was not fitting for a Jew to retire, even when the Germans looked as though they had surrounded his position. He and his men held on until the rest of the battalion had made its escape. Then he rose, and, intoning the "Marseillaise," led his men in an attack with hand grenades. He and most of his men were, of course, killed.

Besides the Jews, the Corps had hundreds of political prisoners from labor camps in southern Algeria—Spanish Republicans who had fled to Africa in 1939, anti-Nazi Germans who had come even before that, and French "Communists and de Gaullists," to employ the usual Vichy designation for dissidents. The political prisoners had been released upon agreeing to enter the Corps Franc, which they did not consider an onerous condition. There were also hundreds of Frenchmen who had joined because they distrusted the Vichy officers in the regular Army, or because they were "hard heads" who detested any species of regularity, or because they were too old or ill for more conventional fighting units. In the Corps Franc, they were at liberty to march and fight until they dropped. There were also a fair number of Mohammedans, good soldiers who had joined to earn the princely wage of twenty-three francs a day, ten times what they would have got if they had waited to be mobilized in their regular units. Whenever I had a chance, I asked Corps Franc soldiers what they had been in civilian life and why they had enlisted. I remember a former *carabiñero* who had fought in the Spanish Loyalist Army; and a baker of Italian parentage from Bône, in Algeria, who said, "I am a Communist. Rich people are poison to me."

Other members of the Corps who made a special impression on me were a former admiral in the Spanish Republican Navy, who was now a company commander and would not allow junior officers to shout at soldiers; a Hungarian poet who had been studying medicine at the University of Algiers; a sixteen-year-old Alsatian from Strasbourg who had run away from home to avoid being forced to become a German citizen; and a French captain, a shipping broker in civil life, who proclaimed himself a Royalist. The captain's sixteen-year-old son was also in the Corps; the boy was a motorcycle dispatch rider. I also remember two tough Parisians who had not seen each other since one had escaped from jail in Dakar, where they had both been imprisoned for trying to join the Free French in Brazzaville. The other had escaped later. "Say, it's you, old pimp!" one of the men shouted joyously. "And how did you get out of the jug, old rottenness?" the second man shouted back. Once I shared a luncheon of C-ration vegetable hash, scallions, and medlars with a little fifty-three-year-old second lieutenant, one of those Frenchmen with a face like a parakeet, who until 1942 had been vice-president of the Paris Municipal Council, in which he represented the *arrondissement* of the Opéra. He had got out a clandestine paper and had helped Jewish friends smuggle millions of francs out of France. Betrayed to the Gestapo, he had been arrested and put in Cherche-Midi Prison; he had escaped with the aid of a jailer and come to Africa and the Corps Franc. The middle-aged soldier who waited on us spoke French with a farce-comedy Russian accent; he had been a waiter at the Scheherazade, a night club in Montmartre, and had often served the lieutenant when he was a civilian. A handsome young Viennese half-Jew, who had been on the Austrian track team in the last Olympic Games, once asked me for some sulfanilamide. He had been in a labor camp for six months without seeing a woman but had been allowed one night's leave in Oran before being sent on to the front. He wanted the sulfanilamide, he said, so that he could treat himself; he was afraid that a doctor might order him away from the firing line. And in a hospital tent at the clearing station I came across a man with a French flag wrapped around his waist; the medics discovered it when they cut his shirt



“May I ask you a very rude question? Just what is *a burp gun?”*

• •

away. He was a hard-looking, blondish chap with a mouthful of gold teeth and a face adorned by a cross-shaped knife scar—the *croix de vache* with which procurers sometimes mark business rivals. An interesting collection of obscene tattooing showed on the parts of him that the flag did not cover. Outwardly he was not a sentimental type.

“Where are you from?” I asked him.

“Belleville,” he said. Belleville is a part of Paris not distinguished for its elegance.

“What did you do in civilian life?” I inquired.

That made him grin. “I lived on my income,” he said.

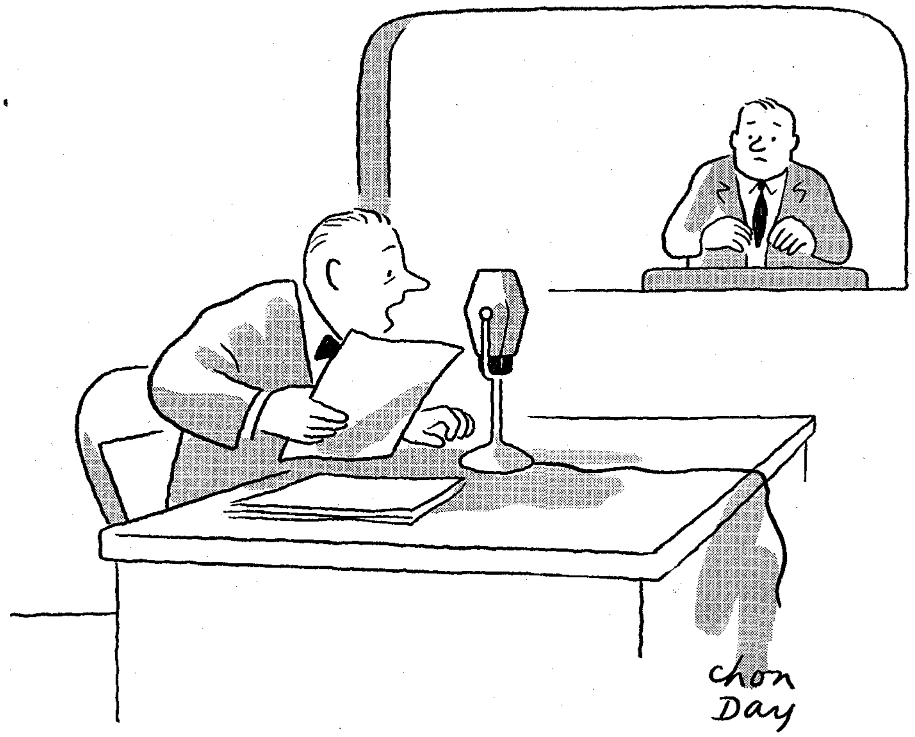
“Why did you choose the Corps Franc?”

“Because I understood,” he said.

THE American soldiers interspersed with the men of the Corps Franc along the Foresters’ Track found them a fantastic lot. Most of the men then in the Ninth Division came from New York, New Jersey, or New England, and their ideas of North Africa and Frenchmen had been acquired from films with Ronald Colman as Beau Geste or Charles Boyer as Charles Boyer. They thought the Frenchmen very reckless. The Ninth had had its first experience in battle on the road to Maknassy, in southern Tunisia, only a few weeks earlier, and it was not yet a polished division. The men of the Ninth in Germany recently took risks as nonchalantly as any Corps Franc soldier used to, but at the time I am speaking of they would sometimes call the Frenchmen “those crazy headhunters.” This term reflected a tendency to confuse the Corps Franc with the Moroccans in the same zone; the Moroccans are not headhunters, either, but there is a popular American belief that they are paid according to how many enemy ears they bring in.

There were two tabors, or battalions, of Moroccans in the zone; a tabor consists of several goums, or companies, and each soldier who is a member of a company is called a goumier. For the sake of simplicity and euphony, Americans called the Moroccan soldiers themselves goums. The goums used to ride along the side of the road on bay mules or gray horses—sure-footed, mountain-bred animals—until they got near the place where they were going to fight. Then they would dismount and go off into the brush on bare feet, and return with their booty when they had finished their business. The goum's sole outer garment is the *djellabah*, which looks like a long brown bathrobe with a hood. It is made of cotton, wool, linen, goats' hair, or camels' hair and usually has vertical black stripes. It sheds water, insulates against heat and cold, is a substitute for a pup tent at night, and serves as a repository for everything the goum gloms, like the capacious garment of a professional shoplifter. In their Moroccan homeland the goums live with their wives and children in their own villages and are supposed to pay themselves with the spoils of tribes that resist the French government. In Tunisia the spoils were pretty well confined to soldiers' gear. As a goum killed or captured more and more enemies, he would put on layer after layer of tunics and trousers, always wearing the *djellabah* over everything. The girth of the goums increased as the campaign wore on. This swollen effect gave a goum an air of prosperity and importance, in his opinion; his standing as a warrior, he thought, was in direct ratio to his circumference. A goum who was doing well often wore, between sorties, one German and one Italian boot and carried a string of extra boots over his saddlebow. The funny part of it was that a goum wearing six men's clothing could slip noiselessly through a thicket that was impassable to a skinny American. The French officers commanding the goums assured me that their men were not paid by the ear; if a goum occasionally had a few dried ears concealed in a fold of his *djellabah*, one officer explained, it was because goums had discovered that such souvenirs had a trade value in G.I. cigarettes and chewing gum. "Far from paying for ears," this officer said, "we have recently been offering a small reward for live prisoners for interrogation. It is evident that a prisoner without ears is not a good subject for interrogation, because he does not hear the questions plainly." To hold the goums' respect, the officers had to be able to march, climb, and fight with them, and a goum is as inexhaustible as a mountain sheep and about as fastidious as a hyena. Most goums come from the Atlas Mountains and few of them speak Arabic, much less French, so the officers have to be fluent in the southern Berber dialects, which are all that the men know. The goums are trying companions in minefields, because, as one officer remarked, "They say, 'If it is the will of God, we go up,' and then they just push forward." Neither they nor the Corps Franc had mine detectors. An American captain named Yankauer, who was the surgeon at the clearing station near the yellow-triangle hill, was once digging scraps of steel out of a goum who had stepped on a mine. The man let out one short squeal—there was no anesthetic—and then began a steady chant. Yankauer asked a goum officer, who was waiting his turn on the table, what the goum was saying. The officer translated, "He chants, 'God forgive me, I am a woman. God forgive me, I am a woman,' because, you see, he has cried aloud, so he is ashamed." The goums' chief weapons were curved knives and long rifles of the vintage of 1871, and one of the supply problems of the campaign for the American G-4 was finding ammunition for these antediluvian small arms. Colonel Pierre Magnan, who had succeeded de Montsabert in command of the Corps Franc, was the senior French officer in the zone. I was with him one day when the commander of a newly arrived tabor presented himself for orders. "How are you fixed for automatic weapons, Major?" Magnan asked. "We have two old machine guns," the goum officer said. Then, when he saw Magnan's glum look, he added cheerily, "But don't worry, my Colonel, we use them only on maneuvers."

Magnan was a trim, rather elegant officer who, before the Allied landings, had commanded a crack infantry regiment in Morocco. On the morning of the American landings, he had arrested General Noguès, the Governor General of Morocco, and then asked him to prevent any fighting between the French and Americans by welcoming the invading forces. Noguès had telephoned to a tank regiment to come and arrest Magnan. Magnan, unwilling to shed French blood, had surrendered to the tankmen and become a prisoner in his turn. The liberated Noguès had then ordered a resistance which cost hundreds of French and American lives. Magnan was kept in prison for several days after Noguès, who was backed by our State Department, had consented to



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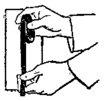

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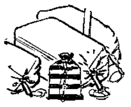
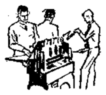


2. One V-Mail pouch carries as many letters as 57 regular pouches. One ton of ordinary mail reduces to 14 pounds of V-Mail film.



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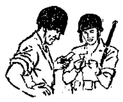

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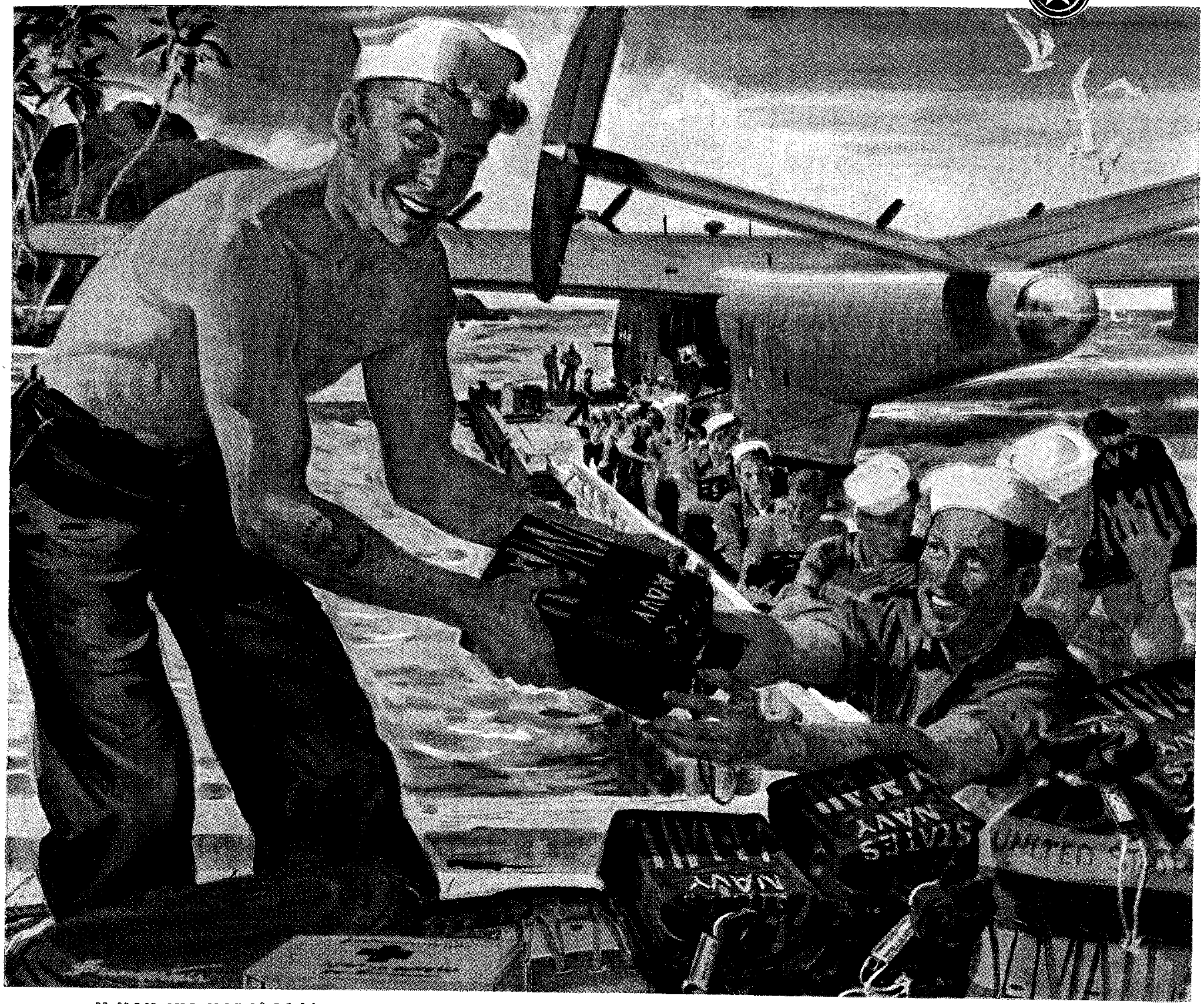

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THE MEDAL SCOTCH OF THE WORLD

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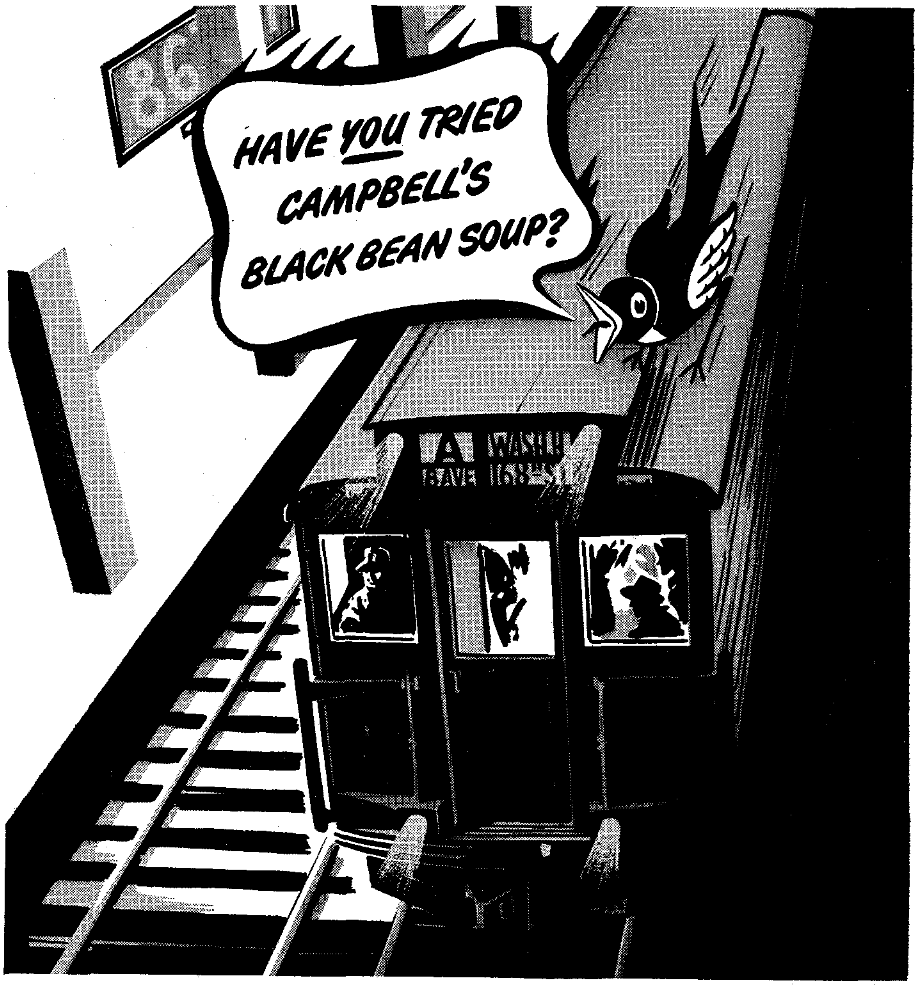
be agreeable to the Allies. Magnan had then been released, but he was deprived of his command and consigned to the Corps Franc. He now commands a division in France, and de Montsabert has a *corps d'armée*, so the scheme to keep them down has not been precisely a success.

THE Axis forces north of Sedjenane must have been as hard put to it for supply routes as we were. I don't remember the roads the Intelligence maps showed behind the enemy's lines, but they could not have been numerous or elaborate. The Germans did not seem to have a great deal of artillery, but they occasionally landed shells on our road. Once, I remember, they shot up a couple of tank destroyers shortly after the jeep I was in had pulled out to let them pass. Throughout, it was a stubborn, nasty sort of fighting in the brush, and casualties arrived in a steady trickle rather than any great spurt, because large-scale attacks were impossible. Our men fought their way a few hundred yards further east each day, toward Ferryville and Bizerte. Eventually, when Rommel's forces crumpled, men of the Corps Franc, in trucks driven by American soldiers, got to Bizerte before any other Allied troops.

On Easter Sunday, which came late in April, I was out along the Track all day, riding in a jeep with Hal Boyle, a correspondent for the Associated Press. At the end of the afternoon we headed home, hoping to get back to the press camp before night so that we wouldn't have to buck a stream of two-and-a-half-ton trucks and armored vehicles in the blackout. Traffic seemed, if anything, heavier than usual along the Foresters' Track, as it always did when you were in a hurry. The jeep stopped for minutes at a time, which gave Boyle the opportunity to climb out and get the names and home addresses of American soldiers for his stories. Sometimes he would stay behind, talking, and catch up with the jeep the next time it was snagged. We could have walked along the Track faster than we rode. Finally we came to a dip in the road. Fifty yards below and to our right there was a shallow stream, and there was almost no brush on the slope from the road down to the water. This, for the Foresters' Track country, was a considerable clearing, and it was being used for a number of activities. Some goums were watering their mounts in the stream, some French and American soldiers were heating rations over brush fires, a number of vehicles were parked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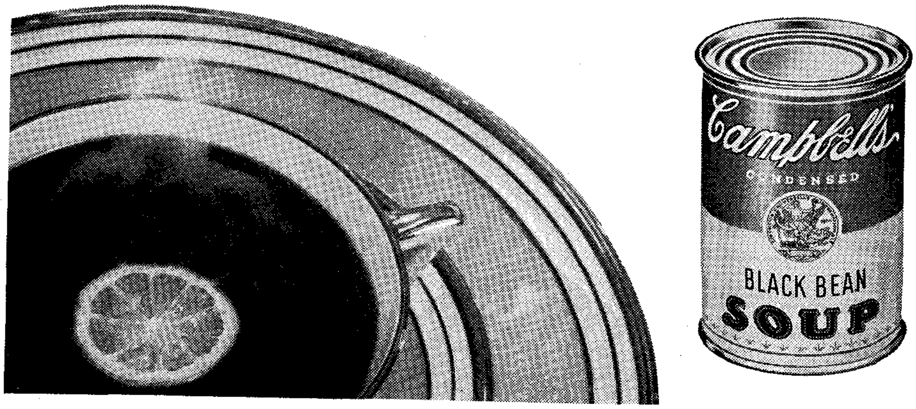

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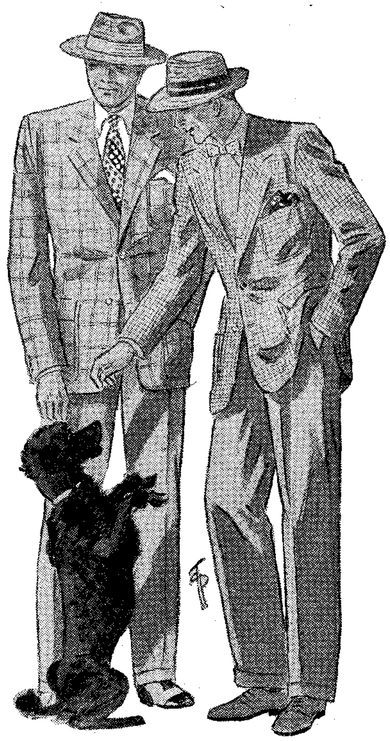

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there, and Colonel Magnan and some officers were holding a staff meeting. As we approached the clearing, we were stopped again for a moment by the traffic. A dismal American soldier came out of the brush on our left, tugging a gaunt, reluctant white horse. "Come along, Horrible," the soldier said in a tone of intensest loathing. "This goddam horse got me lost three times today," he said to us, looking over his shoulder at the sneering, wall-eyed beast: He evidently thought the horse was supposed to guide him.

We moved downhill a bit and stopped again, this time behind an ambulance that was loading wounded. There was a group of soldiers around the ambulance. Boyle and I got out to look. There were four wounded men, all badly hit. They were breathing hard and probably didn't know what was going on. Shock and heavy doses of morphia were making their move easy, or at least quiet. The four men were all from the Sixtieth Infantry of the Ninth Division. A soldier by the road said that they had been on a patrol and had exchanged shots with a couple of Germans; the Germans had popped up waving white handkerchiefs, the Americans had stood up to take them prisoners, and another German, lying concealed, had opened on them with a machine gun. It was the sort of thing that had happened dozens of times to other units, and that undoubtedly has happened hundreds of times since. Such casualties, a Polish officer once said to me, are an entry fee to battle. That doesn't make them easy to take, however. The soldiers had been told about this particular trick in their training courses, but they had probably thought it was a fable invented to make them hate the enemy. Now the men around the ambulance had really begun to hate the enemy. While Boyle was getting the names and addresses of the men, I saw another American soldier by the side of the road. This one was dead. A soldier nearby said that the dead man had been a private known as Mollie.

—A. J. LIEBLING

(*This is the first part of a two-part article.*)

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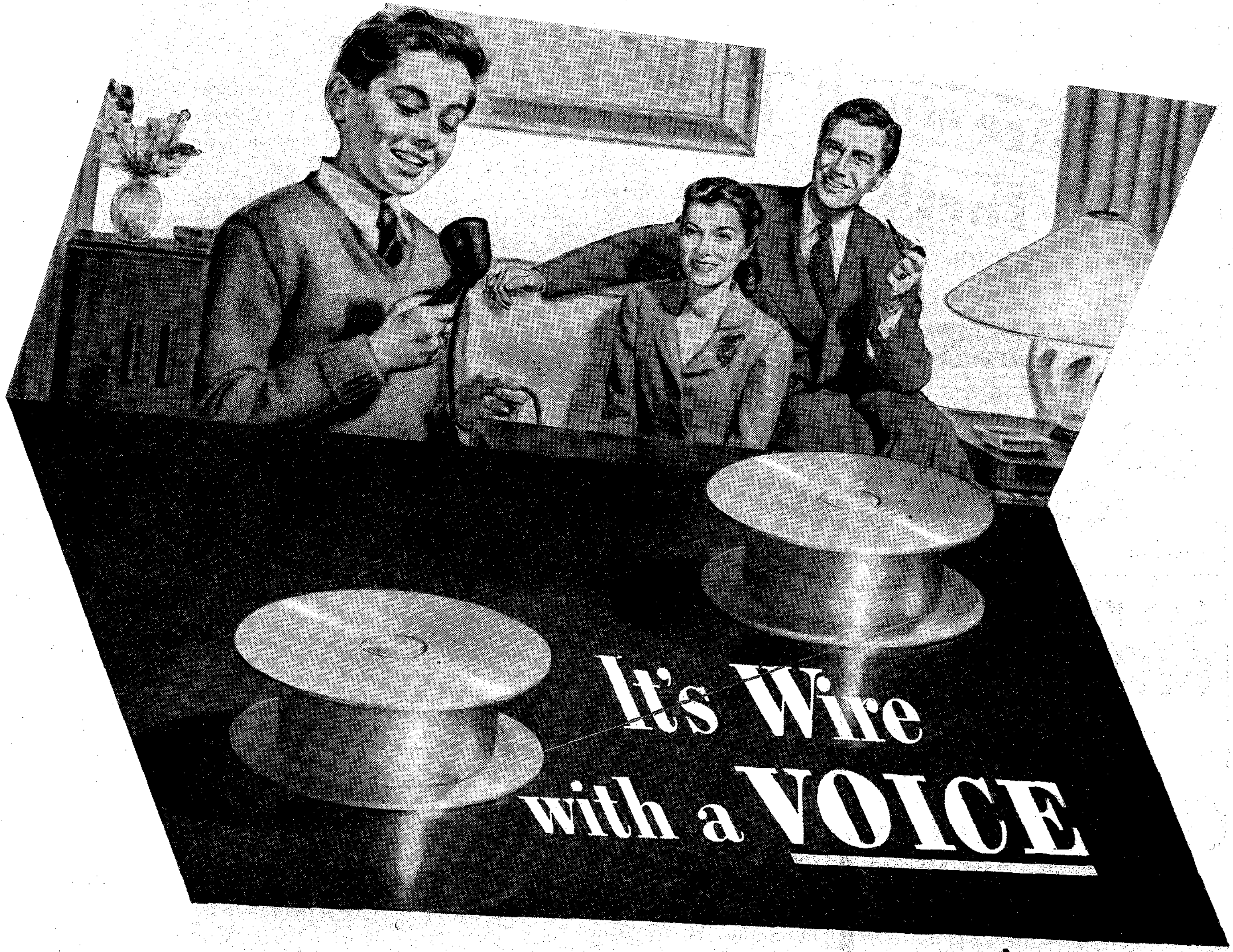
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Washington Star*]

Richard Williams, 12, will doff his hat to his next wrestling foe.

He engaged in a friendly bout on his way to the old fishing hole.



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KISS and TELL
By F. HUGH HERBERT
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THE LATE GEORGE APLEY
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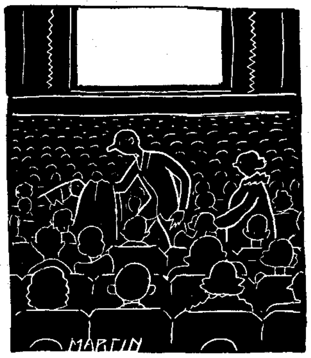
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Dark Doings

“THE UNSEEN,” a mystery picture adapted by Hagar Wilde and Raymond Chandler from a novel by Ethel Lina White, begins when an inquisitive old lady sees a chink of light in a boarded-up house and starts snooping around. This is a fatal mistake, because the killer, a man with no coherent face, comes out just at that moment, chases her up a dark alley, and breaks her neck. From this pretty scene, we move to the house next door, where a Mr. Fielding is hiring a new and beautiful governess to replace the old one, who was also beautiful but apparently of a somewhat too rakish disposition for the nursery. The newcomer, who up to then had known nothing but the ordered tranquillity of the advertising business, has quite a time with the Fieldings. Her employer, a rude man who was once suspected of dismantling his wife, is given to mysterious absences at night; his daughter, Ellen, not otherwise a morbid little girl, has an extremely gory photograph of the old lady’s corpse in her scrapbook, right next to a picture of Snow White; and her brother, Barnaby, a really arresting specimen, plays “There’ll Be Some Changes Made” over and over, with sardonic emphasis, on his phonograph, makes surreptitious telephone calls to the ex-governess, for whom it appears he has a precocious attachment, and keeps the water running in the bathroom at night. His sister explains casually that he does this so he won’t fall asleep before it’s time to open the front door for the faceless man who uses the Fielding house as a passageway to the abattoir next door. Barnaby gets fifty cents a night for this simple service, but as it involves a good deal of wear and tear on his nervous system, it seems likely that he earns his money. The governess makes a conscientious effort to perform her duties in this unusual household, heroically investigating ghostly clankings in the basement, dealing politely with a succession of sinister visitors, and even forcing herself to refrain from assassinating Barnaby, but it is all clearly something of a strain.



The details of the plot are too complicated for much further synopsis here; it is probably enough to tell you that two more ladies are rather messily dispatched before the murderer is abruptly identified. As often happens when a detective story is transplanted to the screen, “The Unseen” suffers a little from the very richness of its material. So many people are engaged in such a variety of dirty work that it isn’t always easy to keep track of the basic story, especially as most of the action takes place in an ominous half-light, very hard on the eyes. Nevertheless, it is a good deal more exciting and literate than most of its kind, and I think it ought to make you reasonably happy. Young Richard Lyon, who may remind you of Skippy Homeier, gives a remarkably effective performance as the sullen and tormented Barnaby, and Nona Griffith, a solemn, appealing child, is excellent as his younger sister. The adults in the cast include Gail Russell, Joel McCrea, and Herbert Marshall, and, though somewhat eclipsed by the juvenile talent, they are very fetching, too.

EVEN if the end of the European war hadn’t relegated it to history, I’m afraid that “Counter-Attack,” the screen version of a play produced here a couple of years ago, wouldn’t be much of a picture. John Howard Lawson seems to have made some changes from the original as I remember it, but they are not in the nature of improvements, and the piece remains essentially a very heavy dose of Soviet propaganda. Two Russian soldiers, one a beautiful young woman, are trapped in the cellar of a crumbling house along with seven or eight disarmed Nazis. For not altogether plausible reasons, it is necessary for the Reds to find out which of their captives is a commissioned officer and, with a regard for the niceties of international law which I had never suspected in the Russian character, to do it without killing anybody. The result is inevitably rather static. Paul Muni, as the Russian hero, holds the enemy at bay with a tommygun while he questions them one after the other with enormous cunning. Now and then the Germans try to overwhelm their captors and the lights go out and guns chatter, but nothing much comes of it. In the end, of course, the Russian Army turns up for the rescue. I don’t believe

Mr. Muni was any more relieved than I was.

According to my associate in these operations, "The Brighton Strangler" is ingenious but not terribly interesting. "It is about a London actor (John Loder) who gets hit on the head during an air raid, just after the final performance of a play in which he has been appearing as a murderer. This brings on some kind of mental disturbance, causing him to imagine that he is actually the character he was on the stage and consequently to wander around Brighton killing the equivalents of the people in the show, if I'm being clear, which I doubt. Anyway, he gets the mayor and the chief inspector and is going to work on a beautiful Waaf when he is interrupted by his fiancée (Rose Hobart) and a Scotland Yard detective, who corner him on a roof. 'Don't shoot. Applaud,' Miss Hobart says sharply. They do, and the actor bows so enthusiastically that he falls off the building." —W. G.

●

To A Squirrel Lover

Dear Forum: In answer to "Anxious Squirrel-Lover's" letter, I think if you could catch the squirrel long enough to apply heavy cold cream to its tail, it might stimulate a new growth of fur. Squirrels frequently shed during the early Fall, but it shouldn't make them wild. Are you sure its the same squirrel? We catch squirrels quite often by hanging various tid bits from the top of our metal clothes poles and greasing the pole. The squirrel jumps for the food and slides down the pole into a trap-topped box at the bottom. By feeding them in confinement they soon become very tame and when we let them loose they stay right around the house. Once in a while we catch a cat in the same manner, but we don't feed them and they go away when we free them. I wonder if anyone can tell me how to cook chives? Thank you. 623 Fairmont. Helpful.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Sure. First you trap them with a greasy pole, then you put cold cream on their tails.

●

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(MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S DIVISION)

[*From "Symbolic Logic," by C. I. Lewis and C. H. Langford*]

If "p implies q" is to be synonymous with "q is deducible from p;" and if q *is* deducible from p when and only when "p implies q" expresses a tautology; then "p implies q," in this required meaning, must be true when, for a particular p and q, it expresses a tautology; and it must be false when, for a particular p and q, it does not express a tautology.

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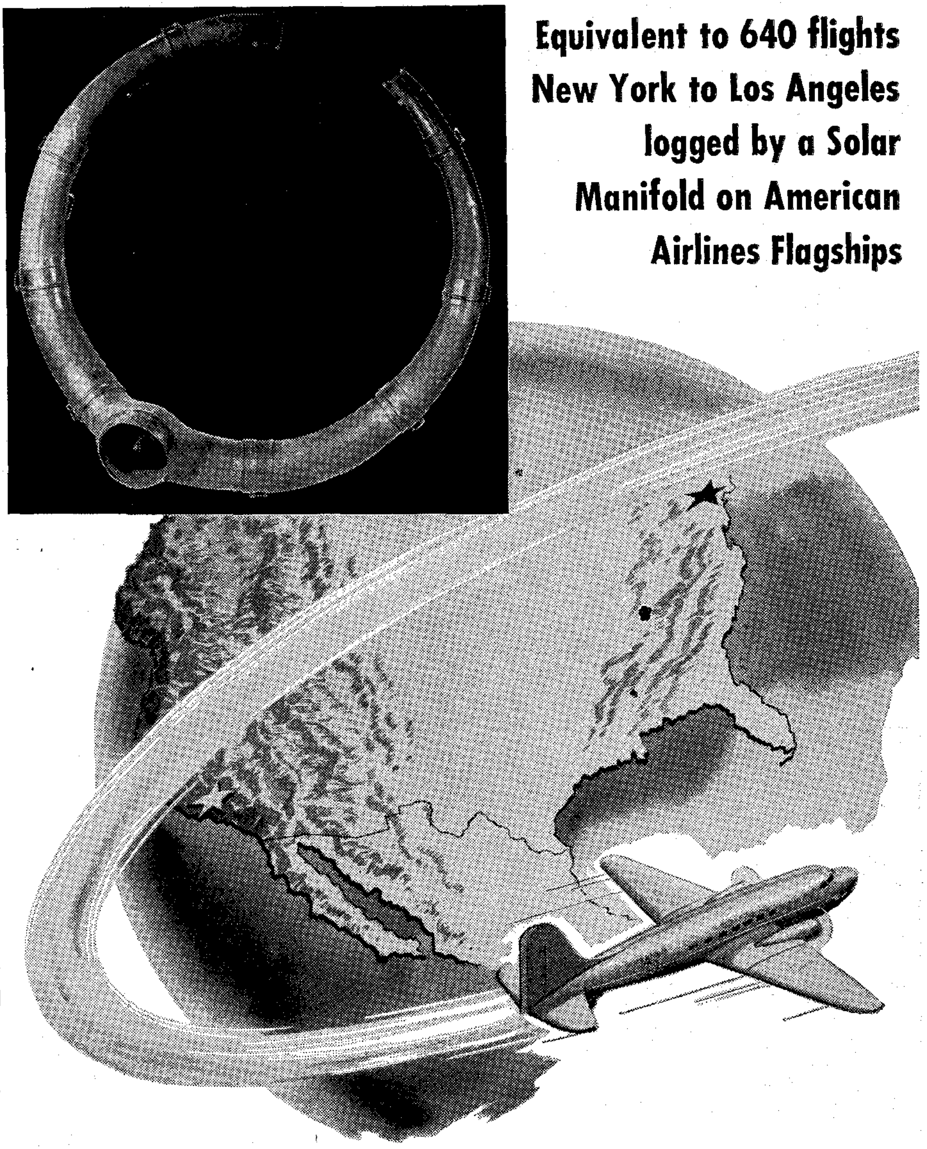
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Music by Richard Rodgers — Book & Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein 2nd — Directed by Rouben Mamoulian—Dances by Agnes de Mille
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St. James Thea. W. 44. Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

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Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Book & Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, 2d
Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN
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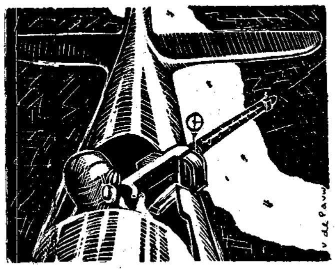
THE DOGGIE

TWICE a month, Nettie Goodchild went to dine with her old friends Dick and Janice Hull. She went alone, because her husband, Montrose, did not care to play bridge or talk, unless the talk was about stamps, and Dick Hull did not collect stamps. Montrose stayed home and listened to the radio or fussed with his collection. He didn't have much money to spend on stamps, but he had been a collector for nearly forty years and he had acquired some fine specimens.

It was a relief to Nettie to get away from Montrose for an evening. Not that he was disagreeable or mean, but a lifetime of philately and of work at a dress-goods counter had held his horizon to a rather small arc. Occasionally she wished that she had married somebody else; however, this was a wish so secret that she hardly knew that it existed.

The Hulls and Nettie generally played bridge three-handed or simply talked; sometimes there was a fourth. This night they had a remarkable guest, a Mr. Arnold Austin, whom Dick had met through a business acquaintance. Mr. Austin had spent twenty years in China when he was young. He talked about his experiences for the entire evening, modestly, without boring anyone. Nettie could have listened to him all night.

"He was better than a movie," she said to Janice as the Hulls were driving her home afterward. The three of them were sitting in the front seat. In her lap, Nettie had a waxed-paper package of meat scraps from the dinner table for her dog, Toby.



"And it was all true," Janice said. "Dick knows people who know Mr. Austin well. He could have told more if he had wanted to."

"To think of being kidnapped by Chinese bandits," Nettie said. "And to kill two of them with a knife and get away. Oh, to see him sitting there, you could never believe it, could you? Such a charming man. You wouldn't think he'd harm a fly."

"Arnold could be a tough customer, I guess," Dick said.

"And to see the palaces and the forests," Nettie went on. "And to speak Chinese. Didn't it sound funny? I wish I could remember some of the words to say to Montrose."

Dick laughed. "He'd want to know why you didn't get some Chinese stamps for him. Maybe you'd better not mention it."

AS they took a short cut through the Park, among solemn shadows of trees, the mystery of the East and of all the vast patterns of life beyond her own experience troubled Nettie and made the city seem for a moment mysterious and strange.

Janice nudged her. "Look, Nettie. There's a dog carrying a bundle."

Nettie looked out of the car and saw a large black dog, trotting along the dark sidewalk with a white paper bag in his mouth. A man walked casually behind. "I wonder what he's carrying at this time of night," Nettie said, looking back.

"Beer, maybe," Dick answered.

When the automobile stopped in front of the remodelled brownstone where the Goodchilds lived, Nettie invited Dick and Janice to come up for a while, as she always did, and they declined, as they generally did.

"Let's go to the movies some afternoon," Janice suggested.

"Friday?" Nettie said.

"Friday. I'll call you before."

"It's been such an exciting evening. I don't know when I've had such a good time," Nettie said. She watched the car until it was out of sight. Then she went up the steps, let herself in the front door, and slowly ascended two flights of stairs to her apartment.

Montrose was sitting beside the radio in the living room with his albums on a table. He looked up as the door opened. "Home already?"

"It's late," Nettie said.

He looked at his watch. "So it is. I didn't notice."

A brown spaniel came wiggling out of the kitchen. Nettie patted the dog and held the waxed-paper package for him to smell. "Something nice," she said. "Something nice for a nice Toby."

"Well," Montrose said, "what'd you do? Play cards?"

"Talked."

"Anybody else there?"

"Just a man. Some friend of Dick's."

"Oh," Montrose said. He closed his albums and yawned. "There was the most interesting story in the paper tonight. I just saw it by chance. They found an 1841 two-penny blue stamp in England that had been cut in two and used to pay postage on one-penny letters. Half on each letter. Found both halves still on the envelopes and sold them. How much you think they got?"

"I've no idea."

"Thirteen hundred and sixty dollars," he said. "Imagine that."

"It's a good deal of money."

"I'd rather have the stamps than the money."

"Oh, you," she said. "You and your stamps."

She went into the bedroom and put her hat and coat on the bed. The spaniel followed her expectantly. "Go on," she said sternly. "Go into the kitchen."

The spaniel went as far as the threshold, then looked back.

"I'm going to give it to you," she said. "Don't be so worried."

She carried the scraps into the kitchen and put them on a plate. Montrose was at the sink, drinking water from a glass.

"Sit up and beg," Nettie said to the dog. Toby tried, but couldn't balance himself. He gave a series of short, high-pitched barks.

"Oh, *you!*" Nettie said. "You're so stupid! You can't even sit up, can you?"

"Oh, give it to him," Montrose said.

"You can't even do one little trick," Nettie continued. "Tonight I saw a doggie that was a *smart* doggie. He was carrying a paper bag in his mouth. I know *he* could sit up. And another dog came at him and tried to take the paper bag and he put down the bag and growled and showed his teeth and bit the other dog and the other dog ran away. You aren't *that* kind of a doggie, are you? You little rat of a doggie."

"Oh, for God's sake, give it to him and stop that drivel," Montrose said. "The poor dog's hungry."

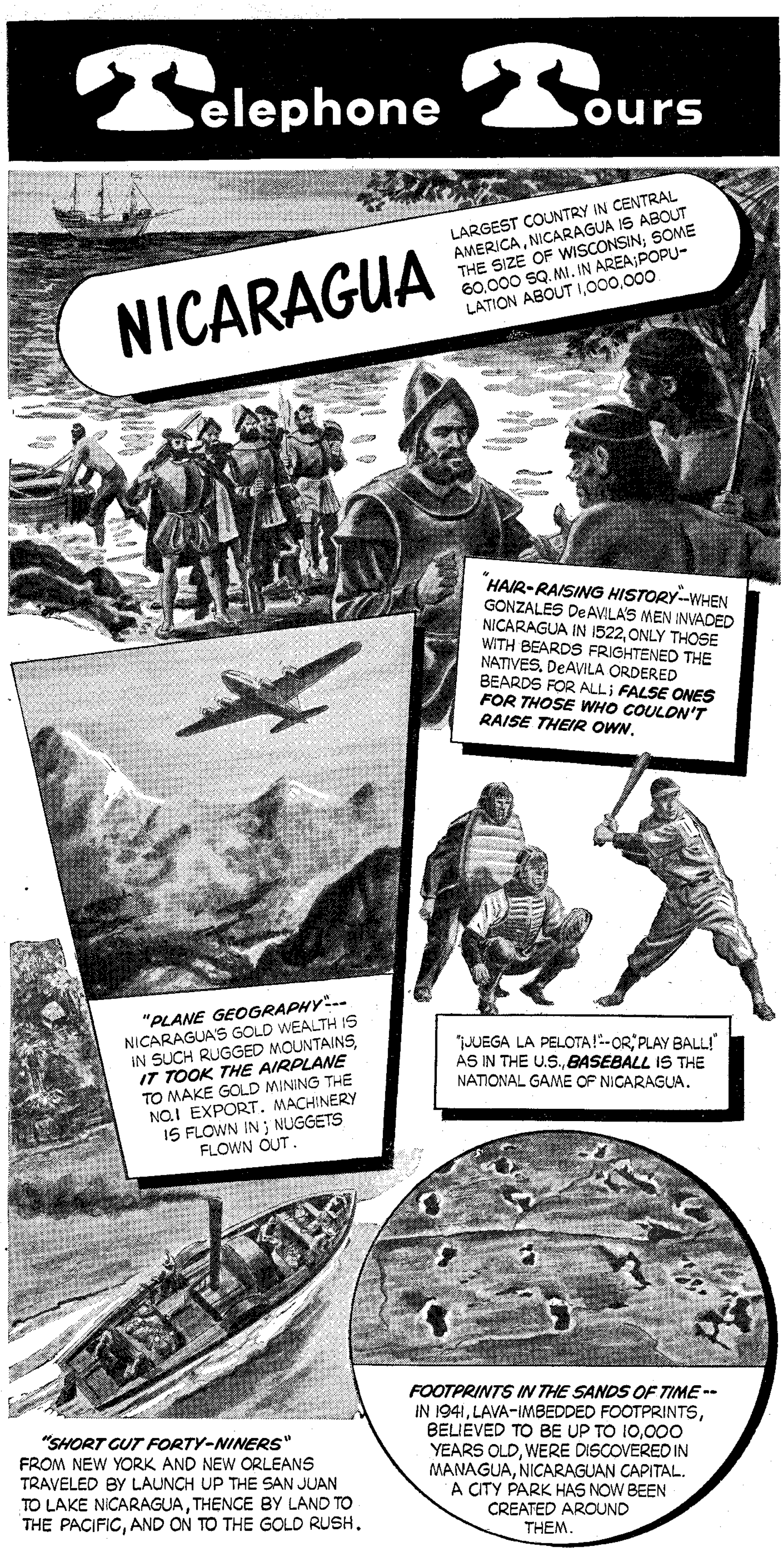
She put the plate on the floor and Toby began to gobble the meat. His long ears hung into the plate. She patted him kindly.—GEORGE LOVERIDGE

•

"Can you tell me how to stop an owl from hooting at night?" asks Miss XX. "The noise prevents me from sleeping and the neighbors can't sleep either."

The complaint was discussed with Clyde Gordon, director of the Bartett Park Zoo, who explains there is nothing that can be done to prevent an owl from hooting during the mating season. He explains, however, that the mating season for owls is just about over and that the bird should stop hooting soon. If the bird does not stop soon, someone should take a stick and dislodge it from its perch and perhaps it will fly to some other locality.—*Staten Island Advance.*

Or to the nearest pretty face.



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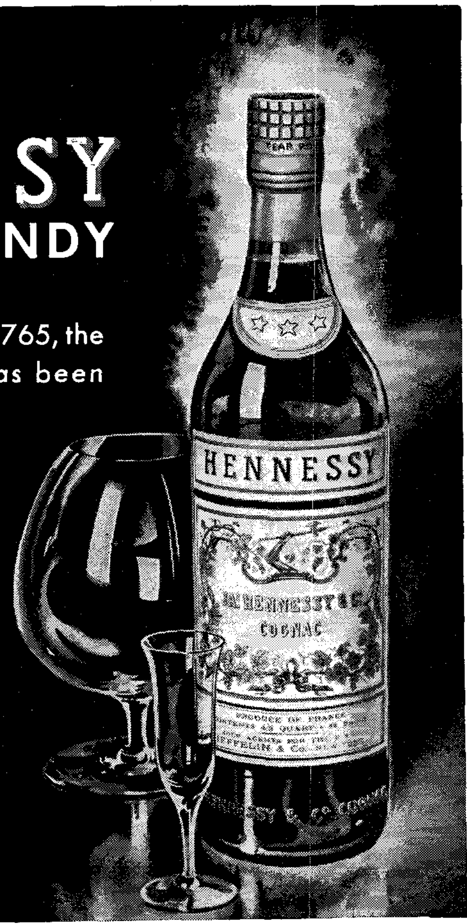

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OF ALL THINGS

MANY people wonder why Japan bothers to keep on fighting. It is possible, of course, that the Tokio government is using us to help solve its old surplus-population problem.

•

Depressing word comes from the San Francisco Conference that many of the delegates have succumbed to homesickness. There also seem to have been several bad cases of acute nationalism.

•

It is generally assumed that Admiral Doenitz's name is on the list of war criminals. Everybody knows that he held a high position in the murder industry, maritime division.

•

The Allied authorities are astonished at their inability to find any Germans who were ever Nazis. The wonder is that the Party ever carried a single precinct.

•

Ever since LaGuardia refused to run for a fourth term, the political situation in New York has been chaotic and confused. The other day somebody even mentioned the name of James J. Walker.

•

The O.D.T. says that there will probably be no World Series this year unless both pennants go to the same city. This is a challenge that Messrs. McCarthy and Ott are unlikely to ignore.

•

A little black book which is said to contain the names of eighty policemen and the amount of money each of them received from a Harlem policy ring has just been discovered. This volume may turn out to be the literary sensation of the year.

•

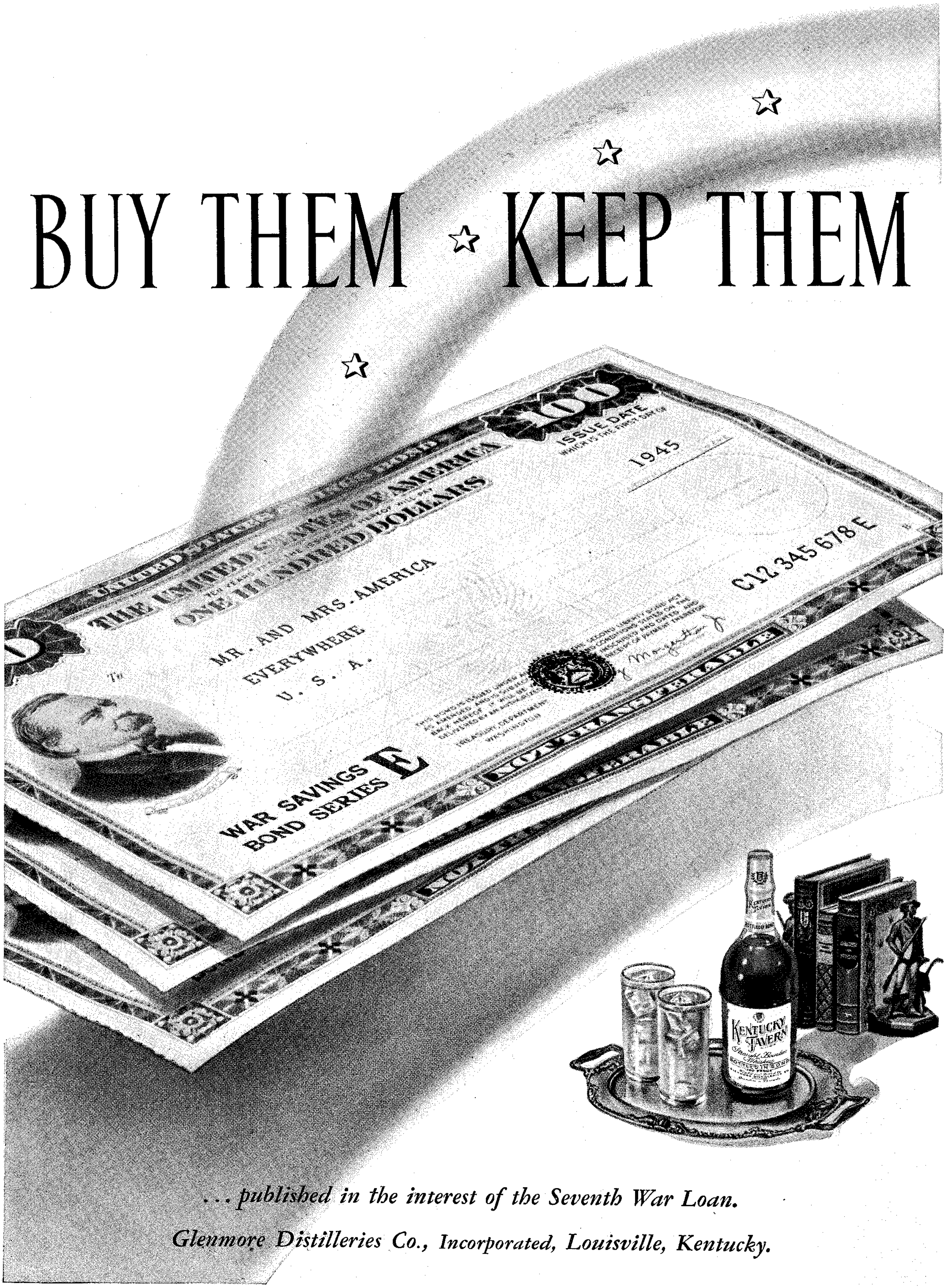
The Civilian Defense Corps has been dissolved in an appropriate ceremony at City Hall. Nobody blames these fine men and women because their enterprise was not a success.

•

John L. Lewis says that he is well satisfied with the hard-coal contract. Presumably, he and his miners will now be happy and free from care until next April.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

BUY THEM ☆ KEEP THEM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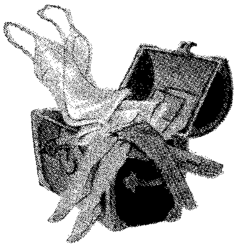
Van Raalte



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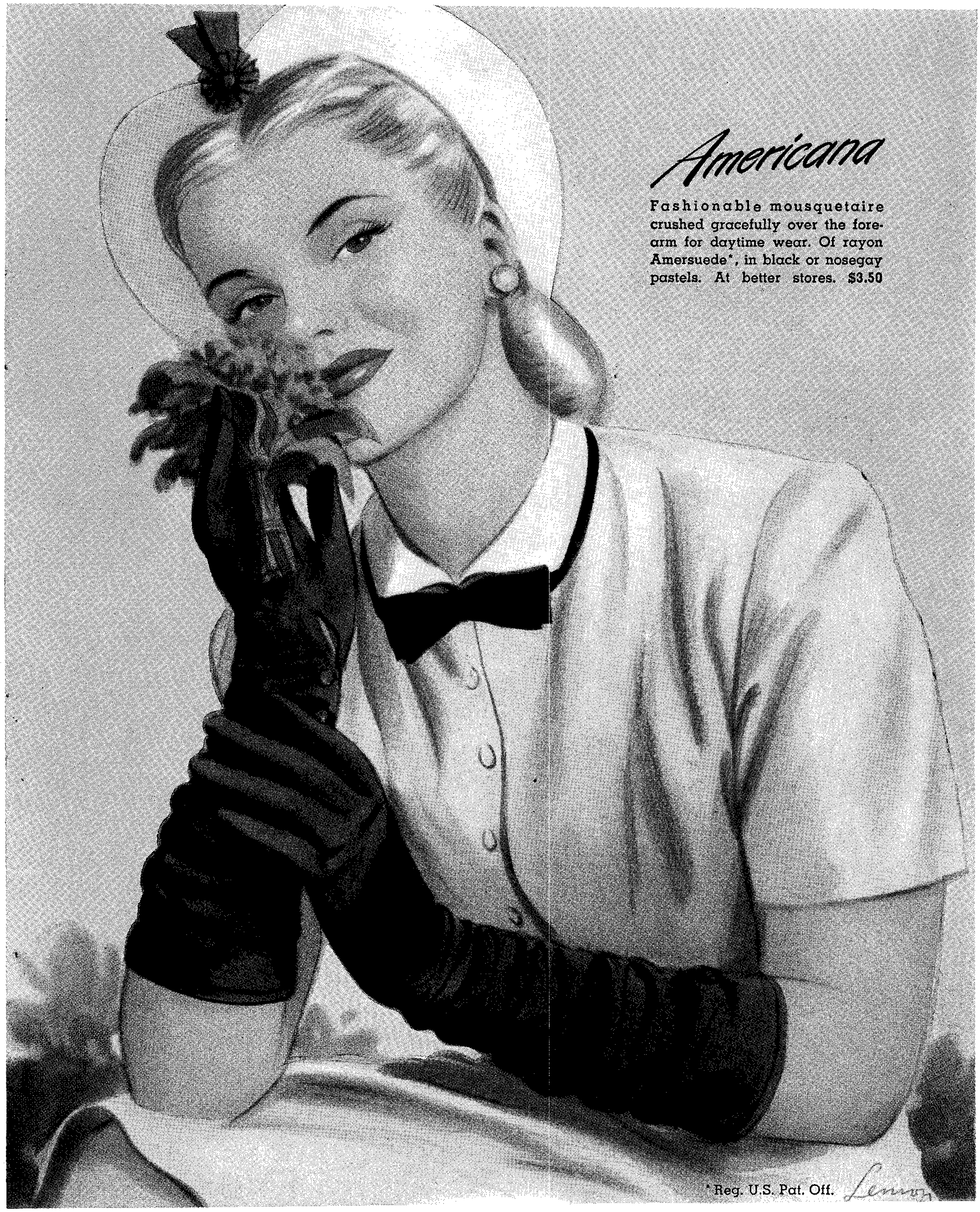

Americana

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*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

A REPORTER ON OKINAWA

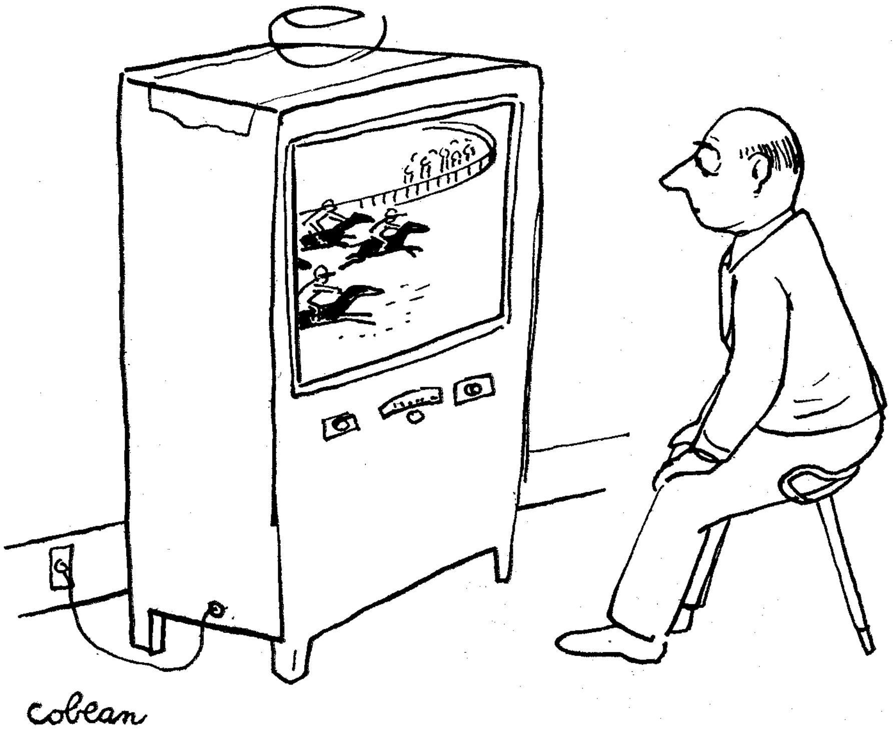
II—THE TOMB LIFE

IN the piebald campaign of Okinawa, the largest and most varied operation the Pacific war has seen to date, the Japanese have reacted with two defenses, both suicidal in form: the violent, quick suicides of the Kamikaze forces, whose airplane pilots, swimmers, and boat crews seek to immolate themselves upon our ships with high explosives, and the more orthodox but equally certain suicide of a strong, armed land force, dug into fine positions behind big guns, with no hope whatever of reinforcement or escape. Most of this force became pocketed voluntarily in the south end of the island, around the capital city of Naha, and fell to the lot of the Army branch of our landing team, four infantry divisions in strength. After completing their own job of bushwhacking and mopping up in the wilder northern part of Okinawa, the two Marine divisions that took part in the invasion stood by, along with strong naval sentinels out at sea, to watch the Army bending to its task. There was much opportunity in this situation for cynicism. Before Okinawa, little was known about Army troops in the Pacific outside the boundaries which formerly confined General MacArthur's zone of command, and in some quarters they were not too highly valued. Marines, carried and supported by Admiral Nimitz's ships, had done the bulk of the land fighting from Guadalcanal through Iwo Jima. On one or two occasions, especially in the Marianas, invasions had been joint Army-Marine operations, and these resulted in frictions that were fanned to the proportion of at least small grass fires by some participants and observers who took a unilateral, Marine view of the matter. The reputed Army inferiority was also talked up quite considerably in print. One deponent, a war correspondent, approached me in Joe Madden's restaurant, back in New York, on a summer evening in 1944 and said, "Tell me, is there such a thing anywhere as a good Army division?" The question startled and even shocked me somewhat, as it would anyone who had been watching Army divisions in action in the European Theatre. Three months before the Normandy landings, a number of Army divisions—the First, the Third, the Ninth, the Thirty-fourth, the Thirty-sixth, and the Forty-fifth—had already displayed great skill and bravery. I told him I didn't know exactly what he was talking about, and he said I would know when I got back to the Pacific (where I had been in the early days of the war).

It turns out, back in the Pacific, that many Marine leaders wave banners less violently in their own behalf than their unofficial spokesmen do. The episode of the Marianas, which involved basic differences in combat purpose, technique, and equipment between the Army and the Marine Corps, was certainly talked of, but I found that a great many Marine units had been frankly ignorant of the Army before Okinawa, and they were insatiably curious, when they saw the Army troops there, about how they looked and lived and performed. Some were astonished by the copious supply of Army vehicles. The Marine Corps is designed to move by foot on land, to take beachheads, to fight for quick decisions in small areas, and then to be shipped somewhere else. The Marines cannot, as a rule, proceed painstakingly against stubborn obstacles, because time is snapping at their heels and supply limitations are forcing them to hurry. The Army forces have the equipment to fight campaigns of attrition. Generally, as long as the enemy remains strong and organized, they do so. These, however, are textbook differences. Most Marine leaders admit that the man-for-man difference between Army and Marine troops in action is infinitesimal. I'm speaking, of course, of Army troops who belong to combat units and have had battle experience. These conditions are necessary to fair comparisons, since Marine units consist almost entirely of combat troops and have nearly all had long and bitter battle experience.

What the Marines saw to the south of them on Okinawa, after completing a good, characteristic job of rapid guerrilla work in the northern end of the island, was a line of Army divisions of various degrees of seasoning engaged in one of the most difficult pitched battles of the whole war. This fight is still in progress as I write. There are several ways of officially interpreting battle situations, and under some interpretations it would have been quite possible to put an official period to the Okinawa campaign some weeks ago. Strategic airfields had been won, our position was secure, and the enemy's was, broadly speaking, hopeless. Speaking more narrowly, he was still sixty thousand strong when I visited the Army line, was still throwing artillery shells as though he owned a mine of them, and was still, from richly prepared caves, hills, and bunkers, making our progress very slow and perilous indeed.

AS you ride southward on the island of Okinawa—green, sunny, thickly planted and populated—you find more and more tombs. These tombs are the hallmark of the war on Okinawa. They are not bunched and confined to cemeteries. They stud hillsides everywhere, terraced into the ground so that you see them only when you face the slope of a



LISTEN: MAY 26, 1945

For a few seconds an engineer in a CBS shortwave studio went to pieces the other day when he heard Koen Van Syzen sign off his daily news report in Dutch by saying, "This is your Dutch news reporter, Bernard Person." It was May 4 and the engineer looked through the glass panel of the control room at the speaker whom he had seen every day, six days a week for the past four years. The man looked exactly the same.

But the same broadcaster had just announced to his compatriots that the German army had surrendered in Holland. So he dropped his *nom de guerre* because he was pretty sure the Germans could no longer harm his family in Holland.

★

The Writers' War Board chose Lyman Bryson, CBS Director of Education, for its "four bomb" award (highest rating) for May. The citation said:

"... As Moderator of *The People's Platform* (CBS, Saturday, 6:15 to 6:45 p.m. EWT) he combines a fine sense of public responsibility and fairness with a knack for bringing enlightenment out of the discussions. Also in his new series of talks on the same network he analyzes and thus helps toward the solution of *Problems of the Peace* (CBS, Sunday, 1:30 to 1:45 p.m. EWT).

★

Virgil Thomson, the music critic, went to a special concert in Carnegie Hall recently where Eileen Farrell sang, then came back to his office and wrote:

"And Eileen Farrell, the soprano, did the kind of singing great singers used to do, but almost never do any more; power, beauty and confidence were all there in full glory."

You can hear this kind of singing by tuning in Eileen's program on CBS on Mondays and Fridays at 6:30 p.m. EWT.

★

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hill. In the most familiar type, there is a double circle of gray stone, in a sort of figure eight, laid on the slope of the land and with a square stone terrace at its foot. At the rear of the terrace, leading into the earth, is a low, oblong doorway, often barred, though not sealed, by a block of stone, and beyond the door, inside the crypt, are colonies of ancestors—from two to twenty in number—ranged in flimsy wooden coffins or in tall urns of rough glazed clay. We Americans were constantly sharing the privacy of these ancestors. In our Army's part of the island there was no better place to avoid the flying shrapnel from the heavy Jap barrages. We would sit and smoke quietly among the honored dead, keeping out of the line of the open door. There was no feeling among us that we were intruding; these tombs were often visited before we came. Okinawans live in close communion with their ancestors, and young girls who have earned the privilege are delegated from time to time to wash the bones of the forebears of their families with sweet-potato brandy, a product of the local distilleries.

On my way to the Army's front line, I hitched a ride on a big 6x6 quartermaster truck loaded with cases of rations. I sat on the summit of a plateau of food, along with several fellow-passengers—two Negro quartermaster men and two transient sailors—and I found it necessary to push one end of my canteen belt into a niche between two boxes to keep from sliding off as we rolled around curves or lurched down hills.

"What kind of rations are these?" asked one sailor.

"New-type C rations," said a quartermaster man.

"New-type C rations!" said the sailor, helping himself from a broken carton of chocolate bars. "What the hell can you do with C rations? You can't make them worse and you can't make them better."

The sailor had the loose, jerky movements and rolling, restless eyes you see in many thyroid cases. When traffic held us up briefly near a farm, he stood up on top of the cargo, with his cocked rifle in one hand, and looked from side to side. "I want to take a shot at one of them herons," he said. "I saw some herons a piece back on the road. I probably would miss it. Maybe I wouldn't miss it. I wonder if I could hit it. Where the hell is a big heron I could take a shot at?"

"There's a rat," said the other sailor suddenly, pointing at a ditch alongside the farmhouse.

"Where? Where? Where?" said the sailor with the gun, looking around in great excitement.

"It's over there, only it ain't a rat," the other sailor said. It looked to me like a mongoose or ferret.

"I see it! I see it!" shouted the sailor with the gun, and fired. The truck began to move again, and he hastily sat down. "I wonder if I hit it," he said. "I don't know if I hit it or not. Maybe I hit it." He continued to chatter as we moved along the rugged, beautiful east coast of Okinawa. The quartermaster man sitting next to me said in a low, grave voice, "That's foolish business, but those boys don't get off ship much—only when they got some errand down here. There's lots of Japs to shoot down here." His finger swept two high-backed points of wooded land that jutted into the Pacific ahead of us to our left.

TWO more hitched rides brought me to the neighborhood of the first of these points. I climbed a rocky path and found the command post of the Thirty-second Regiment of the Seventh Army Infantry Division, bivouacked among the tombs, either in tents or outdoors on cots and sleeping rolls and litters set up on the terraces of the tombs. The commander of the regiment, Colonel John M. Finn, commonly called Mickey, was undressing to take a sponge bath with water from a five-gallon fuel can. His orderly, Pfc Peter Gomez, sat on another can close by, advising him.

"You certainly need this bath," said Gomez.

"I took one the day before yesterday," Finn said.

"You had to rush it too fast," said Gomez. "They certainly have been rushing us around here. I never saw so much Jap artillery."

A plane passed overhead and we all looked up.

"That's a Corsair—one of ours," Gomez said casually.

"My airplane spotter, orderly, valet, and strategist," said Finn, nodding at Gomez and washing himself. Gomez, a thin, brown young man with black sideburns and a hopeful wisp of a black goatee, looked down at his hands. There were four deep blisters on each of them. "Also your digger," he said. "I never dug so deep and so fast as yesterday."

The Finn-and-Gomez team, almost as old as the Seventh Division's combat record in this war, had been up to study the lines from an observation post just ahead of us the day before and had got caught in a Jap barrage. Shell fragments had wrecked the Colonel's telephone and his radio. Gomez dug a hole,

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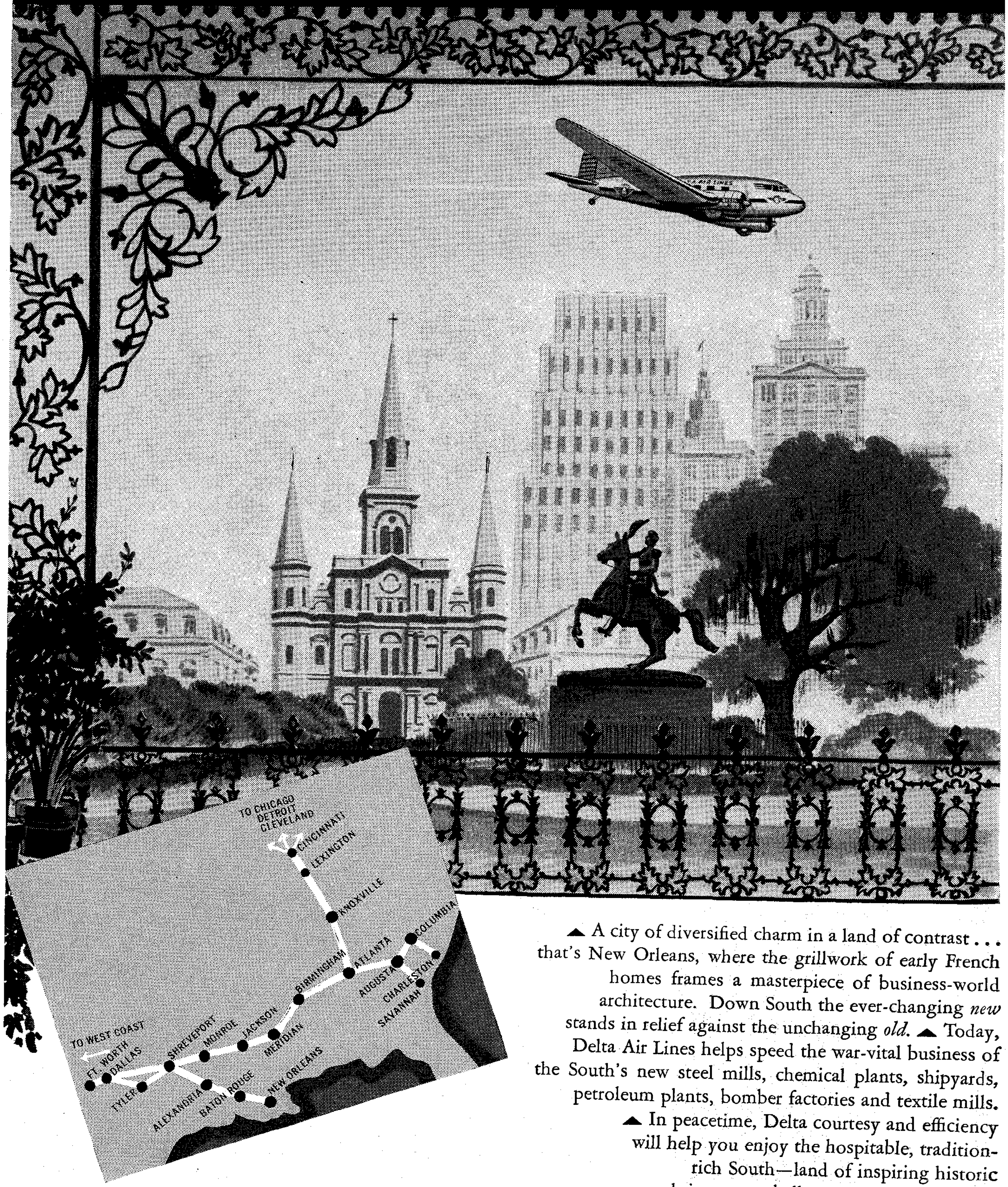
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JOHN GALSWORTHY, the famous English man of letters, once set up this yardstick:

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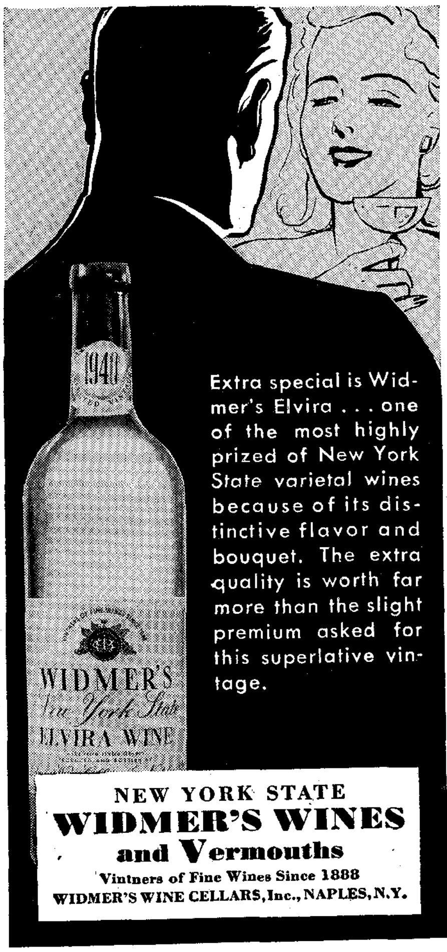

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between shellings, and his intensity, matching that of the Jap artillery fire, was such that the hole was four feet deep before he considered it adequate. He told me about it while Finn was putting on his clothes.

"You got your undershirt on backwards," the orderly interrupted himself to say.

"How in hell can you tell with these things?" said Finn cheerfully, pulling off the shirt and reversing it.

The Colonel is as thin and dark as Gomez, but his button-nosed face, with its tilted chin, is strictly Hibernian. He is an easygoing commander, known for his great bravery. Gomez shares this reputation, but he has added certain private aspects to his share of it. He has also won himself a place in the regiment as a sort of combined buffoon and historian. He used to be a bartender in Chicago—at the Club Alabam, the 885 Club, Michael Todd's Theatre Café, and other night spots, or, as he calls them, "buckets of plasma." He gets hurt quite often but never in a run-of-the-mill fashion. In addition to suffering from foxhole hands, an occupational disease of diggers, Gomez has fallen off a horse, fallen off a cliff, and been bitten by a snake. The snake was in the Philippines and the bite made Gomez mildly ill. The horse that threw him was an Okinawan horse he was trying to ride with a lasso bridle. The cliff he fell off was in Leyte, and this experience, which Colonel Finn and twenty-three other members of the regiment all had together, was one of the Thirty-second's most noteworthy and cherished adventures before Okinawa. It followed the familiar theme of the Pearl White movie serials of long ago, except that the camera, after backing the heroine up to the edge of the cliff, where she had been cornered by the villains on horseback, would suspend the action till next week, frequently leaving Miss White in midair, whereas the action in the case of Finn and Gomez and their companions was continuous and sustained. The Japs had cornered them and they had no choice but to go over the cliff, slowing their descent from time to time by clutching rocks or bushes. After hitting the bottom with considerable violence, they spent six and a half hours eluding Jap patrols on the way back to their own lines. It took another four days for the men to get back into combat trim.

THE Seventh reminds me of the more seasoned Army divisions of the European war. Okinawa is its fourth campaign, following Attu, Kwajalein, and Leyte, and it has acquired the easy, informal, facetious attitude of a veteran combat outfit, which is deceptive because it conceals a skill and efficiency the greener divisions do not have. In some non-combat details, this efficiency may be, and often is, relaxed. The men of the command post, when I visited there, were deriving considerable relish from a blotch on the record of ingenuity built up with great care by Gomez and three of his close associates—Jones, Parks, and Gavan. On a recent evening, these four had been assigned to guard an Okinawa civilian, picked up near camp, pending his examination and classification by the Military Government the next day. They put him into a pup tent and elected to stand guard in shifts, one man watching for an hour and a quarter while the three others slept. It was not till near the end of the fourth shift, some five hours later, that they discovered that the Okinawan had taken leave of them at some unidentified point in the procedure, leaving his hat placed strategically at one end of the tent, just in view of the watchman. Parks, in answer to critics, insisted that they would get him when he returned for his hat, but the Okinawan had not done this by the time I left camp.

I had supper with Finn the evening I arrived at his command post. He and his staff were in the midst of a discussion of the astonishing quantities of Japanese artillery here and of the excellence of Jap observation and concealment when the enemy suddenly began to illustrate these remarks with 150-millimetre shells, interspersed with large mortar shells. They hit very close to the command post. "Holy smoke!" said Finn, reaching for his helmet. "It looks like we don't sleep again tonight. I'd rather have them hitting here, though, than on top of the battalions."

We went behind a tent and squatted against a stone wall that formed one wing of a large tomb to our left. Finn counted the shellbursts under his breath, trying to get a record of the rate and extent of the barrage. "Thirty-seven, thirty-eight," he was murmuring when a clerk came along with pencil and tablet to pick up the count. The clerk followed the familiar scoring system of groups of five—four vertical marks crossed diagonally by a fifth. Sometimes the shells came so fast that he had to race his pencil over the paper to keep up. After a few minutes, I was jarred by a sort of clout, as if a hand had been dropped heavily on my shoulder. The thud was loud enough to make everybody look at me, and I in turn looked guiltily at my left shoulder, which was where I had felt the clout. A fragment of shell about the size of a spool of thread had ripped the sleeve of my field jacket, but it had not penetrated my heavy shirt. It left a small burn and a bruise. I picked up the fragment, found it too hot to hold, and quickly threw it down. Finn's tiny dog, a native of Okinawa called Okie, leaped for it, burned her nose, and leaped back. "Well," Finn said after a slight pause, "there's the old Thirty-second hospitality for you. Visitors come and get their clothes torn off. Did it hurt you?"

"No," I said, somewhat embarrassed.

"Well, anyway," said Finn, "we better go join somebody's ancestors. It's too public out here."

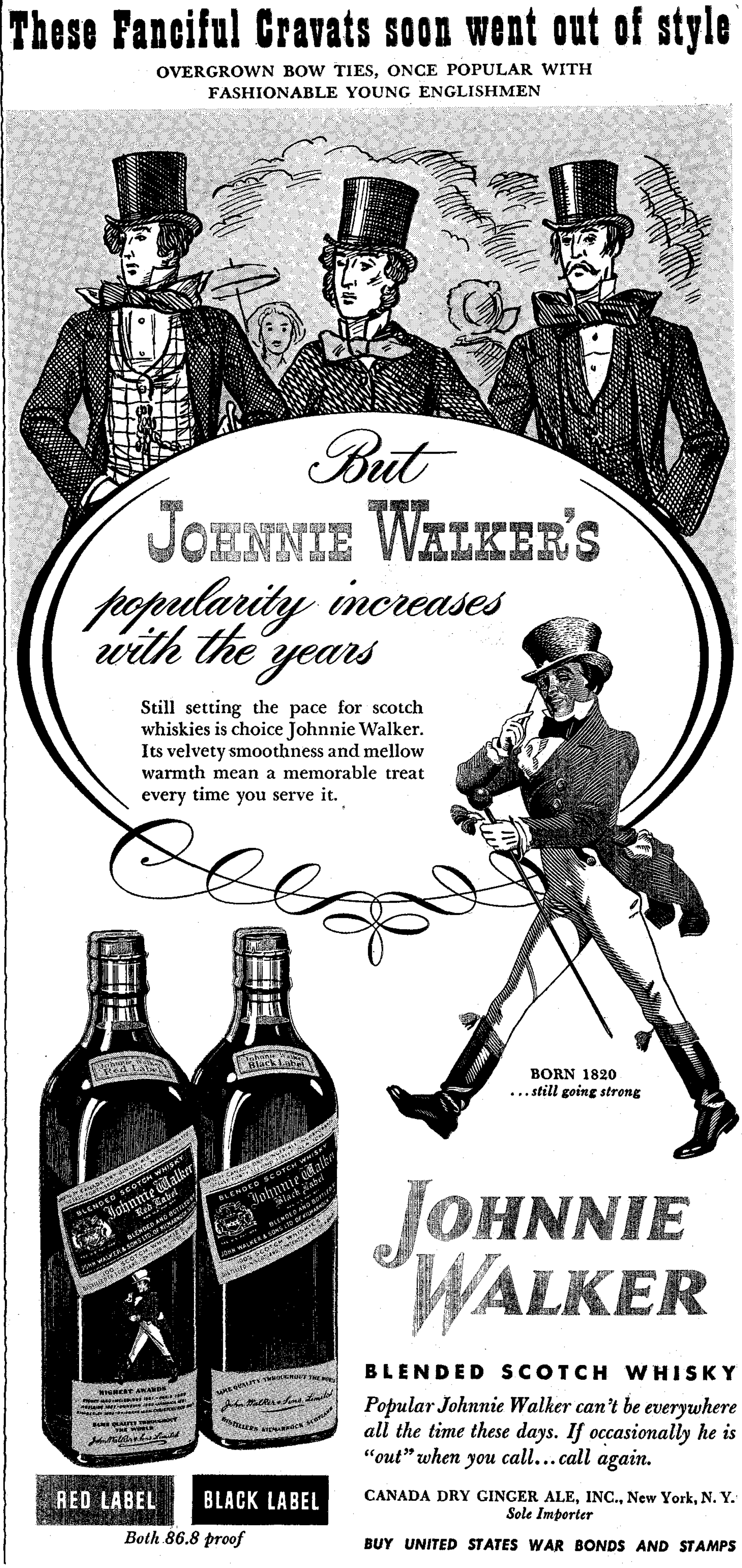
We went into a tomb, crawling through a low, narrow door, and then settled down along one wall in darkness. Since the door had been open for several days, the atmosphere was not especially close. Four tall urns stood just behind me. Back in the darkness of the recess, I could detect the outlines of two rows of coffins. There was a great sense of security in these crypts during a shelling. They would not withstand a direct hit, but direct hits are few and far between and flying shrapnel, always the chief hazard of a barrage, would need a high degree of cunning indeed to find its way through a tomb's low door. Outside, a shell banged very near and we all winced instinctively. Jones, the luckless guardian of civilians but a good mess sergeant, popped into the tomb and groped his way to a seat among us. He threw something down on the floor. "Somehow, I can't get interested in that book," he said.

"What are you talking about?" said Finn.

"'Arrowsmith,' by Sinclair Lewis," said Jones. "I been trying to read out there, sir. Somehow, it don't seem to grip my imagination."

Tomb life becomes as conventional as any other after a while. Now and then, from the night outside, someone would call, "Is Mr. Drake in there?" or "Is Mr. Stainback in that tomb?," and someone within would reply, "No, he's in the next tomb" or "The radio is in the third tomb to your right."

As we sat in our tomb that night, Finn remarked that the intervals between attacks, when "you just sit and take the Jap stuff instead of fighting," are harder on men than the attack phase itself. It's true that in the long, form-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less gamut of "non-wound" casualties—shock cases, concussion cases, combat-fatigue cases, "psycho" cases—a good many can be traced to the effects of continuous bombardment during lulls in infantry action. It's also true that many shock and concussion casualties suffer physically. A company commander, credited with killing more Japs than any other man in the Thirty-second Regiment, suffered concussion, from a near miss by a shell, which affected his kidneys to such an extent that he needed the most delicate hospital treatment to survive. The difficulty is that the borderline between such a case and the purely mental, or "psycho," cases is dim. And "psycho" cases may turn out to be just as hard to treat. Standing on the terrace of a tomb in the Thirty-second Regiment camp one night, I heard the sound of uncertain footsteps on the hill just behind me and turned to see two Medical Corpsmen helping a third man down a path. The feet of the third man were dragging, and he was saying over and over, in a high, hysterical voice that had a queer, inhuman sound among the shellbursts in the dark night, "They'll get every one of you! They'll get every one of you!"

"Casualty?" asked a soldier standing beside me.

"Yeah, mental," answered one of the Medical Corpsmen over his shoulder, and the three men disappeared in the darkness.

I was with the Thirty-second Regiment on the morning of April 13th, Okinawa time, when Colonel Finn got the news over the telephone, at our early breakfast, of the death of President Roosevelt. There were men near our table and more men out in front of the tent, so within twenty minutes the news was all over the command post. But it spread quietly and the reaction was quiet. Some men were nonplussed and unable to put their thoughts into words; others were shocked into stillness and went about their work in a sort of walking reverie. Now and then, when two men met, they would stop to speak of what had happened, but they spoke slowly, with long pauses between their sentences, and when at last a pause grew into a silence, they would part and move on, as though it were impossible to understand the event and therefore to discuss it. I had never seen any news have an effect quite like this one. Finn, after exchanging fragments of low-voiced, half-unbelieving conversation with his staff, lapsed into a sort of brown daydream. Along about the middle of the morning, he suddenly said, "Well, damn it, the sooner we attack again the better it will be for everybody."

THE Army line, of which the Thirty-second was on the extreme left flank, attacked again a few days later, and against the best-prepared line the Japanese had yet established in the Pacific, except possibly on Iwo Jima. It may be, as some say, that an infusion of Marines in the line would speed things up, but this is always true of fresh troops when fresh troops are available for replacement. The issue between the Marines and the Army is hard to determine. The Japanese are the only ones on Okinawa in a position to settle concrete points, and what they have proved is that their orthodox land defense against our troops is more effective in inflicting damage, if not in changing the course of the war, than the wild novelties of their land and water defense against our ships. Ashore, they have worked along the classic lines of war in both theatres, with counterattacks supported by massed artillery, machine-gun fire, and grenades, with minefields and tank traps, and, above all, with prepared gun positions in bunkers and caves. These cave positions surpass those of Iwo Jima in ingenuity and complexity. They are of great depth, set in a succession of communicating tiers like the setbacks on an apartment house, and equipped with food, water, ammunition, and mobile gun bases, some of which are surprisingly hard for our counter-battery fire to spot. In solving this problem, of course, our troops have had the amphibious advantage of side and rear views as well as front and bird's-eye. A battleship lying close offshore put fourteen direct hits on five caves in one morning, probably destroying three ammunition dumps. Five caves is not many on Okinawa—an Army leader questioned on this point before we landed said, "I don't wish to seem morbid, but we believe there are more caves on Okinawa than in the rest of the world put together"—but ammunition dumps and the Japs in their neighborhood, when they blow up, are not replaceable in this campaign.

At sea, meanwhile, the inflexible students of Kamikaze have continued to operate in the manner of a brigade of stylized moths storming the Wrigley sign on Broadway. Because these Japs never attempt to dogfight or defend themselves, our interceptor planes shoot down the suicide craft in droves. And because they dive straight into anti-aircraft fire, in attempting to ram ships, they are fat targets for flak gunners. They try again and again, and occasionally one of them does manage to make up for the failure of another. On April 6th, a suicide plane I saw shot down and break up in the water seemed to be aiming at a white hospital ship named the Comfort. Three weeks later another Kamikaze pilot got home to the Comfort, a ship whose nature it was impossible to mistake in the midst of a fleet of ships otherwise solidly gray in color. This ramming caused death and injuries aboard the hospital vessel, but I was impressed by the waste and inefficiency of the Japanese form of cripple-kicking when I remembered a field hospital in Italy where I once saw a single German dive-bomber pilot late one afternoon kill just as many people. The German flier was not a Kamikaze. He went home to supper.

Furthermore, the Germans, being cool, practical men, never inserted working men—not even Poles, Czechs, or Russians—into their flying bombs. They used radio control at the Anzio beachhead and made the bombs do their own work when sinking ships robot style. The Japanese produced a flying bomb for the first time at Okinawa. If the Germans had not been otherwise occupied, they might have gone into fits of scientific mirth over the Jap improvement on their own device, an improvement which consisted simply of adding a cockpit and a not too large young man to a flying bomb and instructing him to join his ancestors in as many pieces as possible. The suicide bomb has been used sparingly till now, but it will probably be used more liberally as time goes on. By Kamikaze standards, it is an extremely reasonable little gadget. —JOHN LARDNER

(*This is the second of two articles on the invasion of Okinawa.*)

•

MY WIFE, Carmela de Gianni, having left my bed and board, I will no longer be responsible for any doubts incurred by her. (Signed) SAVERIO DE GIANNI. 928 Olive St., Elizabeth, N. J.—*Adv. in the Elizabeth (N.J.) Daily Journal.*

That doesn't mean she won't have them.

•

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[*Elsa Maxwell in the Post*]

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TABLES FOR TWO

Necessity Knows from Nothing

IF anything at all was proved by the recently obliterated curfew, it was that the gentlemen in charge of metropolitan night life are a not especially ingenious lot who don't know that there is a relationship between necessity and invention. A notion that had a certain vogue among the gentry of the profession involved a heavy cutting down on the number of entertainers for the customers but carrying on at the same gaudy old prices, or slightly higher ones. This looked to me like an attempt at reviving the economy of scarcity, and I think the hell with it. At one time, nearly every place in town seemed to be having tea dances, which would have been fine if someone had paid a little attention to the sort of music that went with the tea. Nick's began bringing its musicians to work at half past five in the afternoon over the weekends, and this was responsible for the most iridescent tea-dance music imaginable. It was also an interesting experiment technically, because it did away with the theory that instrumentalists like Muggsy Spanier and Miff Mole couldn't possibly be as hot at twilight as they could at dawn. The Copacabana closed up everything but its upstairs bar, in which it installed a rumba band conducted by a young woman. She was very, very energetic. The Pied Piper, which had got itself a reputation for good music, began experimenting with lady orchestras. They were very, very peculiar. The 400 Club, which inhabits a cellar alongside midtown Fifth Avenue, tried out a series of big and celebrated bands, and, for its pains, succeeded in crowding in as many customers as were ever seen in a cellar anywhere. I went there one night not long ago to hear Benny Goodman. The band he has at the 400 Club is a new one, and it includes Teddy Wilson, Red Norvo, and Slam Stewart, to give you an idea, but it is hard to tell about the music in the surroundings. The turmoil at the tables around the dance floor reminds me of nothing so much as the night a large and splendid artificial-flower factory in the block I was living on in Greenwich Village burned down.

The curfew interlude provided a number of revivals. The Blue Angel had Irene Bordoni, who I happen to think is admirable. The Versailles came up with Kitty Carlisle, who was much too stately for my simple wants. The incumbent is Jane Pickens, whom I hadn't heard in a long time. Her manner is less regal than Miss Carlisle's, and I like her voice, but I'm not sure I can agree with her apparent thesis that the best songs are always the ones in the newest movies. The Plaza's Persian Room rediscovered Gali Gali, a humorous magician who dates back to the days of Marlborough House and who was as engaging as ever in his stay at the Plaza. The most unexpected revival came when the Copacabana had got under way again after its curfew holiday. This one was Georgie Price, a small, febrile comic of the Winter Garden style; that is, the style that flourished when the Winter Garden had a runway the full depth of the orchestra floor. At the Copacabana, Mr. P. is reminiscent in more ways than one; a couple of his imitations (we are always going to have people who do imitations) deal with other comics of the Winter Garden runway-era style. The Copacabana audience (we are always going to have a Copacabana kind of audience, too) seems fond of him, and I guess that occasionally he is quite funny. I am wondering, though, whether there is any significance in the fact that Price, who has been a Wall Street man rather than an imitator for a number of years, came back to his old trade right after V-E Day. I don't remember that there was any such tip in the fall of 1929.

AS anyone could have figured out by this point, there was almost nothing new to be seen or heard around town in the past two or three months. Dabbling in fledglings is a task that for some reason is still being left to three or four entrepreneurs. It happens that the only newcomers I've enjoyed in a long time have all shown up at the Ruban Bleu. Of the collection there, Monica Boyar, a little, olive-skinned girl from Santo Domingo, is the likeliest. She is not at her best in her ventures into Tin Pan Alley, but her Latin songs and her bits of "Carmen," the one with the Oscar Hammerstein words, are sort of wonderful. There's also a quintet called the Deep River Boys, who are at least new to life after dark, and who sing the songs Deep River would lead one to expect. The baritone of the group, who rejoices in the name of Rhett Butler, has one of those solemn, handhewn Negro voices, which he was using, and nicely, on torch songs the evening I heard him. The Ruban Bleu has always been good about instrumentalists, probably because Julius Monk, the regisseur of the establishment, is a pianist himself. When he takes part in the performance, Mr. Monk is a romanticist, with a fondness for Kern, Porter, and Rodgers, which he plays lovingly, ornately, and well. He has, at the moment, two more pianists in his show. One is José Melis, a brand-new Cuban—young, pale, and bespectacled—who starts off with a Chopin nocturne. By now, in any night club, that is a tipoff to the fact that the performer is going to break into boogie-woogie in just a minute. Mr. Melis does, and it is not bad. The other pianist is Garland Wilson, who is, of course, one half of the piano team of Steele and Wilson, which operated for years in Jimmy Daniels' bygone spot in Harlem. Mr. Wilson has been lackadaisical about his profession of late, but, presumably under Mr. Monk's severe eye, he has perked up again. Playing duets with Mr. Monk, playing by himself, playing with the house band (the Cedric Wallace Trio), or accompanying Miss Boyar, Mr. Wilson is once more in his best form. The Ruban Bleu has another newcomer, Mervyn Nelson, an agile comedian whose very funny actions are accompanied, at the top of his lungs, by a monologue that is frequently in painfully poor taste. He is, in a word, an assiduous, painstaking workman who leaves no innuendo unturned. Another of the Ruban Bleu's recent crop of youngsters, Ann Solloway, has lately moved on to Café Society Downtown. Despite her upswept hair, her slinky green dress, her long, cerise gloves, and her glittering earrings, she is a very young youngster indeed, but she has a voice that is true and what is called sultry, and if she sticks to it and to the songs that belong with it, she should get along all right.

—R. E. M. W.

•

After the vows were spoken, Professor Dickensheets sang Bless This House, by Brake, which was pink. Her hat was navy with ornaments of ostrich in pale followed by a benediction by Rev. Woodbridge. Mrs. Dickensheets was at the piano.—*Winston-Salem (N. C.) Journal.*

Which was upright.

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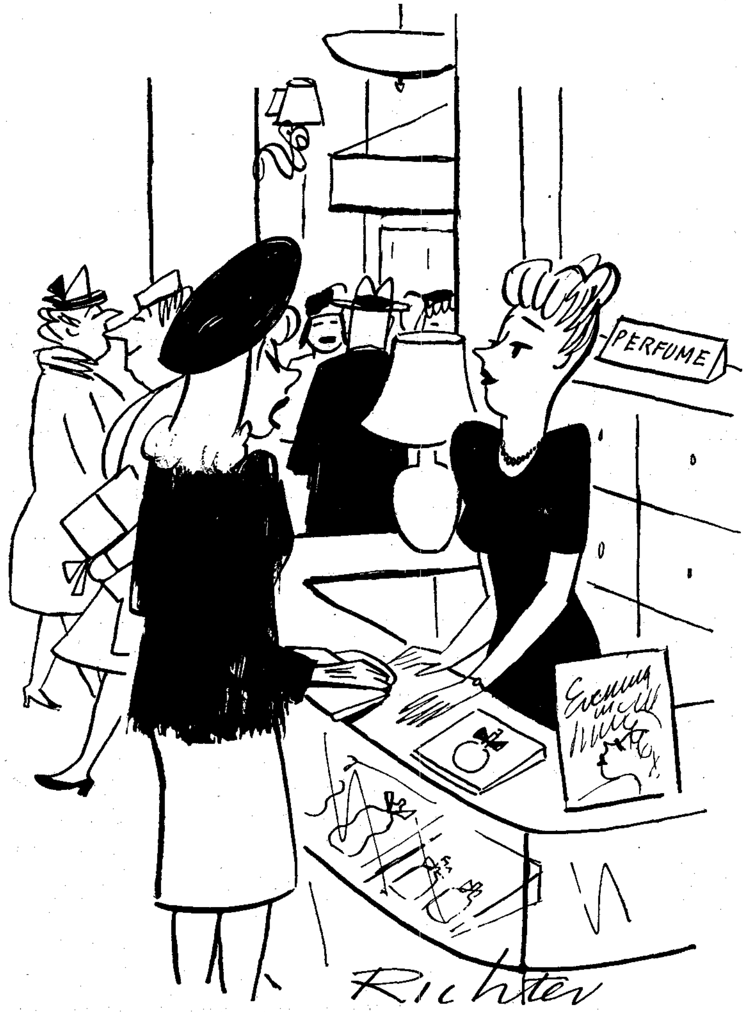
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

A GOOD many of the bathing suits that are being shown these days seem to have been designed with Betty Grable, or something even more sumptuous, in mind. There are new variations of the two-piece style, some of them cruelly unsparing and revealing. One of the milder pleasantries is a one-bare-shoulder décolletage, sort of like a toga, which should make for some very lopsided tans. Of course, a supply of more sedate merchandise is still around, too.

Saks-Fifth Avenue has all-wool, two-piece swimming suits in a variety of weaves. The bras tie at the center and are adjustable; moreover, they are wide enough—which is a rare thing now—for a largish figure. The trunks button down the back and have elastic gathers across the back of the legs to hold them in place. These suits are $14.95, in white or pastels. Mabs of Hollywood, a woman who knows how to cut a skimpy garment and still flatter the figure, has one- or two-piece suits in floral prints, either of cotton ($9.95) or of a rayon-and-cotton ($11.95) which Saks claims is softer and clings better. The cotton two-piece tulip print is particularly nice. Among the dressmaker suits is one in a navy, gold, and white printed Mexican wool that resembles cotton. The desperately brief wraparound shorts tie on one hip; the strapless bra ties in a knot on the chest—and I don't believe the song-and-dance about how it will stay put in the water. It's $35, but look at all that class. At $9.95, there is a similar suit in black, white, or pastel rayon jersey, with an adjustable halter top to provide a certain amount of security. Saks also has a collection of bathing suits for figures up to size forty-four. These, in youthful flowered prints on rayon jersey, have the softly draped bosoms, fitted diaphragms, built-up shoulder straps, and flat stomachs that are best for large figures. Below-the-knee-length spun-rayon coats in solid colors, with flowered rayon jersey cuffs to match the suits, go with these. And there are nice ensembles for women who want to be covered up on their way to the beach. One is a two-piece sun or bathing suit in a heavy white cotton with a bright flower print, and with it comes what is almost a tailored, wraparound dress with a standing collar and with a bow on one hip. The suit is $12.95; the wraparound is $17.95, and you'll find it handy as a dress, dressing gown, beach robe, or whatever. As for accessories, women who are tired of shaking sand out of their beach bags might look at a water-repellent plaid pouch, fitted out with a grosgrain drawstring and attached to a masculine-looking cane that you stick upright in the sand, so that the pouch hangs free and clear out of harm's way.

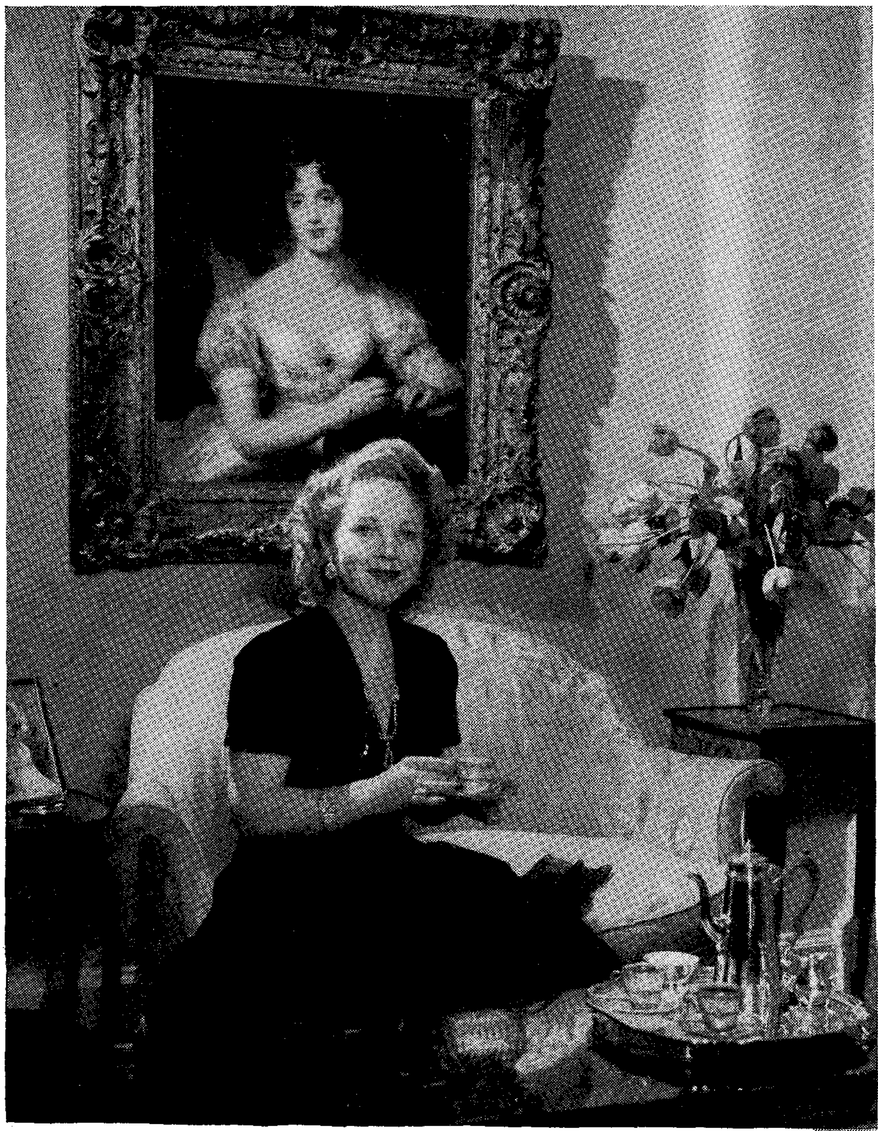


"Have you anything that will get through to a man with a head cold?"

LORD & TAYLOR have assembled a group of bathing suits that they call Wrapped Menace. One of the nicest of them, just to show that there's nothing in a name any more, isn't wrapped at all; it's laced straight down the front with a self cord which is long enough to tie around the neck, if you have really strenuous swimming in mind. It is wool-and-rayon in a bark color (I forget the brand of tree; you know how it is) and is one-piece; $25. A sun suit has navy wool trunks and a red-and-yellow cotton Tattersall checked halter top. With this goes a sarong of chest-to-ankle length, in the same checked cotton, that buttons down one side; unbuttoned and laid out flat, it's supposed to serve as a beach blanket. Lord & Taylor are enthusiastic about their Pantie Dresses—dresses with panties to match, in case you hadn't caught on. Some are Victorian, such as a slate-gray chambray which buttons down the back and has a high, round collarless neck and a self-ruffle forming the yoke. A modern version is in a vertically striped cotton and has shorts to match. All of the pantie dresses have gathers across the back of the skirt, so a girdle is not necessary. The dresses start at $19.95 and the pants at $5.95.

FOR people who burn instead of tanning, Altman's Sun and Surf Shop has some printed rayon crêpe play suits with turnover collars, bows at the throat, and set-in belts, all in a print with neat red, green, or blue designs on a white ground; $7.95, which is very fine. To accompany these, you can have a white spun-rayon jumper dress, buttoned down the front of the skirt and slashed to the waist above; likewise $7.95, and also useful with any extra blouses

Fine Coffee...
Hall Mark of Fine Living



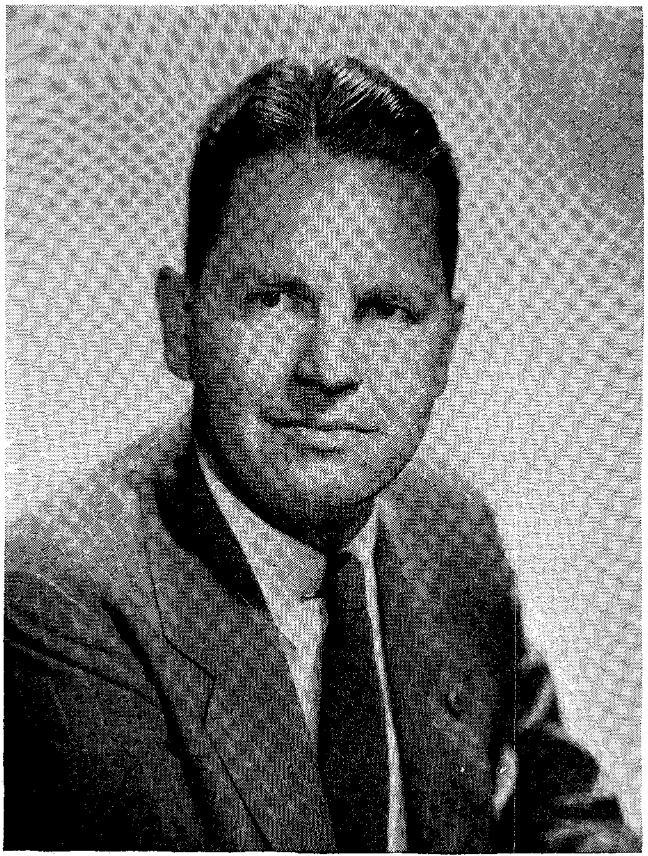
It was an opulent era. The Napoleonic Wars were over. England was at peace. And the art of fine living flowered . . . flowered in stately Georgian homes . . . homes embellished with paintings by Romney and Reynolds, by Gainsborough, Raeburn, and Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose portrait of the British beauty, Mrs. Frederick Hemming, now graces the New York salon of the lovely Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys. Then, London silversmiths, successors to the great Aymé Videau, fashioned exquisite coffeepots such as that portrayed below, to win the approval of Goldsmiths' Hall with these hall marks Then, as now, fine coffee was the hall mark of fine living.

Today, exquisite coffeepots of Aymé Videau's craftsmanship are hall marks of hospitality in fine American homes. But today, Mrs. Cornelius Dresselhuys, a Director of the Travelers Aid Society of New York, serves her distinguished guests coffee far superior to that of Mrs. Hemming's time . . . Yuban Coffee . . . coffee originally the private blend of America's greatest coffee merchant . . . coffee blended from the world's choice sources of supply. Now, as then, Yuban Coffee is enjoyed for its distinctive character, its fine flavor, and rich aroma. That's why Yuban today, as for generations, is known as "the guest coffee."

YUBAN

YUBAN
Coffee

The Guest Coffee



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you happen to have. And there are handsome lime, rose, or sky-blue rayon jersey play suits with turnover collars and buttons down the back; the skirts, of the same material, are printed with those medallions you see on wallpaper and would be pretty with a frilly blouse either at the beach or far away from it. These suits are $35. In a season in which slacks are scarce, Altman manages to show some nice tailored ones in hound's-tooth or Glen-plaid wools. These have adjustable waistbands and rubberized pads inside to hold your blouses in place. They're $17.95 and $19.95, respectively.

Best has a real find at $15—rayon satin Lastex bathing suits with scant bra tops and straight shorts buttoned down one hip. They come in black, white, cerise, or lime. This shop also has a group of white cotton bathing dresses. A white waffle princesse piqué affair has multicolored wavy stripes. Another white piqué has red embroidery on the décolletage. Best still has some blue denims—once "classic," now scarce—in plain or pleated shorts, at $3.25, or in short-overall versions, at $3.95, and it has the inevitable striped or plaid cotton shirts to go with them. Among the beach coats, the neatest one is a three-quarter white piqué job which fastens with gold-metal buttons; $10.95.

Bonwit Teller is proud of its ensemble made of rayon jersey with pastel grounds and contrasting jaunty Central Park print designs—rowboats, maypoles, and so forth. At $13.95, there are youthful princesse bathing suits with a ruffle at the bottom of the skirt and suits for more mature figures, with that diamond insert on the diaphragm that is so helpful (up to size forty-four); at $22.95, there are tailored play dresses with separate wraparound skirts. Here, too, are the ingredients for a weekend ensemble, in a rayon that looks like twill—cardigan jacket, box-pleated skirt, and slacks with a high, notched waistline. Especially nice in cream color, but also on hand in a brown-and-blue check or in plain aqua, cherry, or lime. There are well-tailored American linen blouses, with convertible necks and short sleeves, accompanied by a contrasting linen wraparound skirt with three pearl buttons down one hip; $32.75 in black-and-pink and other combinations.

De Pinna has almost every kind of bathing suit you can imagine, from black or white rayon jersey numbers in ballerina style (this type tires me) to one-piece, expert-swimmer businesses in a nubbly wool-and-rayon knit, cut with a bare midriff in front and having shorts with horizontal gathers across the front. Both are $12.95. The De Pinna ensembles include a blue-and-white striped cotton play suit which, despite its princesse lines, ends in shorts and has a white sailcloth wraparound skirt and a short-sleeved bolero. A spun-rayon one-piece play suit with a halter top and pleated shorts, at $10.95, has a tricky printed piqué dress to go over it; the trick is that the lumberjack top and the skirt are unobtrusively buttoned together and are therefore detachable. The dress is $15.95.

BECAUSE of the youth of her clientele, Mary Lewis shows the briefest of two-piece suits, such as striped rayon seersucker ones with a narrow ruffle on the bra top and at the hem of the skirt. Girls with a good tan might also like an ensemble, in a beige-and-brown rayon-and-wool leopard-cat print, that has a halter bra, short shorts, and a thigh-length sarong skirt; $11.95 for the entire nonsense. A new kind of waistband is used in some rayon gabardine shorts and skirts in white or in dark or bright colors; there's a drawstring at the top that, by some necromancy, makes the waist look snug and flat, without so much as a pucker. These shorts and skirts button down the side and have stitched-down box pleats, and you can pack them nice and flat; $4.95 and $7.95, respectively. Mary Lewis also offers as a substitute for the hard-to-find terry-cloth beach robe a white rayon-and-cotton machine-knit tailored one. The material has a bouclé look. A set-in belt and the traditional patch pockets appear on this robe, and it's $11.95. And you'll see a fine sweater here—a handmade, bulky wool cardigan with cable stitching down the front and the outside of the sleeves; $12.95, in white, navy, or pastels.

THERE'S a Little Lord Fauntleroy bathing suit at Peck & Peck made of black spun rayon, and it couldn't be sissier; white lace edges the collar in front of a halter-backed top and more of it appears at the top of the scalloped shorts. Most surprising. There is also a very naked affair in bright spun rayon with a halter-bra top, which ends in a white braid dog collar around the neck, and straight shorts with white braid down the sides. Both these suits are $12.95. There are navy-and-white plaid rayon taffeta sun suits with gath-

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ered halter tops and shorts that resemble skirts, pleasantly priced at $7.95. One of the prettiest three-piece sun-suit ensembles in town is here, in a turquoise-blue spun rayon with a bare-midriff top, an unexpected round, high neck, straight shorts, and a dirndl skirt with white rickrack trimming. Then there is washable cotton corduroy in beige or pastel colors, made up into two-piece sun suits with bra tops and shorts, full-length or short slacks, fly-front skirts, and cardigans or jackets; you choose the pieces for your ensemble. There's even a jockey cap, for goodness' sake. You might look, too, at a white corded rayon play dress with a set-in waistline and a separate skirt buttoned down the front in a familiar but beloved style; it's $25, and you could wear it on a tennis court, too.

AT MACY'S-BY-THE-SEA: What Macy calls Shirttail beach coats, which are only oversize men's shirts in plaid or printed cotton or solid-color spun rayon.... Two-piece bathing suits made of water-repellent satiny raincoat fabric, with an ample bra for largish figures; $4.97.... Two-piece red and white checked rayon seersucker suits with white fringe edging the bra top and the skirt, whose apron front and back give it a sort of cowgirl look.... Black rayon jersey one-piece bathing suits with that one-bare-shoulder décolletage, in this instance trimmed with a bright-colored band of rayon; $9.54.

At Bloomingdale: a bathing suit for a musical-comedy French maid, of gray chambray with white eyelet embroidery outlining the apron front.... And white sharkskin items to be assembled as you like—play suits with a halter-bra top, straight or pleated shorts, kick-pleat skirts, slacks, and short-sleeved tailored jackets with patch pockets, all at $2.50 to $7.95 apiece, and one of those Standbys.

Now all you have to do is get yourself a figure. —L. L.

•

Wendell Willkie is dead. Franklin D. Roosevelt is dead. So are thousands of others who indulged in the doubtful pleasure of inhaling tobacco smoke.—*From a letter in the Phoenix Arizona Press.*

Including Sir Walter Raleigh.

•

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THE RACE TRACK

Looking Forward

EVERYTHING about racing looks so rosy that I am tempted to pretend that horses aren't sniffling and sneezing all over the place. Not even the research men have found out what causes this coughing sickness, as horsemen call it, although they have investigated the subject rather thoroughly. The veterinarians have tried every remedy except a Tibetan devil dance to immunize animals against it. Nevertheless, it breaks out almost simultaneously at the New York, Maryland, and Kentucky tracks every spring and puts a great many two-year-olds and three-year-olds out of commission. It's a sort of cold in the head, accompanied by a cough and fever, that may last for a few days or for weeks. Trainers go glassy-eyed at the thought of it, because a colt who has the cough can't be trained for at least a month after he recovers. Even if he's well cared for, he may develop pneumonia, or his wind may be permanently affected, which is what happened to Johnstown, one of the fastest horses I've ever seen. Oh well, if it isn't one thing, it's another.

There haven't been so many well-fed, lively racers on Long Island in years. The last time someone counted noses there were nearly two thousand of them. Perhaps the main reason this season is going to be especially interesting is that it isn't starting out with a collection of jaded animals just released from a long round of winter and early-spring meetings.

AFTER an energetic spell of horse-watching, I have found a few good racers to follow. No 100-to-1 shots, though. My list includes Devil Diver, Apache, Pavot, and Free for All. Devil Diver, of course, would be on any list. He was the best of the handicap division last year, and he hasn't slipped any since then. I chose Apache because I want a sprinter; besides, he's an old pet of mine. However, when racing opens at Belmont next week, it might be well to bear in mind that Apache has never won over that track. Pavot has so much distinction that it would be difficult to find much of anything wrong with him. There are paddock sharps, I know, who insist that he hasn't the conformation of a stayer. But then, critics said the same thing about Man o' War once. Please don't misunderstand me, though; Pavot isn't quite another Man o' War in my book. As for Free for All, his looks were nothing to cheer about when I saw him last autumn, but he could run. From all accounts, he hasn't grown handsomer, but he still can run. As a matter of fact, if he doesn't win the Kentucky Derby, I'll be surprised.

PROBABLY the most talked-of three-year-old at Belmont is a colt named Hoop Jr., who has been turning in one fast workout after another. Until a fortnight ago, almost nobody paid any attention to him, because last summer he won only a couple of minor races in New England. I daresay it's a matter of small interest to anyone, but I prefer Alexis to Hoop Jr. Alexis, as you know, beat The Doge (horseplayers still call him The Doggie) and Bobanet, whom I had a hot tip on, at Pimlico last week. It's one thing to gallop fast in the morning, as Hoop Jr. has been doing, and something else again to win in the afternoon. I might as well add here that Flood Town is the sleekest, shiniest colt I've seen this season and that Sun Herod is the most improved of the Brookmeade Stable lot.

WANDERING around Belmont in the rain the other morning, I saw William Helis's Pericles, the $66,000 yearling of 1943, do a slow half-mile paced by his stablemate, Rick's Raft, whom the clockers call Riff Raff. The gingerly way Pericles walked after the workout prevents me from submitting an unreservedly enthusiastic report on him. He is a big fellow now, and reminds me a little of Purchase, a famous racer you may have forgotten. He's more beautiful, and I use that treacherous word advisedly, than Purchase. In fact, he's so handsome he should be under glass.

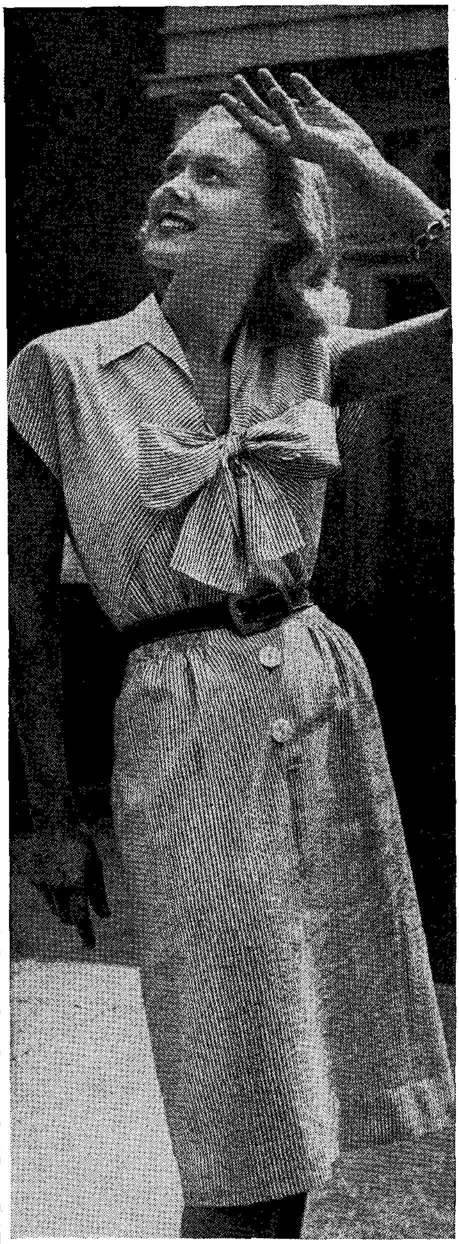
—AUDAX MINOR

•

Q. Who would a serviceman overseas see about getting a Class-E allotment of pay for his wife?

A. The serviceman need only file suit with white accessories and a corsage of light pink carnations and white sweet peas.
—*Royal Oak (Mich.) Daily Tribune.*

Next question.



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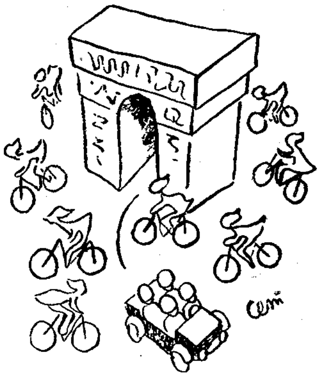
PRETZELS AND ICE CREAM

ONE night a few weeks ago my wife and I had dinner up on Morningside Drive, in the apartment of someone we've recently got to know, a serious-looking, scholarly bachelor whom I shall call Bauer. He teaches in the Schools of Art and Architecture at Columbia. We had seen him only a couple of times before, in the homes of academic friends, and each time he had impressed us with his learning and his preoccupation with the field of art. Romanesque sculpture in southern France, symbolism in the Ravenna mosaics—that was the sort of thing Bauer talked about, and we were rather surprised when he called us up and invited us to have dinner with him. It turned out that it was a chance remark of my wife's about her liking for Pennsylvania Dutch folk art that had prompted the invitation; the moment we entered Bauer's apartment we saw that he had quite a collection of the stuff, and he told us, when we remarked on it, that he was a native of Reading. "A wonderful old town," he said enthusiastically. "Full of Pennsylvania Dutch art and architecture, full of good old traditions. Full of good cooking, too. I'm going to give you a real Reading dinner tonight. I hope you'll like it."

Bauer is such an ascetic-looking chap that we hardly expected him to express this interest in food, and we were increasingly surprised after we sat down at table. It was anything but an ascetic meal that he served us, and anything but an ordinary one.



Hors d'oeuvres appeared first, consisting of a kind of pickled Brussels sprout which Bauer told us his sister in Reading had put up in jars according to an old Pennsylvania Dutch recipe. The sprouts were pungent, and a good deal better than they may sound. Then there was a fine shad, baked by Bauer himself in a slow oven for five hours, so that all but the largest bones had dissolved, permeating the fish with their flavor. No citizen of Reading, we were informed, would tolerate shad that had been boned in advance, as is so often done in New York markets—that was a quick-and-easy, insipid method of preparation. With the shad came a dish of dandelion greens in a tart sauce, or "hot dressing," as Bauer called it. This course was accompanied by a bottle of Château Yquem '29. A real Reading meal included at least one French touch, our host told us; Huguenots had been among the town's first settlers and had left their mark upon its customs. And finally, for dessert, Bauer set before us a bowl of homemade strawberry ice cream and a platter of pretzels.

"I apologize heartily for the pretzels," he said, glancing at us rather sharply. "Not for *having* them, of course. I hope you don't think that I'm serving them because I couldn't find any cake or cookies—there are plenty of those to be had. I serve pretzels because they're the best thing in the world to eat with ice cream; it's a favorite combination in Reading. I apologize because these particular pretzels are such a pathetic substitute for the real thing."

He didn't give us time to reply before he continued, "They're made in Reading, of course. Most pretzels are, even the inferior ones like these, which you can buy in New York, as you may have noticed from the package labels. But the best pretzels don't travel. They're rather like a perishable wine in that respect, delicious on the spot but too fragile to be any good after they are shipped and reach anywhere else. Pretzels made for export have to be debased—made with tougher, inferior dough and covered with this shiny lye varnish." Bauer's lips curled a little as he looked at the pretzel he was holding. "Even so," he said firmly, "they're the best thing in the world to eat with ice cream."

Feeling rather strange, my wife and I ate the delicious ice cream and nibbled tentatively at our pretzels, which seemed like perfectly respectable pretzels to us, and we were forced to admit that the combination wasn't bad at all. The salty crispness of the pretzels contrasted agreeably with the sweet, smooth, cold mouthfuls of ice cream, and our host beamed when we thanked him for enlarging our experience in a direction so totally unexpected.

"Whenever we had ice cream at home when I was a boy," he said, "my mother gave me a dime and sent me to one particular pretzel factory called the

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Adams Pretzel Company. It was a quaint-looking old place with an entrance off the street in a kind of tunnel, with very nice brick barrel vaulting on the ceiling. It was always dark and cool, even in summer, when you turned off the street into that alley, though once you got into the factory salesroom it was hot enough. The pretzels we used to get at Adams's were particularly good—the very best, even in Reading. Much larger than these miserable things we're eating now, though not as large as those huge caricatures you see hanging on pushcarts in Central Park. And not soft, like some of the so-called pretzels you get in New York restaurants, but with a less plaster-of-Paris kind of crispness than these. Oh, they were perfect, particularly with ice cream! We used to get a dozen for a dime. I wonder if they're still making them. They were still going strong five or six years ago, I know, but a lot of things have changed since then—even in Reading, I daresay."

Bauer hadn't been back in Reading, he told us, except for an occasional weekend visit, since before Pearl Harbor. "We've been working double time at the university," he said, "what with all these naval architects, and all the military people studying about European monuments and museums, and such. The whole semester and vacation system—the entire aspect of university life, in fact—has been altered almost beyond recognition. But I'm going to have a couple of free days toward the end of next week, and I'm going to spend them at home. I'll go round to the Adams factory and get a few of their pretzels for you, if they're still in business. I can't guarantee what condition they'll be in by the time they get to New York, but I'll do the best I can."

We told Bauer that would be very kind of him indeed, and we spent the rest of the evening pleasantly, looking over his Pennsylvania Dutch collection and talking about things that it brought to mind. He told us a little more about Reading, of which he was indeed a loyal son: about the traditional yet progressive spirit of its citizens and the peaceful, non-strident atmosphere of the place. Then, after a nightcap or two of excellent Scotch, we thanked him for his hospitality and went home.

BAUER was as good as his word about sending us some Reading pretzels. One afternoon a couple of weeks after we had been at his apartment, a small candy box was left for us at our hotel.

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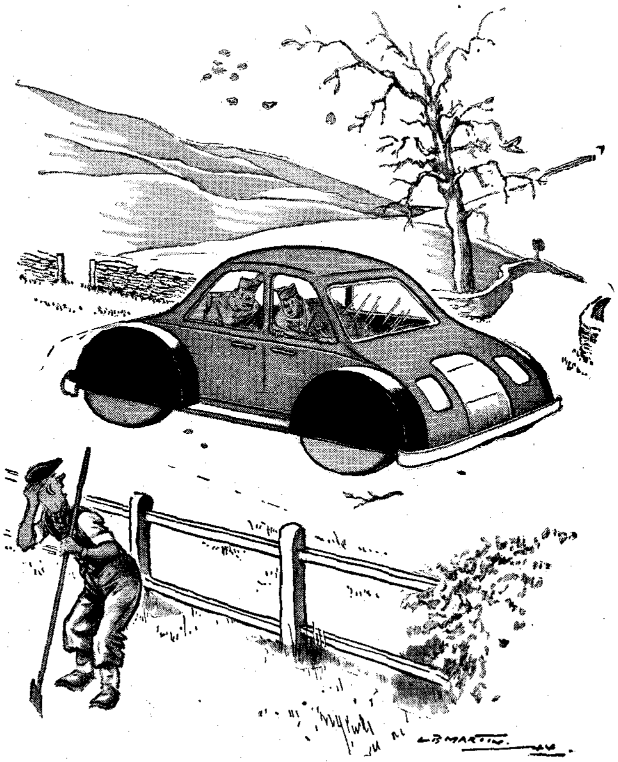
Elizabeth Arden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AFTER SHAVING

The desk clerk who received the package said that it had been delivered by a Western Union messenger who told him it was fragile and should be given special handling. It was strangely light. On opening it we found that it contained three pretzels. Although they had been carefully packed between layers of what appeared to be Kleenex, two of them were in fragments. The one that survived was about four by six inches. They were rather full-bodied, of a very light color, and with an almost unglazed surface. With them, in quite the formal manner, lay Bauer's card.

We sent at once to the drugstore for some ice cream, and when it arrived we ate the combination appraisingly. There was no question but that the pretzels in our gift package were superior to those we had eaten at Bauer's apartment. They crunched far more agreeably and had an elusive, almost nutty flavor. We were very pleased with them, and my wife called up Bauer to say so.

She was struck by the gloomy tone of his reply. "I'm glad you enjoyed them," he said hollowly. "They were the best I could find. But they're not Adams pretzels."

"Not Adams!" my wife cried, feeling a dismay that startled her.

"No, unfortunately not," our scholar friend said. "I went to the Adams place, but the door in that tunnel with the brick barrel vaulting I told you about was locked, and nobody answered when I knocked. I continued down the alleyway to where it opened into a courtyard—excellent brickwork everywhere, by the way, quite characteristic of Reading—and there was an old man sweeping the cobblestones. I asked him about the pretzel factory and where I could find the salesroom, and he tipped his hat and said, 'Bless you, sir, they haven't been making pretzels here for three and a half years.' "

"Did he really say 'Bless you, sir,' Mr. Bauer?" my wife couldn't help asking.

Bauer's voice brightened a bit. "Indeed he did," he said proudly. "It did my heart good to hear him, too. It

made me realize that I was back home again, and that some things in Reading were unchanged, even if the Adamses weren't making pretzels any more. The old man told me that the elder Mr. Adams had died and that the son had taken over and was making munitions or something in one of the other wings of the factory, with an entrance on the next street. I suppose young Adams found it too hard to get the proper pretzel ingredients," Bauer said, with a sigh. "Just like everything else nowadays. So I thanked the old man and went to the next-best pretzel factory in Reading," he added. "It's a place we naturally never used to have occasion to patronize, but it was always known to be the next best to the Adams's. This other plant is still making pretzels, and so it was their pretzels I bought. They're *pretty* good; they give you a faint, wartime idea of what really good pretzels used to taste like."

My wife assured him that we, in our ignorance, had found them excellent, and Bauer said, "By the way, I was ashamed to send you only three, but of the whole package I brought with me to New York, only those three remained intact. That is, they were intact when I packed them for you. Were they still, when you opened the box?"

"Well," my wife said hesitantly, "one of them was perfect. And the other two tasted just as good, even if they were cracked up a bit."

A real happiness, a quality almost of scholarly jubilee or hallelujah, suddenly entered Bauer's voice, my wife says, when she told him that. "Two of the three were broken, you say?" he exclaimed. "But that is most gratifying news, most gratifying! You know, so *very* many pretzels in the package were broken by the time I got to New York yesterday that I must confess I began to wonder if I hadn't been guilty of unfairness toward that second-best pretzel company all these years. What you say makes me pretty sure I *was* unfair. All but one pretzel broken! Think of that! It's a comfort, in this day and age, to know of *one* place that's keeping up its standards."

—FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

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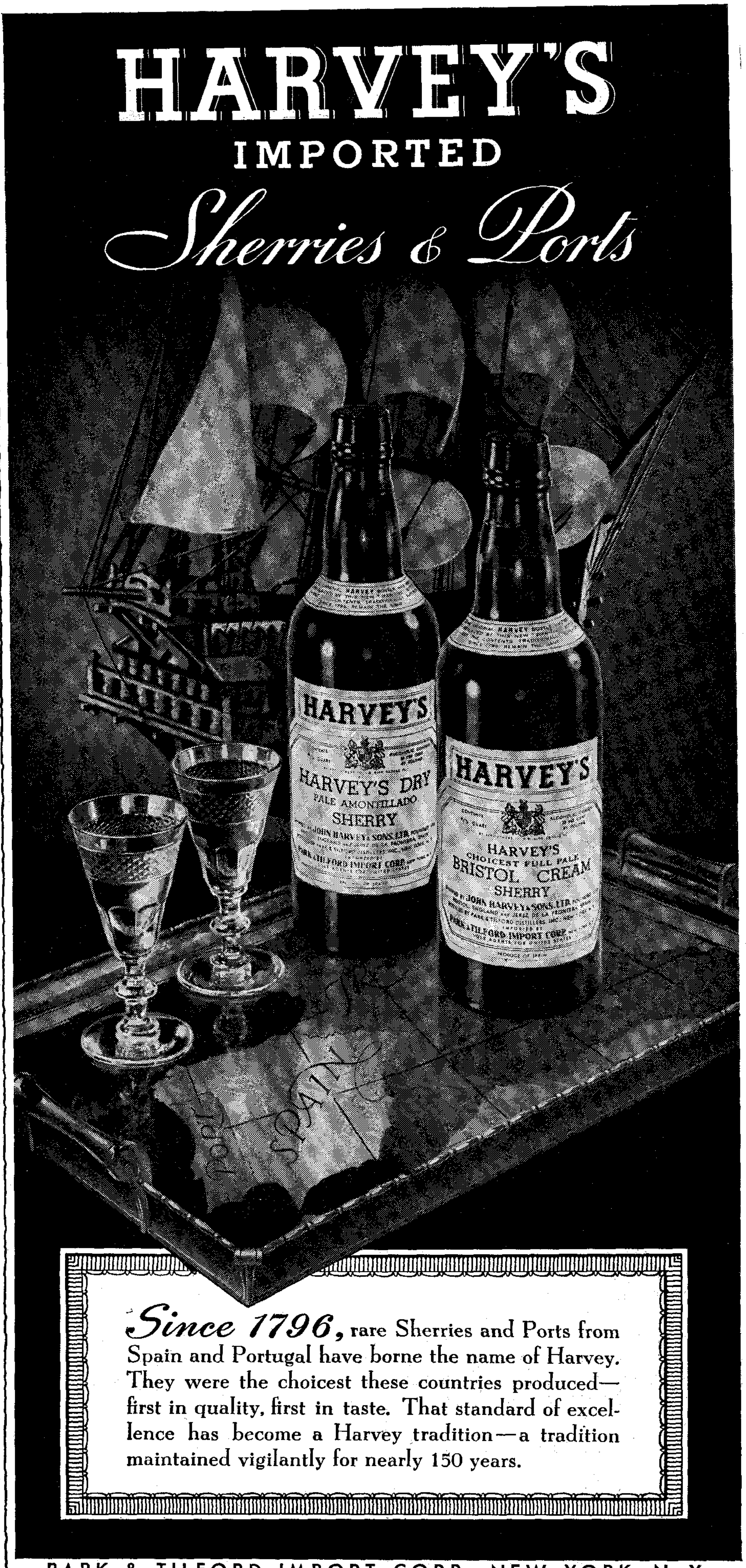
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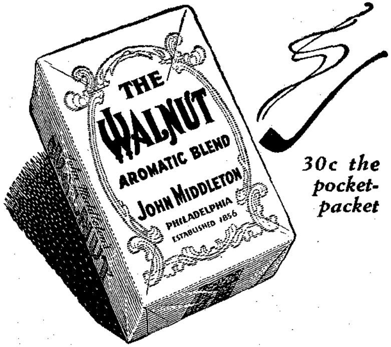

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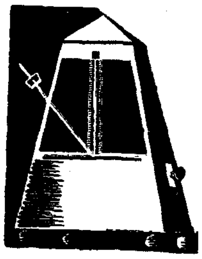
MUSICAL EVENTS

Returns of the Season

The San Carlo Opera Company, which has been on tour all season, turned up at the Center Theatre last week for a series of performances that will continue through this Sunday evening. As you probably know, it is the San Carlo policy to accentuate the operatic positives. The group devotes itself to the familiar repertoire and treats the standard works to traditional but enthusiastic productions. The singers seem to have the knack of going about their business as if each appearance were something special in their lives. Their enthusiasm communicates itself to the audiences, too.



Many of the San Carlo performances this year are in charge of a new conductor. He is Nicholas Rescigno, and, from what I've seen and heard of him, he has unusual talents. He registers the dramatic high spots decisively, keeps things moving briskly, and even has reasonable success in the difficult job of maintaining contact with his singers across the broad stage apron that separates the orchestra from the vocalists at the Center. Fortune Gallo, the managing director of the company, has assembled a well-balanced assortment of voices and most of them are effective in their assignments. By and large, the San Carlo acting is rather conventional, but a few novel bits were trotted out by the children's chorus in "Carmen," the first-night presentation. These young people, who are members of the Children's Opera Company of New York City, made a hit on their own that evening, especially the smallest one of the lot, who showed signs of being a born show-stopper.

Martha Graham and her Dance Company visited at the National Theatre for a week and brought along several new productions, including two of Miss Graham's most striking creations—"Appalachian Spring" and "Herodiade." "Appalachian Spring" is a Pennsylvania episode told by suggestion. There is no story, in the usual sense; a bride and bridegroom, a woman pioneer, and a revivalist and his followers merely indicate joy, devotion, exaltation, and other pertinent emotions. A sequence by Merce Cunningham, as the revivalist, is especially notable. The production was richly imaginative throughout and at times richly humorous, too. The score by Aaron Copland is charming and apposite, suggesting the freshness of spring in a skillfully unobtrusive manner.

"Herodiade," which is danced to restrainedly eloquent music by Paul Hindemith, is a kind of psychological dance duet for Miss Graham and May O'Donnell. Miss Graham portrays a woman who waits for something. What it is is unknown to her (and, I should add, to the audience). As she waits, "a mirror provokes an anguish of scrutiny," as the program note explains. Finally, she achieves self-knowledge and acceptance of her mysterious destiny. "Herodiade" is, as this may have indicated, somewhat enigmatic, but the performance of Miss Graham is a masterpiece of moods and Miss O'Donnell's contribution is also superb.

The American Youth Orchestra, which made an impressive début early in the season, returned to Carnegie Hall last week for a second concert. The group is made up of alert, well-trained young instrumentalists who play with enormous spirit under the energetic and knowing direction of their conductor, Dean Dixon. Brahms' fourth symphony received a robust performance and its first and last movements a particularly good one. The orchestra also did well by two novelties—George Kleinsinger's "Overture on American Folk Themes" and Dante Fiorillo's Introduction and Passacaglia. Both new works are well written, if perhaps not outstanding among the season's "firsts." The soloist, Regina Resnik, sang operatic airs in a fashion that demonstrated again her great vocal gifts and dramatic ability, but her tone was occasionally uneven.

—Robert A. Simon

•

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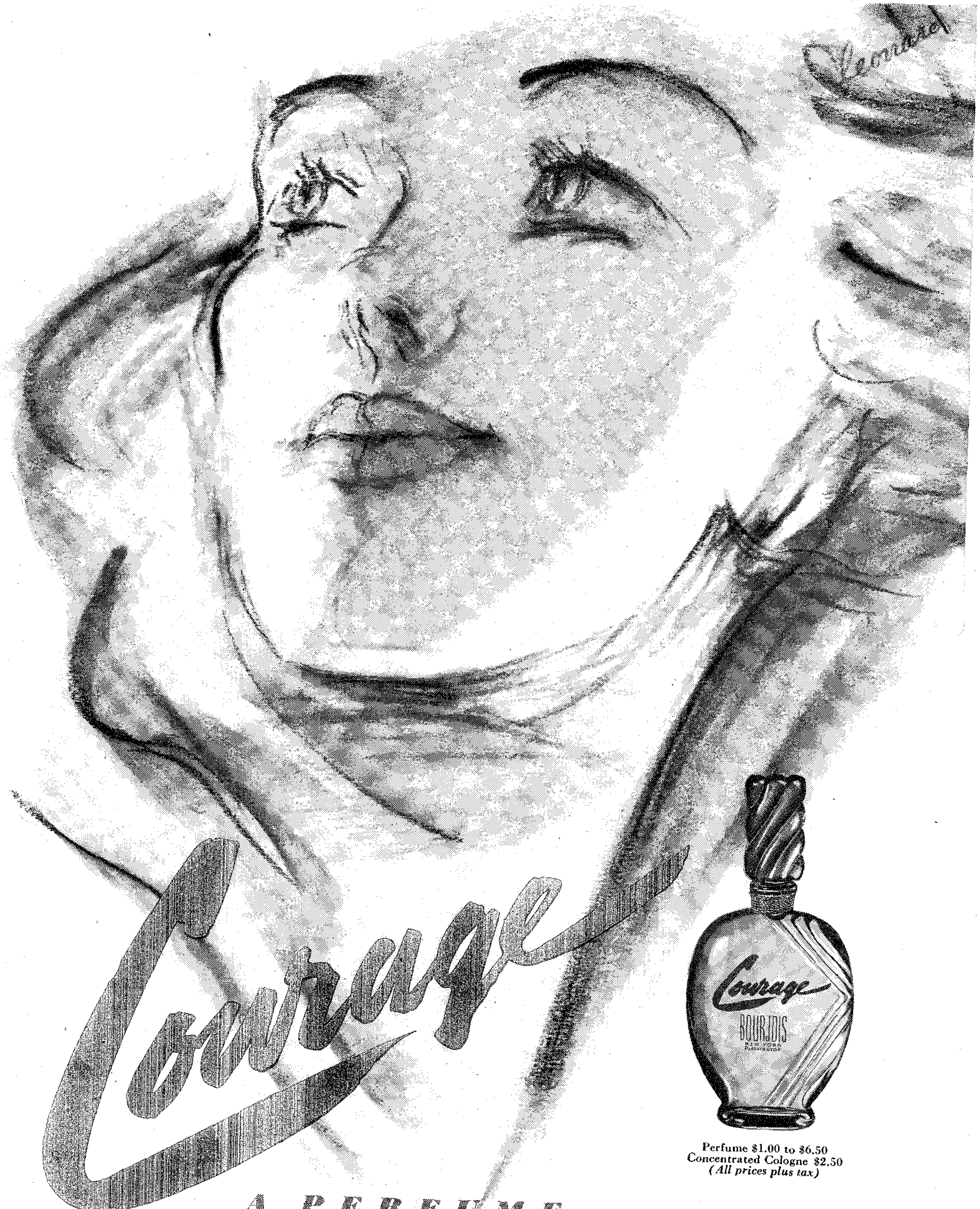
How it creeps and moans!
How deathly still my mother is,
How queerly sick my father looks!
And me in the hall,
My hair sticking into my ears. . . .
"*O God,*
Take not thy Holy Spirit from me!"

—Maude Phelps Hutchins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Because tomorrow, who can tell? He may want stuff I have to sell,
And in that case, then glad he'll be To spend his dollars all with me.

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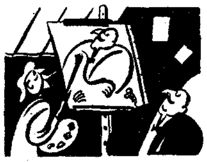
THE ART GALLERIES

Water Colors and Oils

WATER color has always been a sort of stepchild of the arts, but it has been less so in this country than in most others, where its subservience to oil painting is even more pronounced. For this fact we unquestionably have Winslow Homer to thank. Homer not only came very close to inventing Impressionism all by himself in his oil painting; in water color, he was the first great liberating influence we have had. The Brooklyn Museum's big new loan exhibition, a survey of the progress of the medium from the early eighteen-hundreds to the present, called "American Watercolor and Winslow Homer," reveals how truly important a figure he was historically.



Homer dominates the show perhaps more than is strictly justified, but there are enough earlier pieces to indicate what the medium was like before he took hold of it. It was used mainly either for what amounted to colored architectural renditions, such as "views" of the city, like John William Hill's "Broadway and Rector Street," or for half-naïve romantic landscapes, like Phoebe Mitchell's "The Plot." Both varieties were really no more than tinted drawings, and even such far more talented artists as Thomas Eakins, George Inness, and John La Farge, who were in general Homer's contemporaries, followed much the same pattern or else—as in Eakins' "John Biglen in a Single Scull" and Inness's "Niagara Falls," which are in the show—used water color merely to make color sketches for projected oil paintings.

Homer's own early work is open to much the same criticism, but even in it, particularly "Spring" and the delightfully sunny "The Sick Chicken," both done in the eighteen-seventies, he reveals an affinity for the medium that the others lacked, and in a very short time he had outstripped them in his handling. More and more, as the years went on, one finds him really using the paper, as the oil painter uses canvas, to suggest texture and color, while the color itself becomes steadily crisper and more transparent. All this time, though, he had been painting mainly genre subjects, and it wasn't till he turned his attention to the north woods and the sea that he really reached maturity; almost instantly, it would seem, his style changed. Drawing gave way to modelling, while his whole approach became incomparably swifter and more fluent.

He was truly *painting* in water color now, with a directness and sensitivity that few men before him had dreamed of. He had learned, too—I sometimes think too well—all the little economies that the water-color technique makes possible, the deft touches and still defter omissions which add brilliance and interest to the medium. In the end, he went too far in that direction, and such late Nassau pieces as "Rum Cay" and "The Turtle Pound" look, despite their surface effectiveness, a little artificial in consequence. But there is no denying the complete assurance he attained in the medium, and there is a succinct authority about "The Rapids," "Boy Fishing," "Breaking Wave on Shore Line," and the marvellously vivid "The Coming Storm," all done after 1890, that puts them close to the category of real masterpieces.

I think the show errs in giving Homer credit for almost all developments in water color since his time. He was a liberating influence, it is true, but if he was the "father" of all modern American water color, it was an involved parentage, for on the one hand a good many of the devices he discovered have degenerated into mere tricks in lesser hands, while on the other his effect by now has been affected by such more recent factors as the impact of Impressionism and Cubism. Only six men since Homer are included in the show, all but one contemporaries and all with sizable sections of their own, and of these at least three—Maurice Prendergast, John Marin, and Adolf Dehn—clearly owe more to modern French influences than they do to Homer.

Of the others, Edward Hopper is perhaps the one nearest to the direct line of Homer's succession, though even he could hardly have painted "Skylights," all straight lines and angles, if the Cubists hadn't accustomed us to seeing beauty in such unromantic material. Hopper has some excellent things in the show, notably "Adam's House" and the cluster of buildings around a lighthouse called "Cape Elizabeth," both alive with that wonderful ability of his to suggest the solidity of structures and the contrasting emptiness of

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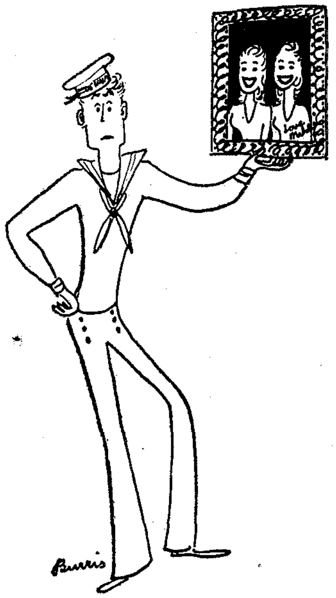

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the air around them. Marin, too, is well represented, particularly by his dark, beautifully organized "Pertaining to Deer Isle—The Harbor, No. 1," plus a fine, almost skeletally simplified "Tree, Cape Split, Maine." Charles Burchfield and Reginald Marsh complete the showing and take us farther from Homer than ever—Burchfield in the direction of the nineteenth-century realists and Marsh toward Tiepolo and the baroque. I'd like to point out that with these last two men things seem to have come full circle, as far as the methods of water color are concerned, for both use what is primarily an oil technique—opaque, carefully drawn, and more or less what it was when Homer started.

AS I've remarked before, a new school of painting is developing in this country. It is small as yet, no bigger than a baby's fist, but it is noticeable if you get around the galleries much. It partakes a little of Surrealism and still more of Expressionism, and although its main current is still muddy and its direction obscure, one can make out bits of Hans Arp and Joan Miró floating in it, together with large chunks of Picasso and occasional fragments of such more recondite influences as the ancient Byzantine painters and mosaicists and the African Negro sculptors. It is more emotional than logical in expression, and you may not like it (I don't either, entirely), but it can't escape attention. This week there are no less than three exhibitions—Arthur Zaidenberg at the A.C.A., Arnold Blanch at Associated American, both closing this Saturday, and a group collection at the 67 Gallery—which are related to it.

Of the three, I thought the Zaidenberg show was the most successful. The group at the 67 Gallery, with Mark Rothko, Jackson Pollock, Arshile Gorky, and Charles Seliger, among others, represents the extreme left of the movement, and Arnold Blanch, a recent convert to the school, is still too preoccupied with his new technique to be fully convincing. Zaidenberg, though perhaps more superficial, is by far the most adept, and he has a real gift for the graphic. Steering closer to pure Surrealism than the others, and using a strong touch of satire, he has produced a series of paintings that are at once witty, vivid, and effective. I liked best "Pilloried," "The Matriarch," and "Return to the Womb," each one a complete little moral fable on its own.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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LAURETTE TAYLOR and EDDIE DOWLING in
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Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
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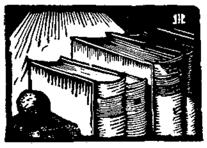
BOOKS

White Peaks and Limpid Lakes: A Novel about Nevada



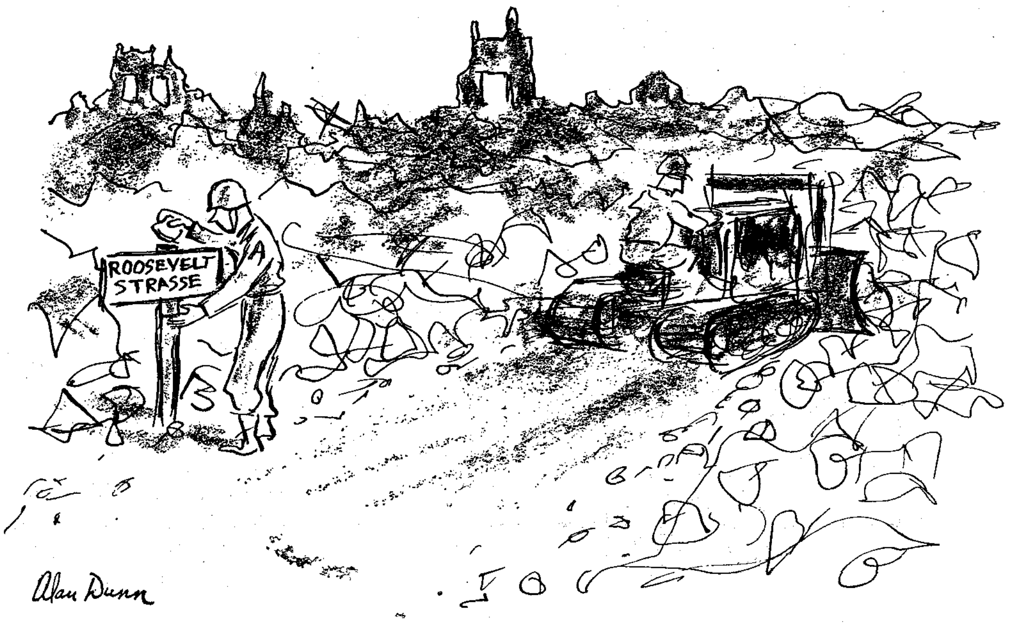
"THE CITY OF TREMBLING LEAVES," by Walter Van Tilburg Clark (Random House), is a book of which the faults and the virtues are combined in an unusual way and which may baffle or give pause to the reviewer. I have not read "The Ox-Bow Incident," the earlier novel by Mr. Clark, but I gather that it was short and dramatic. "The City of Trembling Leaves" is neither. It is a long history of a young composer growing up in Reno, Nevada, and it manages to be undramatic with a consistency that seems to be not deliberate but the result of a complete indifference to the ways in which stories are conventionally built (the author *can* tell a good story when it happens to work out that way, as is demonstrated by the chapter on the track meet). Mr. Clark takes us, episode by episode, through the protracted adolescence of his hero with what, aside from the literary proficiency, would seem almost the innocence of adolescence itself. He gives us Tim Hazard's first parties, his camping trips, his training as a tennis player, his achievements as a runner in high school, his exploits of necking with the more eager girls and his chivalrous romantic fantasies about others, his juvenile formulations of ideas and his grandiose free-verse poetry, on a scale so enormous that we are led to believe—since the author seems to know what he is doing—that all this is eventually to be justified by being invested with significance in the light of what is afterward to happen. Yet when we glance back at the first part from the end, it still looks like a youthful diary full of ambitions, obsessions, and tempests that seem absurdly out of proportion to their causes.

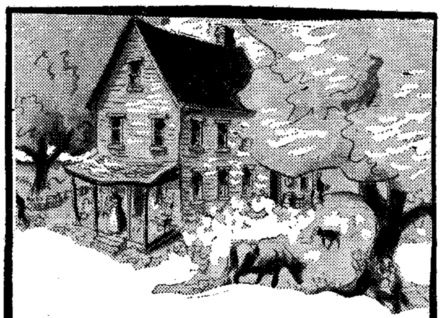
There are moments when you think that Tim Hazard is going to get away from Nevada and find his place in a larger world, but he never travels farther than Beverly Hills. There are moments, as the story goes interminably on and Tim is still playing the piano in California night clubs and burning his half-baked scores, when you conclude that he is to be shown as an example of a man of potential genius who falls victim to a provincial environment, but in the end he comes back to Reno and marries his first schoolboy love and succeeds in composing a symphony—on the subject of his native city—which is apparently to satisfy him at last. Was this symphony really good? Was it ever played? We ought to know, but we are never told.

The book is full of false leads to interest. There is a friend, for example, a painter—again we never know whether he is really good—who refuses to work for money but lives with, and more or less on, a rich girl friend. The contradictions of this situation seem to be driving him to tragic collapse, and he does flee, from Beverly Hills to Death Valley, where we assume he is to perish like McTeague; but Tim Hazard comes by and picks him up, and they spend a pleasant holiday together with friendly people in a little hotel there. Again, the hero, in his school days, falls in love with a purposeful and serious girl who stimulates him to self-improvement and who is sufficiently superior to the other local girls to make him feel that they are impossible for him. You expect something to come of this: you think either that he will finally win her or that she will reappear and cause a disaster—as in Dreiser's "An American Tragedy"—after he has pledged himself to the more commonplace Mary. But neither happens; nothing happens. Rachel goes away to college and later becomes a social worker; she comes back once to Reno, and she and Tim have a day in the mountains which seems to make one of the high points of his life. But he is too shy to make love to her then, and afterward he simply loses track of her. This is, of course, the kind of thing that often happens, but the novel reader feels he has been cheated. Tim Hazard seems an idiot about women—priggish, timid, and at the same time egoistic—and you never know how far the author identifies his point of view with Tim's.

You decide, when you are approaching the close, that the whole book is a first installment of one of those long biographical novels, an American "Jean-Christophe," and that the themes are to be further developed and the ultimate judgments conveyed in a succession of later volumes. But this turns out to be not the case. The author, who writes the story in the rôle of a friend of the hero's, ends by telling us of visiting the Hazards six years after their marriage and of finding them productive and happy. They have permanently settled in Reno, they have two delightful children, and Mary, as she goes about her housework, is singing bits of Tim's new oratorio. Thus the reader is left rather blank. He had assumed that the author was preparing for Tim some bitter ordeal or frustration or some unexpected self-fulfillment. But the suspense has been entirely an illusion created by the reader himself. The author has not been leading up to anything except the reversion of the hero to his origins, and not even this is made dramatic, as it might conceivably be, by showing that the Tim who returns has seen the world and found that what is in it is no different from his home town—because Tim has not known the world, and he has not even had the gumption to make any determined play for his ideal woman, Rachel.

This is so far an unpromising account of "The City of Trembling Leaves,"





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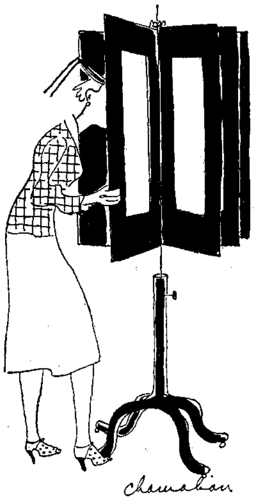
and you may think that you will not want to read it. Yet long though it is and immature though it is and unskillfully managed though it is—the author is always impeding his own progress with flashbacks which last so long that they become confused with the present, and crowding out his human beings with mountain landscapes that cover pages—in spite of all this, if you start the novel, you are likely to read it through without skipping, for the author has got what it takes to make the reader become involved in his imaginative experience and to keep him under the spell of his writing. The real triumph of Mr. Clark is that he makes you accept his story of a coming of age in Reno entirely on its own terms. You so completely live the life of these young people that you hardly think to question their importance or the meaning of what they are doing. Above all, you enjoy their life: the camping trips and mountain walks and musical evenings at Carmel and nights of drinking in lonely bars are all made so enchanting or so amiable that we rarely become impatient at being compelled to take part in so many of them. What the book lacks in point and intensity it more or less makes up for in felicity—a felicity of both spirit and style.

For "The City of Trembling Leaves" is not, as my description may suggest, a book like the novels of Thomas Wolfe, in which the author pours out streams of language in a lava that is always amorphous and that may or may not be incandescent. The writing of Mr. Clark's novel, though it sometimes gives an effect of dilution, of needing to be compressed and trimmed, has a literary sureness and a purity of taste rather rare in American fiction; it is natural without being colloquial in the conventional Hemingway manner—quite free from either selfconsciousness or effort. He slips sometimes, as if without knowing the difference, into images that are insipid or banal, but he can more often set flowing phrases which are at once precise and fresh. The paragraphs are fluid and pellucid, full of day and of cold Nevada shade—a little thin, a little lightheaded, like the air in the Sierras itself, but exhilarating and almost exalting. The landscapes are especially remarkable. There are lakes so deep, limpid, and still that we can glide on them like gulls in the air, and "pale, painted turbulent mountains, range after range toward the sky which curves beyond the shoulder of the world." And the great bulk of upland basins and naked peaks that challenge and sustain and threaten may become as insubstantial as the blue clear skies or the thunderheads of purple cloud, coloring or chilling with emotion, brightening or fading with thought. And there are fugitive sensations of boyhood on green lawns and in big wooden houses of a mountain-bound Western city: "The colored woman grinned at him suddenly, almost explosively, and then included Tim in the grin. The abundance of her affection and jollity was alive in the room without her having said a word. It beat back the faint melancholy and secrecy of dying sunlight among the vines which covered the windows."



This book is a Far Western book, and, like the fiction of the Pacific slope, like John Steinbeck and William Saroyan, it does not quite meet the requirements of an Easterner. It seems too easygoing and good-natured, too lacking in organization, always dissolving into an even sunshine, always circumventing by ample detours what one expects to be sharp or direct. There is an element in all this fiction that seems to us "goofy" or "corny." Yet it cannot be said that the East has had lately so much to show that is better; and it is one of the signs of the vitality of writing in the United States that the Pacific coast should be producing a literature of its own, appropriate to its temper and climate, and almost as independent of New England, New York, and the South as it is of current fashions in Europe. The prose of "The City of Trembling Leaves" has been produced for and by Nevada, and Mr. Clark, when he has matured beyond Tim Hazard, may turn out to be a very fine writer. Already he has here asserted, with considerable literary effectiveness, the energy, the excitement, the hope which can generate itself in the West in a community that may look mediocre—the immense creative dreams that reach out, amid spaces which may seem to make a vacuum, and grope for materials to master. The United States faces today toward the West as well as the East, and the West Coast is working out its own cul-

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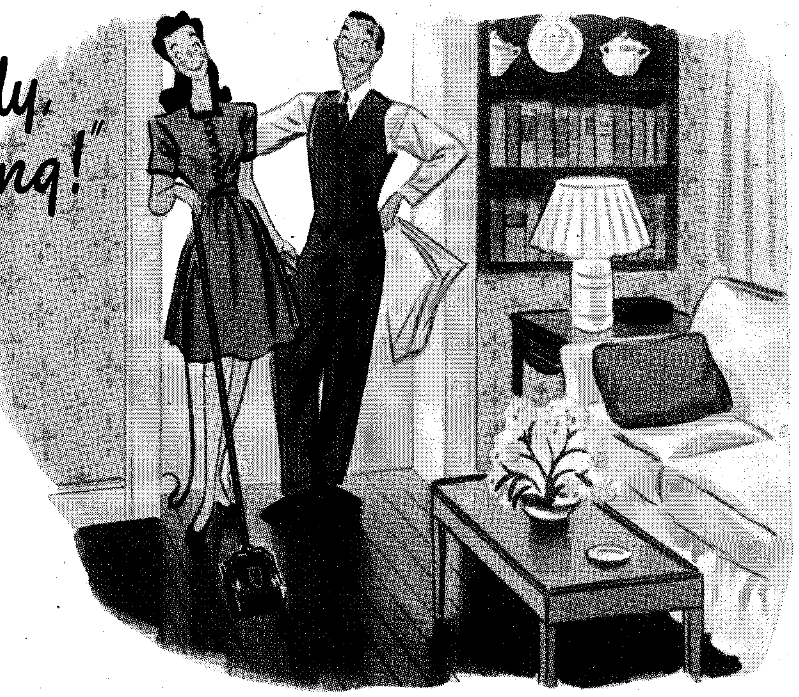

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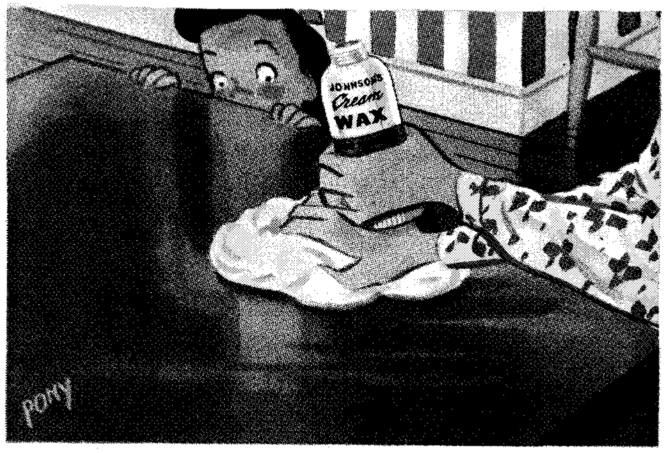

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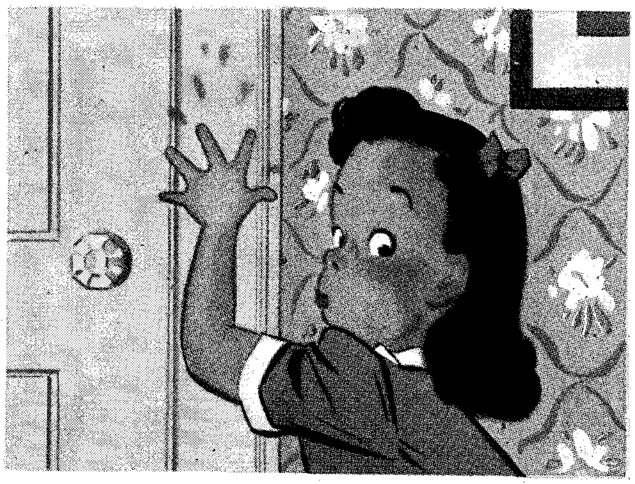

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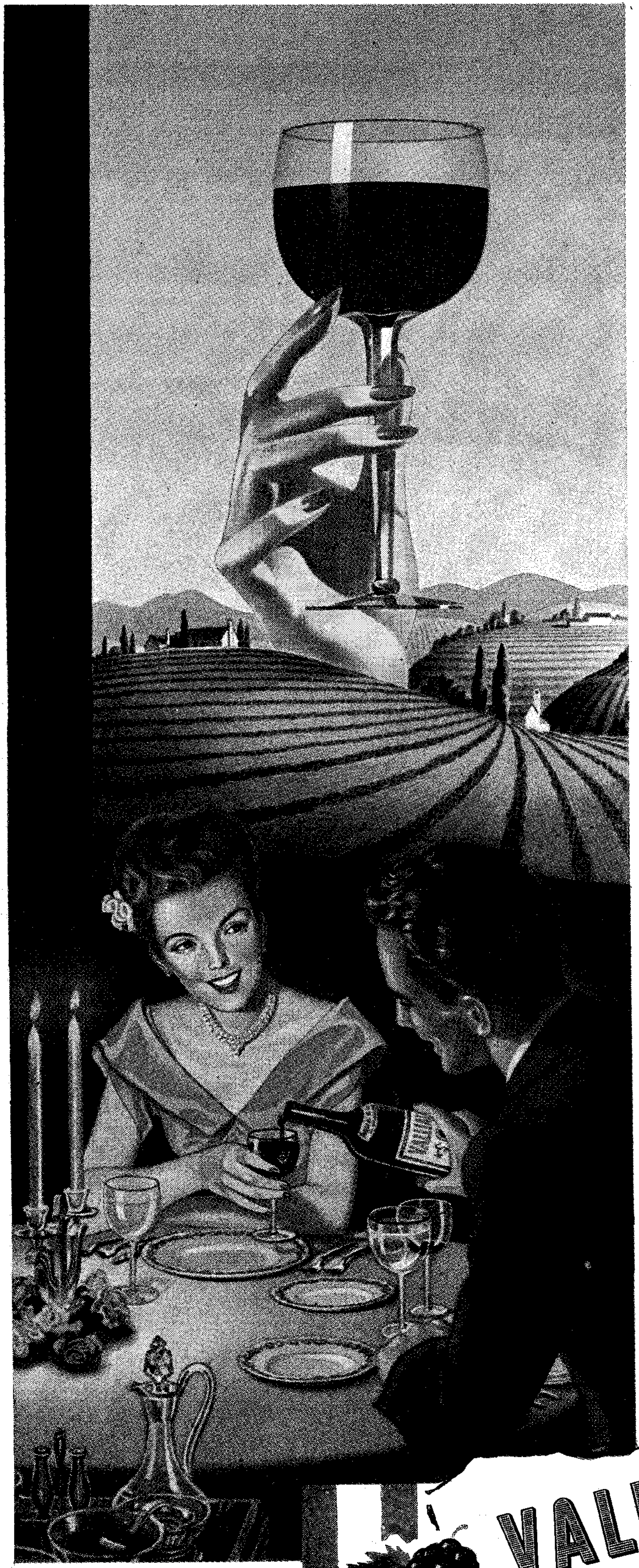

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BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Commodore Hornblower, by C. S. Forester (Little, Brown). Horatio Hornblower, promoted to commodore, is sent on a mission to the Baltic and, rather like a buzz bomb into which all the high explosives of history have been packed, explodes all over the place. He again slaps down his old enemies the French, brings about the war between Napoleon and Russia almost single-handedly, gets typhus, and has other adventures in the familiar Hornblower tradition. That tradition is beginning to show signs of wear and tear, and for all Mr. Forester's quiet skill at putting together an adventure story, the Commodore isn't anything like the man he used to be. Maybe the time has come for the old sea dog to be retired; he surely has his eighty-five points.

The House in Clewe Street, by Mary Lavin (Little, Brown). One of those long, detailed novels, at times tedious but never pedestrian. The story concerns three generations of a lower-middle-class village Irish family and is focussed on the life of its youngest member. By the time you have read a couple of hundred pages and have got used to Mrs. Lavin's exasperating habit of making six words do the work of one, the chronicle of this spineless young man, who is completely dominated by his maiden aunts, becomes extremely interesting. He falls in love with a calculating little servant girl in his aunts' employ and runs away with her to Dublin, where the novel comes to an unhappy close. Mrs. Lavin is a serious and talented writer and her novel, in spite of its wordiness, is a wholly integrated work.

Sergeant Nelson of the Guards, by Gerald Kersh (Winston). A well-written, funny, and exceedingly valuable story of the British soldier and, incidentally, a history of the Coldstream Guards. Mr. Kersh has gone behind the familiar Kipling portrait of the British Tommy and done a background of childhood that credibly explains His Majesty's soldiery. An immensely readable book, moving, informative, and full of common sense.

The Scandal, by Pedro Antonio de Alarcón, translated from the Spanish by Philip H. Riley and Hubert James Tunney (Knopf). The parable of the difficulties in the way of a rich man entering into the kingdom of heaven, remolded into a romantic and at times sardonic tale to suit Spanish taste of the eighteen-sixties. Although this is an interesting picture of high society in Madrid and is presented in classic prose, readers who chuckled over the author's "The Three-Cornered Hat" will almost certainly be disappointed. Beautifully translated, nonetheless.

East of Midnight, by Forrest Rosaire (Knopf). An imaginative first novel tracing the passionate obsession of a truly good man for an egocentric and psychopathic woman. Mr. Rosaire writes with considerable perceptiveness and his record of the warped and twisted childhood that induces the heroine's homicidal mania would probably stand up under the scrutiny of a psychiatrist. A certain softness which pervades the author's style does not too seriously impair the effectiveness of the book.

The Human Image, by Robert Smith (Harper). Mr. Smith, who a short while ago gave us an immature but promising first novel called "Hotel on the Lake," has now written a much better one about as dismal a set of characters as ever a young novelist felt the grim urge to produce. A prettyish, youngish woman whose husband has walked out on her and their two tough little boys makes her living by running a second-rate lodging house. She is rather a decent person, or would be if she had time for anything but worrying about the rent and keeping the lodgers from chiselling on the gas. Because she is lonely, she takes an unpleasant middle-aged businessman as a lover; he tires of her and they part. That's about all there is to the story, except for a lugged-in-by-the-ears episode of fighting in France during the first World War. Mr. Smith has hardly turned out a masterpiece, but he has done a sound job of narration that puts him in the class of interesting, as distinguished from promising, novelists.

Dark Medallion, by Dorothy Langley (Simon & Schuster). A shy and singularly appealing little girl watches tragedy and poverty destroy her too proud family in a southern Missouri village in the days before the first World War. Mrs. Langley, telling the story as the child sees it, catches

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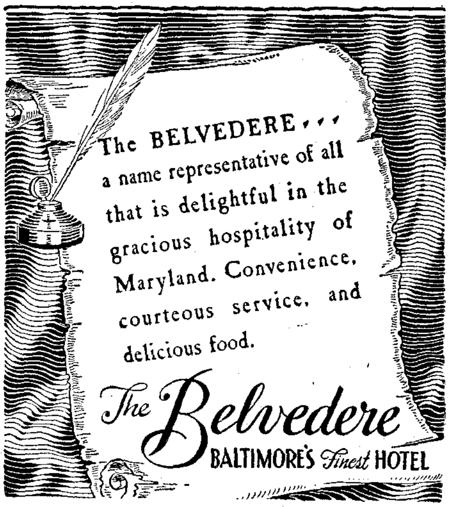

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the uncertain lights of childhood with delicacy and skill and, when family misfortunes are intuitively felt by the girl rather than understood, the story has charm and warmth. The author, though, can't let it go at that, and far too often, apparently under the impression that readers of novels are not very bright, she points things up for them by brushing aside the haze in which she has enveloped the child and confronting her with some fairly tawdry melodrama.

A LION IS IN THE STREETS, by Adria Locke Langley (Whittlesey House). If it weren't for the publishers' hard-breathing blurb on the dust jacket, it would be easy to believe that this pretentious story of the rise and fall of a demagogue is no more than a clumsy satire. Even admitting that its absurdities are unintentional, it is hard to take Mrs. Langley's novel seriously. In it she chronicles the successful career of a ruthless backwoods Southern Fascist without apparently ever suspecting that her hero is a product of, rather than a phenomenon of, social conditions in the South; she applies a local color that might have been acquired from a not too reliable chamber-of-commerce handout, and (probably it is captious to hold this against her) she hasn't the dimmest idea how to write. In spite of all these disqualifications, "A Lion Is in the Streets" will almost certainly do well at the lending libraries.

PUT OFF THY SHOES, by E. L. Voynich (Macmillan). This long period piece, as full of excitement as a good adventure story and accompanied by all the customary trappings of the historical novel, is laid in Warwickshire and Cornwall during the time of George III. It combines a substantial amount of literary skill with an equally substantial amount of insight into human character. The plot, a sober and serious study, at bottom, of conflicting standards and values, is woven of the complicated relationships of three different families. It centers, however, on the life of one woman, Beatrice Rivers, and is dominated by two themes—the gradual lifting of Beatrice out of unhappiness and disillusion by motherhood, and the sharp impact of a simple and highly integrated personality upon those Late Georgian falsities that passed for sophistication. Mrs. Voynich has a rather late-nineteenth-century style (her best-seller, "The Gadfly," was published in 1897) and her book could do with some cutting here and there, but the publishers, if they aren't careful, may still find themselves with another "Gone with the Wind" on their hands.

GENERAL

Antoine, by Antoine (Prentice-Hall). A man like Antoine, who, according to the jacket of his autobiography, has taken time off from hairdressing to have a "fling at radical automobile design, at costuming, and at architecture," would seem destined to have a fling at writing a book. Taking what might be called a hair-roots view of the world, Antoine writes about such soignée women as the Duchess of Windsor ("like all the world's fashion leaders . . . she handles her appearance and dress as though they were a business in themselves, methodically") and Lady Mendl ("she is likely to want a different hair style every day, depending on her mood. . . . Lady Mendl is a very charming creation to decorate") and also passes judgment on some of the political currents that have lately disturbed the world ("Fascism seemed only one more fad to be examined as curiously or as seriously as the newest Hollywood diet"). The man *has* a way with hair, no doubt about it; without even trying, he can make a reader's stand on end.

The Civilization of the Renaissance in Italy, by Jacob Burckhardt (Phaidon). A new edition of the standard work on the manners, morals, and social structure of the Italian Renaissance. The text is as readable and rewarding as ever, the hundred illustrations that accompany it have been chosen with more than usual care, and the volume is a model example of bookmaking. The buy of the season for those who haven't already got a copy of Burckhardt on their shelves.

ig Democracy, by Paul H. Appleby (Knopf). A study of bureaucracy (government at the bureau level) by a bureaucrat (a man who works in a bureau) would seem like a good idea for a book. In this case, it turns out to be an unfortunate one. Mr. Appleby, who has had considerable experience as a government official, has a point to make—that governmental bureaucracy is not necessarily dangerous or even undesirable—but he makes it so ineptly and spins out such snarls of officialese that he is more likely to convince his readers that the harsh things said about bu-

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LAUGHTER ON THE HILL, by Margaret Parton (Whittlesey). A lively recollection of life on San Francisco's Telegraph Hill by a writer who went to live there in 1940. Miss Parton occasionally sounds like a young woman who has mistaken Telegraph Hill for a merger of Tortilla Flat, Montmartre, and Cannery Row, but she apparently had a lot of fun living there. She has put some of that fun into her book, but her exploits as a girl reporter, which seem to have left her breathless, are as quaintly old-fashioned as "The Front Page."

HOME TO INDIA, by Santha Rama Rau (Harper). India revisited, by the daughter of a Bombay Brahmin family who left her native country when she was still a child and, after ten years in England and Europe, returned home when she was sixteen. The author, now twenty-two, has written of her personal discovery of India—its social life, its landscape, its politics, its view of the sexes—with great earnestness, considerable good sense, and even a little humor. The combination is a neat one.

HUMAN NATURE: THE MARXIAN VIEW, by Vernon Venable (Knopf). The Marx and Engels notion of human nature, which was a sort of footnote to their thinking, wasn't exactly a subtle one. In their view, as Mr. Venable explains, it is the way that men make their living that determines the kind of men they will be, and it is the class structure that determines the way in which they make their living. A whole book would hardly seem necessary to explain so limited a concept, but Mr. Venable, who appears willing to accept most of what Marx said as gospel and shows no sign of having ever heard of multiple causation, has gone and written it. He couldn't be more earnest and painstaking, but footnotes to footnotes, expanded over several hundred pages, are apt to be dull.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE MURDERER IS A FOX, by Ellery Queen (Little, Brown). Ellery Queen returns to Wrightsville, the small town which was the scene of one of his recent cases, to help out a returned Air Forces captain who has psychoneurotic symptoms. These troubles arise, Queen decides, from the fact that the young man's mother was murdered ten years before and not from the strain of combat. Sure enough, after a good deal of poking around to find out how the digitalis was slipped into her glass of grape juice, Queen clears everything up, including the neurosis. All very neat but somewhat lacking in suspense.

ANY SHAPE OR FORM, by Elizabe Daly (Farrar & Rinehart). A M Malcolm, a cultist from Californ is hit between the eyes with a rifi bullet while discussing sun worsh with Henry Gamadge, the priva detective, in a Connecticut garde Gamadge, naturally accepting th challenge to his profession, gives th police a hand in their hunt for clue most of which lead to Mrs. Ma colm's relatives and their interest i her nice bank account. A well plotted mystery, designed for readers who like their detectives urbane not to say precious.

ELIZABETH IS MISSING, by Lillian de la Torre (Knopf). A fictional reconstruction, based on documents, a cause célèbre of eighteenth-centur London. Elizabeth Canning, a serv ant girl, disappeared one Janua evening in 1753 and turned up ag twenty-eight days later with may or may not have been a tale of a highly uncomfortable s journ in a suburban bawdy h This resulted in the trial of a g woman for abduction, in Eli beth's subsequent trial for perju and in a flood of pamphlets and tr tises in favor of one side or the ot The author, a middle-of-the-ro offers a fairly plausible solution the case. A monumental piece of search, and good reading, too.

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Mrs. Potvin complains that Eccles car, operated by Frank C. Burdick, f to stop at a stop sign and crashed into car. She was thrown against the stee wheel, bruising her chest, right wrist, r forearm below the shoulder and her shoulder, right knee, right side near waist and above the hips. She expen $250.90 for repairs.—*New London E ning Day.*

That's not bad.

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[*Louella Parsons in the Los Angeles Examiner*]

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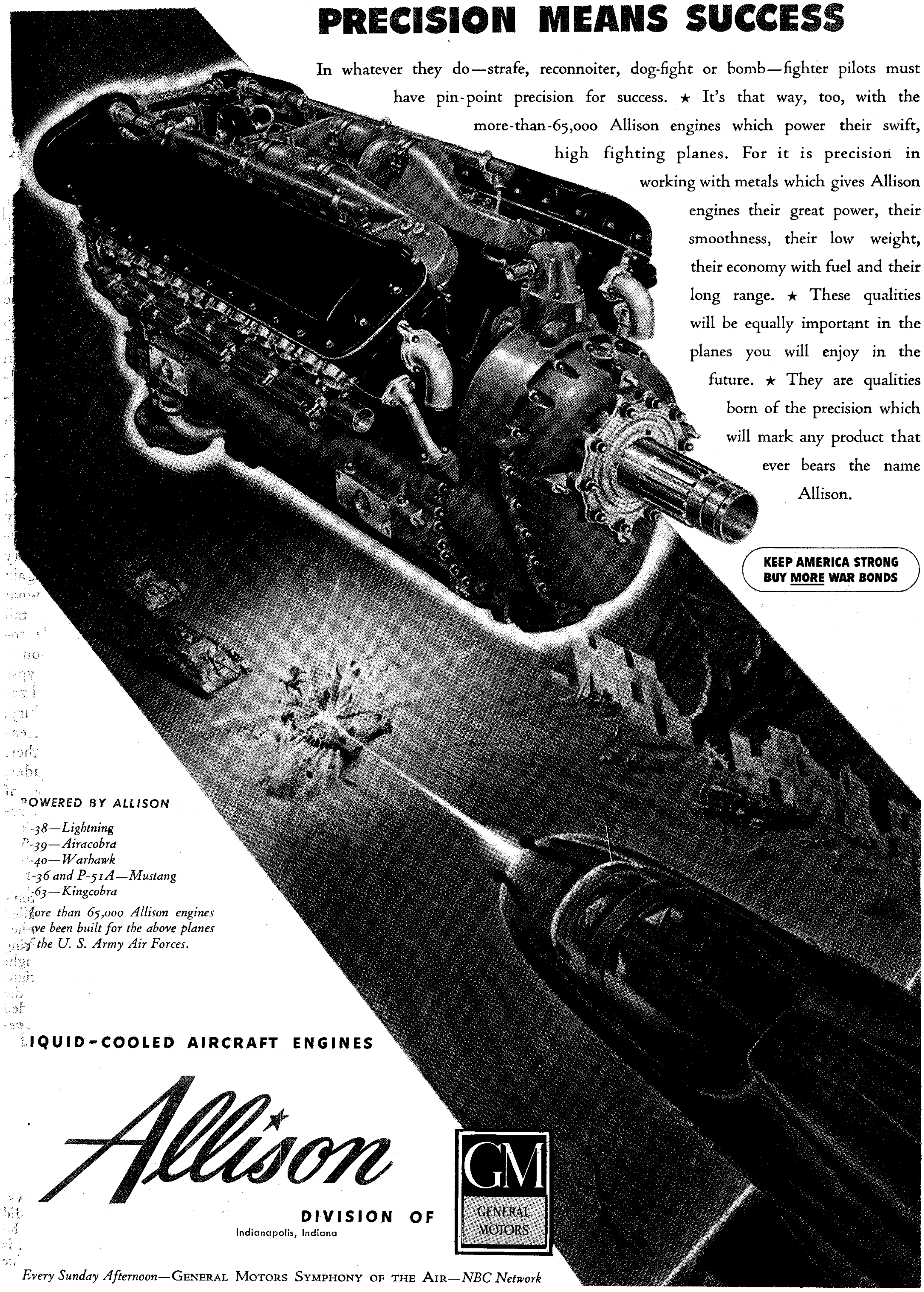

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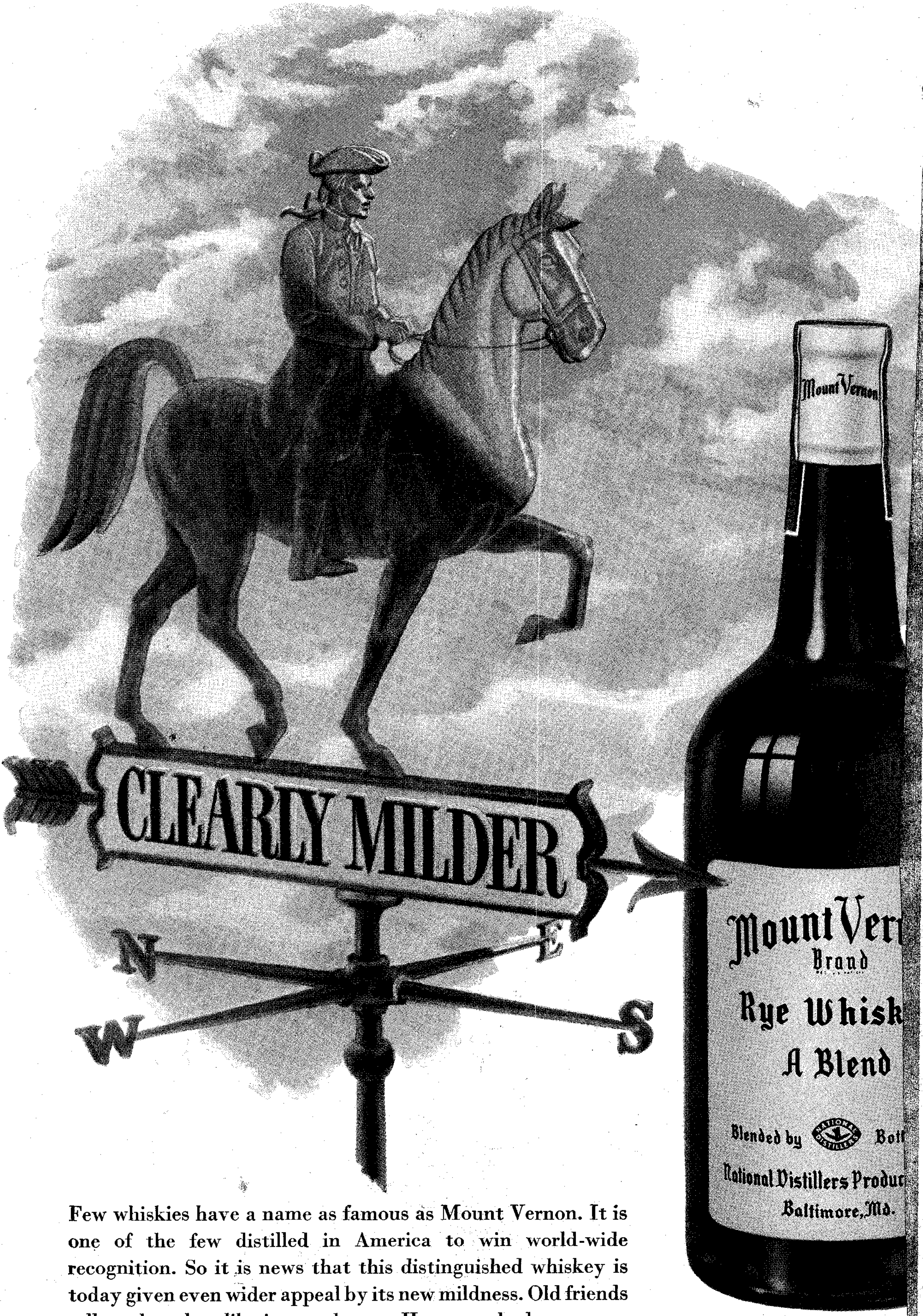
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